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JANUARY, 1920
20 CENTS

FIELD AND STREAM

AMERICA'S MAGAZINE FOR THE OUTDOORSMAN

BEAR and ELK in WYOMING

By

ROBERT FROTHINGHAM

FIELD AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO. *Publisher—Elting E. Warner*

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WHETHER this be the first or hundred and first issue of Field and Stream that you've seen, you need to continue reading it.

You like the magazine—you know that way down in the outdoors compartment of your heart there is that impulse to subscribe. Why don't you do it? You *know* that the magazine comes closer to being *just* what you want than any other magazine so—why not arrange to see it regularly?

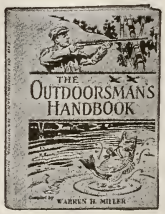
We make it easy and inexpensive for you to join our family by offering some proven-good premiums at a slight advance over the regular subscription price. Better take advantage of this offer now and avoid that disappointment when the newsdealer tells you—"All sold out."

Besides proving itself a real companion at home, this magazine will bring to you the breath of the North woods, the smell of the pines and the splash of the leaping trout and fighting bass.

You look through these advertising pages or go into a sporting goods store and stock up on tackle and all kinds of outdoors equipment but—do you know how best to USE what you buy? Here's a magazine which, each month in the year, will prepare you for more successful and more comfortable trips—a magazine that will keep you posted on the latest kinks and experiences of "been there" sportsmen so—don't miss a single number but

DO IT NOW
USE THE COUPON

Do You Know



as much about the outdoors as all of the proven authorities combined?

If you do this Handbook is nothing you need, but if you don't—

Here is the most complete manual, guide and encyclopedia of the outdoors that has ever been published.

No matter what your outdoor hobby is—hunting, fishing, camping, woodcraft, etc.—this guide will prove most instructive and helpful. Ask yourself any outdoors question and the index in this Handbook will refer you to the best and correct answer—even to the *latest game, fish* and *transportation laws* of the U. S. A. and Canada.

The editor of this manual spent years in searching out the very best and most practical information for both the novice and old-timer. Regular price (bound in canvas and pocket size) $1.50 but with a year's subscription (total value $3.50)— **$2.50**

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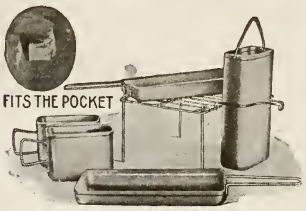
A Kamp Kook Kit

that is no larger than a Kodak in your pocket, yet affords a complete cooking kit for two or more men



This kit is one we have been offering in connection with subscriptions to Field and Stream for several years, thousands have gone to subscribers in all parts of America and they are being used with success and satisfaction everywhere.

The Sterling Kamp Kook-Kit, folding up 9½ inches long, 4½ inches wide, 2¾ inches high, weighing only 2 pounds, contains 2 cups, 2 frying pans, a boiler (for coffee, soups, etc.) and a grid, all rust-proof. Travels right in your side pocket.

The Kook Kit would set you back $3.00 at your dealer's. Together with a year's subscription to Field and Stream (value $5.00) for **$4.00**

This is Offer No. 5
USE THE COUPON

It's a Dandy —this Tackle Box

Instead of going on a trip [with your tackle all tangled and messed up in your pocket, why not do this—let us almost give you a Standard Fishing and Tackle Box.

Certainly it is a "bum" stunt to have to spend many valuable minutes—maybe hours—of your *fishing* time in trying to find that correct fly or just the plug that will land the devil.

This tackle box is a beauty—made of rust-proof steel and finished in hard baked black enamel.

It is a real practical tackle box, 11 inches long and 5½ inches wide and 2¼ inches deep. Small enough to fit in the pocket, but large enough to hold all of the tackle you need. This box would cost you $1.25 in your store. You may have it with a year's subscription to Field and Stream ($3.25 value) for **$2.50**

This is Offer No. 3
USE THE COUPON

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MEMBER OF THE AUDIT BUREAU CIRCULATIONS

TO OUR READERS

IT seems to be rather timely, at the end of this year and near the beginning of nineteen twenty, to get a few words off our editorial chest. I believe the proper thing for editors to do is to spout platitudes along with promises of good things to come next year.

WELL—I don't intend to do it for the simple reason that FIELD AND STREAM is vastly different from other magazines. The editors are working hard to make it so, bending every effort in that direction—each man in his department on the job. We don't like to forecast articles or features many months in advance, because in the meantime, *better* ones may come to us.

BUT—we can point with pardonable pride to what has been done in the past year—honestly, did you ever read so much as FIELD AND STREAM has had? Look back to the bully stories by Zane Grey, Stewart Edward White, Robert H. Davis, Emerson Hough, Will H. Dilg, W. Livingston Larned, Archibald Rutledge, Van Campen Heilner, Paul A. Curtis, Daniel Singer, W. N. Beach, Chas. B. Morss, Ladd Plumley, F. W. King, T. K. Lee, Freeman Lloyd, Lieut. Col. Townsend Whelen, George Gilbert, and Douglas Wetmore Clinch. Names to conjure with and stories to cherish. How about it? Do you know another magazine of the outdoor world equal to it—entertaining and instructive withal? Your newsdealer is going to get sold out quick in 1920 for we are going to make FIELD AND STREAM so good it won't be any trick at all to sell it.

FIELD AND STREAM does not preach any fanatical sermon, but it rigidly stands for what is a square deal. Sportsmen like action in its trips afield after game and fish. It knows well that all the wild denizens of the woods and waters belong to all—that they are our little brothers to protect from men who don't understand or have no conscience, who use unfair methods in their greed or, in the lust of killing, forget. They will understand later, perhaps, when you have set a good example, or their sons will understand and the world will be very well.

FIELD AND STREAM does preach from the house tops that you go out to old Mother Nature, out in the open and play, play that you may build up your strength, and forget the worries you go up against on this little old green footstool. Go out and fish and hunt and forget your troubles and come back a healthier human being—one that can think straight and play fair. This is not asking you to contribute to any cause where you cannot see your contribution do the work you wished it to do.

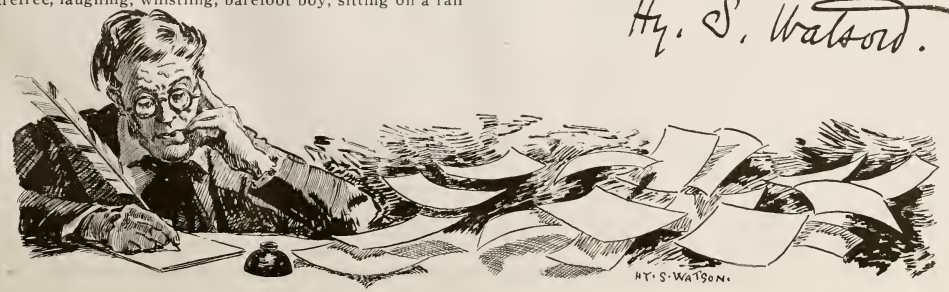
FIELD AND STREAM may come to you in some quiet hour and something in it may make you once again a carefree, laughing, whistling, barefoot boy, sitting on a rail fence, whistling your young soul out in the face of a glorious sunset, all shot with crimson and gold, or—but, you dream your own dreams over it.

FIELD AND STREAM would like to talk to you about its contributors and tell you little intimate tales of them, but they seem so many and all so important like the moods of nature, the variations of the seasons, the storms and the sunshine, the gentle and harsh winds, all having something to do with the plan, that it seems impossible, or too much of a task for a lazy, busy editor. Then again, two or three stories we have published lately have come into the office from unknown writers and rather badly written and, we shall say, not exactly according to the rules the highbrows lay down, but, from our point of view and from the letters we had from our readers, most interesting little bits of nature pulled from out of the world and sent to our office. Genius perhaps touched these authors on the forehead as they wrote, and a mood of nature came gently or storming into our office, in a busy mart of the world, to be sent out again to awaken something in our readers' souls—these authors are important to us. Their song was a song that held nothing sordid . . . and they will write greater and better stories in the future, spurred on not only by their interest in the themes with which they deal, but the appreciation they have received at the hands of our readers. To be interested is to be stimulated. We can't tell you about these authors. They have helped to make the world brighter for us. They are modest. It is enough they held your attention for a while, like a bird's song in the spring mating time.

PERHAPS by now you have found out something about *the why* of FIELD AND STREAM and are almost sure it is going to be better, as you *know* it better. It is like nature with its seasons and its moods. The big white clouds bank always in different formation and move majestically across the sky, and the sunrises and the sunsets are always different and very wonderful, the winds blow north and south and east and west—and that is FIELD AND STREAM as it comes to you each month. It is impossible to drop a copy of FIELD AND STREAM in any quarter of the globe where some nature-loving, English-speaking, white man will not pick it up, read it and live again with its authors, the great epics of the elements.

AS you read the names in the third paragraph you were reminded that you didn't see *every* one of the twelve numbers. Just remember that *that* wasn't our fault and also that your newsdealer will, if you ask him, hold a copy for you every month, or subscribe—NOW—1920 will be well worth it. Come on in!

Hy. S. Watson.



Do You Remember Last Summer, Fellows?

Particularly that day when your boat stole as quietly as a moccasin-shod Apache to the spot where the trees cast their shade over the water? Then suddenly, astern, a "plop," as a lusty bass, having gorged himself on minnows, arose to make dessert of an incautious fly?

Then the whirr-r-r of your steady Meek Reel as you cast into the depths. The strike! A-a-h! Say, didn't that "ornery" fish run? He did a hundred yards in nothing flat, but you didn't have to worry, because you knew Meek was "on his tail" all the time.

Wasn't it some fight when you and your Meek Reel decided he had run long enough? It was a good thing you had a "Bristol" Steel Fishing Rod that day. Its pliancy and strength saved you from defeat time after time as that cuss tried every trick known to his trade.

But the result was never in doubt, with your Meek Reel and your "Bristol Rod" on the job. Gee, but wasn't it a great supper that followed? Makes you hungry to think of it, doesn't it?

Well, Spring is only a few months away. Are you goin' fishin' again? Thought so. Then be sure you take some friends along. Let them know how good "Bristol" Steel Fishing Rods and Meek Reels really are, so they will have the right tackle for bass and any other fish they want. They're the standard for all fishing, in all kinds of weather, in all sorts of water.

By the way, if your tackle needs repairs or overhauling, send it to us during the winter months. Don't wait until the rush is on. Now is the time to prepare.

We prefer that you and your friends buy "Bristol" Steel Fishing Rods and Meek or Blue Grass Reels of your sporting goods dealer; but, if he cannot supply you, or doesn't appear anxious to do so, we will equip you by mail at catalog prices. Refuse substitutes. Send for "Bristol" and Meek illustrated catalog today. It's free.

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FIELD AND STREAM
AMERICA'S MAGAZINE FOR THE OUTDOORSMAN
JANUARY 1920

Trailing Grizzly Bear and Elk in Wyoming

A Successful Hunt in Which the Camera Played an Equally Important Part with the Rifle.

By Robert Frothingham

Where the roads of men are ended,
Where stands the last crude shack,
Where the mountains raise their barriers
And the tenderfoot turns back—
Where there's naught ahead but Nature
And there's no such word as fail—
Where the well-worn ways are ended,
'Tis here begins the trail.
—Stanley Washburne.

HE is a calloused hunter, indeed, who can stand at the beginning of a trail in the mountains of our great West and not be touched by the wonder and romance of it. Very few of us stop to think that the first and best builder of our wilderness trails, of whose clever craftsmanship there can be no possible doubt, is His Majesty the Elk. True, the timid "black-tail," the wolf and the coyote take a hand in developing it after old Wapiti has blazed the way to the nearest mountain stream or over the most seemingly inaccessible pass, but they all follow where he leads.

The ordinary mortal whose knowledge of the world is confined to paved streets and "skyscrapers" prides himself upon his knowledge of the best motor highways in his particular neck of the woods. And—he generally regards them from one of two standpoints: either as separating him from the object of his desire—in which case he counts each and every mile as something accomplished in the face of obstacles—or as the road which leads him to his destination by the quickest possible route and returns him home with no punctures.

"OUT where the West begins," however, if you are in tune with the Outdoors you realize that a good trail is simply the beginning of your attainment and only by trekking over it can you enter into its wonders and gain that which is a closed book to those who are geared to the asphalt. And you smile to yourself as you note with gentle tolerance the forest ranger's horizontal blaze above that made by some early pioneer, indicating to the "profane and uninitiate" that the narrow highway over which your steady mountain horse is footing it is a "regular road," just as if said ranger had anything to do with it beyond having taken a dead sure tip from all the elk in that vicinity that the trail in question may be followed with the assurance that it has an honest-to-god starting point and an equally clear terminus and that both romance and adventure there await him who has ears to hear, eyes to see and an understanding spirit.

OF course it's got to be a real trail that gives rise to thoughts like these; none of your little "parlor, bed-room and bath" affairs that lead from a cozy nook past a babbling brook into a woodsy copse where you can sit down and talk it over with some coy young thing and lull yourself into the belief that life is one grand, sweet song. No—when you're atop the Rocky Mountains in Wyoming and the steadily mounting trail brings you out upon a promontory where the whole world seems to be lying at your feet and your vision is bounded only by the sky-piercing peaks of the distant Grand Tetons—you remove your hat, and your secret soul whispers through the aggregation of spiritual and mental rubbish beneath which it has lain buried for so many years: "The fool hath said in his heart: there is no God." And, mayhap, for the first time in your life you grasp an impression of what is worth man's while during his brief passage through the daylight.

And then, there's another thing that goes with such experiences as these and it flows from the very foot of the Throne itself: human companionship — your "bunkie," the friend of your heart. Lacking this one great feature, I had almost said one might better remain at home. With it, however, you find all your crassness falling from you like a wornout garment and all your dreams come true—and with that glorious communion you'll follow, follow, follow—

"Till the last adventure calls us from the old, the vain desires,
To a way that's still untrodden, though aglow with little fires,
Where no wanderer grows weary and a man is free to roam,
Or hang his hat upon a star and call the planet 'Home.'"

I STARTED to write a story about an Wyoming elk hunt and I know just how all this olympic stuff about the trail strikes the cynic who leaves his imagination home. The best of it is it's all true. If there is any question in the minds of my readers as to its dominant power, they should have been along with the little party that started last May on an unfruitful effort to corral "Old Ephraim" with a moving picture camera. There was my old pal, Joe McAleenan, Colonel Harlow Brooks, M.D., who had just returned from two years in charge

On the trail.

of the Medical Department of the Second Army in France; John Murgatroyd, the well-known taxidermist, and Dr. Leonard S. Sugden, the eminent Alaskan explorer, who, together with the humble scribe, were consigned to the tender mercies of that notorious little swashbuckler of a guide, Joe Jones, of Cody, Wyoming, than whom there is no more indefatigable and enthusiastic hunter, with a "heye like a heagle," in all that glorious State.

OUR grizzly hunt was much like the old Mother Goose rhyme about the Three Wise Men of Gotham who went to sea in a tub: "If the tub had been stronger, my story had been longer." That is to say, we got everything we went after except grizzly bear. The succulent feasts we had prepared for him in the way of somewhat overripe horse meat were flaunted. He turned his nose up at them, in which particular he had nothing on us. The fact was we were just the least bit tardy with our usually tempting bait. Mr. Bear, owing to the very mild winter of 1918-19, had come out of his long winter's sleep about two weeks earlier than usual and the keen edge of his appetite was gone. "It's an ill wind," however, and what we missed in the way of grizzly we made up in some wonderful photography of the rugged and majestic beauty of the Rockies in June and some exceedingly interesting moving pictures of the many herds of elk, including scores of new-born calves, which were grazing in comparative fearlessness on the mountain slopes of the Shoshone, Buffalo and Thorofare valleys. And this brings most vividly to mind one of the most interesting experiences I ever had in the wilderness:

ONE morning while climbing the divide of Limestone Mountain from which a superb view of the Grand Tetons greets the eye, we came upon a cow elk and a calf, which latter had not been born more than a few minutes. In fact, it was just struggling to its feet as we came in sight of it not more than 1,000 feet above us. It reminded me of the toys we used to make for ourselves when children, by sticking four toothpicks for legs into a potato. The mother, in alarm, had fled up the mountainside a few hundred yards and was calling to the wobbly youngster most insistently. She would run back a few yards as if to offer encouragement. Then she would retreat and call harder than ever. The calf was bleating a most piteous protest against being left alone and I was in high feather at the prospect of getting a photograph of a new born baby elk. The grade being rather steep, our horses couldn't travel much faster than the calf. We hadn't the slightest doubt, however, that we would overtake the toothpick-legged youngster before it reached the summit of the divide which was not far ahead, and it was with no little surprise that I saw the awkward little creature join the mother at the skyline about five minutes in advance of us. When we reached the top we saw the mother bounding down the other side of the divide and going like the wind. The calf had disappeared from sight as effectually as if the earth had swallowed it.

Joe Jones gave a snort of disappointment as he remarked: "The old cow certainly beat us to it. That kid is 'cached' right here in the neighborhood but the chances of our finding it are mighty slim." And then he went on to tell me what I had never heard before: that a calf elk gives off no scent, that even the keen-nosed coyote and the mountain lion running down wind from a baby elk will not even turn. Furthermore, that a calf elk which has been "cached" or hidden by its mother will not move a muscle or stir from the spot where its mother hides it. It must be true because we searched the immediate vicinity of the spot where we had last seen the cow and her calf for fully fifteen minutes without finding the baby elk's hiding place. One of the charms of the wilderness is the discovery of the way old Mother Nature takes care of her children and I must say that I was secretly pleased at the way the cow elk had "put it over" on us, notwithstanding Joe's chagrin.

"JUST as soon as we are out of the way," said Joe, "she'll come back and snake that kid out of the neighborhood." And sure enough, about a half hour later, when we were well up toward the top of the mountain, looking back we saw the cow elk cautiously back-tracking up the mountainside directly for the very spot where we had hunted for her baby. We dismounted from our horses, took out our binoculars and sat down to watch. Having an unobstructed view we noted every movement of the mother and it was with undisguised pleasure that I saw her reappear from behind a bunch of stunted spruce a few moments later with her new born baby and move off down the mountainside as fast as those wobbly legs could travel.

The feature of the trip that impressed us the most, however, was the immense size of the antlers, still in the velvet, which the bulls were carrying around like excess baggage in early summer, indicating that they as well as their grizzly neighbor had wintered well. Therein lay the inspiration of a most successful elk hunt which followed in October, to which fickle Fortune added two handsome grizzly bears as well. This time I was accompanied by my good friend Harrison H. Boyce, familiar to the motorists of the country as the inventor of the Moto-meter and an enthusiastic motorist himself. That Mr. Boyce, who previous to this trip had never hunted anything bigger than a rabbit, should bag a monster elk and two grizzly bears is one of the glorious uncertainties of the trail which constitutes its most precious lure. And that I should have been in at the death of the latter and witnessed an otherwise perfectly safe and sane citizen in the act of going completely "off his nut" will be a source of merriment to me to my dying day. Incidentally, I don't mind saying

Just above timber line.

that I would be willing to act "perfectly scandalous" either on the trail or off of it if by so doing I could bag as handsome a pair of grizzly bears as did Harry Boyce under circumstances which were as exciting and extraordinary as they were ideal. Talk about beginner's luck! Boyce had every "dude" in that outfit trail completely "faded." His horseshoe never failed him for an instant. And—the beauty of the situation at all times was that no one was more genuinely surprised or more humorously modest over his astounding good fortune than he, himself.

HAVING long wanted to see the natural wonders of the Canyon of the Bighorn River, we went by way of Denver, where we made a most convenient connection with the Colorado & Southern Railroad, which practically traverses the whole State of Wyoming from south to north, and we were well repaid for the little extra time it took. The Bighorn Canyon might be said to resemble a miniature edition of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, with its brilliantly colored, towering cliffs enveloping both the river and the railroad track which follows its course for several miles. It is mightily worth while to the traveler who is interested in what may be seen from the car window.

And then the so-called Bad Lands of Wyoming are something that every traveler ought to see if it's a possible thing. The fantastic sculpture of the mountains here has been wrought by the same agents that formed that vast waterway, the Colorado River. For miles the mountain peaks, brilliant in their vivid pigments of vermilion and chrome and streaked with volcanic ashes and black lava flows, constantly change their colors as the haze surrounding their lofty tops merges from red to pink and from pink to purple, lavender and blue as the light of the sun strikes through the cloud shadows which hover over the landscape. To some travelers the Bad Lands are simply a desert—nothing more. To others they constitute an everchanging panorama which fascinates and holds the eye hour after hour.

Arriving in Cody a few days before the opening of the hunting season, instead of proceeding directly to our permanent camp in the neighborhood of Bridger Lake, reached by way of Deer Creek Pass and the Thorofare River Valley, we went south, packing light through the valley and canyon of the Shoshone River, thence through Morrison's Fork over the Continental Divide, following the course of the Buffalo River from its source to its three principal divisions: South, Soda and North forks, and over Two Ocean Pass into permanent camp—a swing-round-the-circle of about 100 miles which gave Boyce a fairly comprehensive grasp of the Wyoming mountain scenery and left him speechless just as it did me last June and again on this trip. Never shall I forget the gorgeous view of the Grand Tetons as they appeared from the heights above Two Ocean Pass the evening we camped there. Snow had fallen during the day—just a preliminary flurry of approaching winter. The clouds were banked up in the west like huge billows of cotton, through which the sun's rays burst with a glorious effulgence simply beyond words. They domed up into the purer light of the upper air like celestial ramparts separating the material world from the one beyond, the towering needle-like peaks below caught in the blinding brilliance of the setting sun and halted in the presence of a commanding majesty which seemed to say: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." Not a breath of air—but everything was full of the evening glow as we sat there in silence and thanked God we were alive.

WHEN I started out on my first day's hunt on October 1, I little thought I was going to secure a photograph of wild life which would mark an epoch in my days on the trail, more significant than the taking of a trophy, although the Red Gods could testify that I do not minimize the latter. Riding through the timber fringing a vast extent of tableland on a mountain top above our camp I espied a moose family, consisting of a splendidly antlered bull, a cow and a calf, on the distant margin of a most exquisite little lake hitherto unknown even to that veteran, Joe Jones.

The nearest cover was about 250 yards from the lake from which I got three exposures, counting on an enlargement for a satisfactory print. Then a happy thought struck me: I would stalk the bunch right out in the open and see what fortune would send me. Accordingly, with my camera all set, I stepped out from behind the big spruce which had concealed me and strode directly towards the lake. By the time I had gone 100 yards the trio were watching me with great interest and showing no disposition to leave the spot. I exposed a plate and kept on going. As I drew nearer the cow and the calf set off on a lope—I got them—with the bull still holding his ground. When I reached the shore of the lake, the bull became uneasy and started off to join his family. A few "well directed" grunts brought him around like a flash, and as he stood trying to make out what sort of a critter I was, I slipped another plate on him. Meantime, my guide, who was afraid His Majesty might take offense at my grunting and cross the little lake in pursuit, had crept up behind with his rifle, fully expecting to be compelled to use it in order to save me from getting beaten up. One more exposure finished the job and then the old fellow trotted off after having served the best purpose to which I had ever put either a moose or my camera.

CONSIDERABLE snow fell during our first week in camp which kept us hanging around the fire as the elk take to the tall timber at such times. Tiring of such enforced inactivity on the third day, Harry Boyce dangled down the valley with his guide about 4 o'clock in search of adventure. I went along simply to play gallery. It was the best thing I ever did. They spotted a fairly good-sized grizzly across the creek, distant easily 300 yards. Harry opened operations at once and got three bullets in him before he had a chance to turn around. His guide, who was down by the creek when the fun started, waded across to put the finishing touch to the job as the animal was hopelessly down and out but not dead. While his guide was fording the creek, Harry thought he saw the bear get on his feet and climb up the cut-bank down which he had come from out the timber above. A careful shot brought him rolling down the bank into the bushes just as I arrived on the scene. There's no use trying to describe the actions of a man who bags a grizzly bear on his first trip into the wilderness. My pen isn't equal to it and I don't believe anyone could do the subject justice. Suffice it to say that when Harry picked his way across the creek and looked at his splendid quarry he said to me with visible excitement: "I could have sworn I saw two of 'em but in my condition it would have been just as easy for me to see six."

Resting beside the Shoshone.

WHILE his guide was skinning out the bear I took a run up the cut-bank to see if I could find the bear tracks in the snow, and sure enough I did, tracing them way back into the timber from which they had come. On retracing my steps I came upon a second bear, dead as a door-nail, lying in the willows not more than fifty feet away from where bear No. 1 lay. My astonishment, however, was as nothing to Boyce's when I called him and his guide to "view the remains." As I have already intimated, ordinary human vocabulary isn't sufficiently elastic to cover the situation. And this is the way it came about: while the guide was fording the creek he was considerably below the spot where bear No. 1 had dropped and he didn't see bear No. 2 who apparently had been concealed in the bushes while bear No. 1 was "getting his"; and when No. 2 started up the bank, Boyce took for granted it was No. 1 making a final effort to escape and he brought him down with one shot—plumb through the heart, although Harry is frank enough to say that at that specific moment he had no idea in what particular part of a bear's anatomy his heart lay. As a discoverer of dead bears Harry figured that I was entitled to a hide. And while I was as sure then as I am now that his "dope" was all wrong, I have never been able to convince him of the fact. It's no exaggeration for me to say, however, that I could not possibly think more of that pelt if I had taken it myself. The bears were about four years old and weighed about 300 to 350 pounds each. Harry's pelt carries one bullet-hole only. Oh, no! he isn't at all proud of it—not a bit.

When we returned to camp that night with two bully pelts strapped to the saddle and a splendid haunch of bear meat for supper we found an addition to our outfit in the persons of Messrs. Julius Hegeler, a well-known resident of Danville, Ill., and his friend Harvey J.

Boyce and one of his grizzlies.

Sconce, of Sidell, Ill., famous as a scientific farmer and one of the best trapshots in the country. Mr. Hegeler, who is a more or less experienced hunter, got his elk a year or two ago, and was "out for bear" only, and the far-away expression in his eye as he listened to Harry's story and realized the luck of the game, was worth the price of admission. Sconce was, like Harry, a neophyte in the wilderness and was duly impressed with Wyoming as a hunter's paradise.

THE sun rose bright and snappy on Monday morning, October 6, as the whole bunch of us got our things in shape for a real elk hunt. Four different couples going in the opposite directions and with abundant chance for each of us to get our game. This was my lucky day as well as Boyce's—we each got our elk—and the heads, as may be seen from the measurements that follow, constituted a complete fulfilment of my anticipations of the previous June. Joe Jones stated that he had never seen such massive antlers come out of the State of Wyoming and it is equally certain that *we* never did. The circumstances under which I bagged my trophy may be worth relating as throwing an interesting sidelight on the habits of the wapiti.

QUIETLY poking our way along the edges of the watered and heavily grassed "parks" where the elk feed, we heard the high-pitched whistle or "bugle" with which an aggressive bull will challenge a rival to combat or endeavor to summon his "harem" back to his protecting presence when the members thereof are inclined to wander from their own fireside. Peering through an opening in the timber, we saw a herd of fifteen or twenty cow elk in full flight up the mountainside, having been alarmed by something unknown to us. As frequently happens in such instances, His Lordship remains behind until the danger or excitement is past. Some guides profess to believe that this little characteristic is an indication of his o'erweening interest in his own hide and his supposed willingness to let the "ladies" of his outfit "hold the bag" until the coast is clear. In view of the fact, however, that a fighting bull elk in his prime is a match for a mountain lion, a timber wolf or a whole bunch of coyotes, that the only thing he really fears is man—I prefer to think of him as the undaunted guardian of his particular herd who remains behind to meet all comers except the two-legged one when anything happens to frighten his folks.

This is precisely what happened in this instance. The old veteran, a perfectly magnificent six-pointer, with a scalp so dark and heavy that it appeared to be black, stood there belly-deep in the luxuriant grass, practically in the center of the "park," with about 400 yards in the clear on all sides of him, very much on the *qui vive*, eyes and ears alert, as we watched him through the binoculars. Fortunately the wind was just right but the distance was too great to take an unnecessary chance and we just had to sit there and chew the cud of impatience while he made up his mind whether he would come our way or go in the opposite direction. There was no cover beyond the line of the timber and to venture out would have been to lose our only chance. His herd had gone the other way and there seemed every reason to suppose he would do the same thing. But he didn't. Praises be, he started very leisurely in the direction of our hiding place, stopping to nibble here and there as he strolled along. When he had drawn within about 200 yards, he turned and went off in a quartering direction. It was quite apparent that I would not get a better shot and that if I waited any longer I might lose him altogether. So, with a prayer to the Red Gods to remember that a poor duffer who only goes into the wilderness once a year and is so busy making a living in the interim that he can never become a dead shot, isn't to be blamed if he gets excited, I let 'er go and caught him just back of the left shoulder. He dropped onto his knees as if it were all over and in another moment he was up and running. It's a remarkable thing how an animal can be dropped like that when he is exhaling his breath and how far he will travel with a fatal wound once he fills his lungs full of air.

RUNNING true to form, I fell into my accustomed funk of buck-fever, and the way that old 405 Winchester sputtered for the next few seconds made my guide say that he wanted to get under cover even though he was behind me. However, despite my attack of the "willies," I was doing pretty well. I kept firing as long as he was in sight and he was easily five to six hundred yards distant when he finally disappeared in the timber. Never mind how many shots I fired—I had only one left as I followed up the bloody trail, feeling fairly sure that he hadn't gone far. Sure enough, he was lying down under a monster spruce and looking for all as if he had just fixed himself for an afternoon's siesta. Seeing that he wasn't going to get up right away, I whipped out my camera and got the accompanying photograph of the most wonderful head and horns I have ever seen. Although (as was subsequently shown) the magnificent animal was dying at the moment, no one would ever have suspected it from the majestic and defiant pose of that wonderful head. The dimensions were as follows:

	Inches
Length of beam	52
Circumference of beam	11
Circumference of burr	13½
Spread	50
Brow points	16
Royal points	16
Fork points	10

MY hunt was all over and the head in camp at 4 o'clock. Harry came in just before dark with an equally splendid head of the following dimensions:

	Inches
Length of beam	52
Circumference of beam	9
Circumference of burr	12
Spread	46
Brow points	16
Royal points	23
Fork points	12

A few days later Mr. Sconce bagged a magnificent seven-pointer with a 55 inch beam. Massive and symmetrical in all its details—it was a head to be proud of. And this being Sconce's maiden trip into the wilderness—"nuf sed." Incidentally, Sconce is no slouch of a photographer as may be seen on the opening page. Julius Hegeler, too, bagged a fine elk and a Bighorn ram as well.

DOES anyone know, I wonder, just what particular part the antlers of an elk, a moose or a deer play in Nature's plan? In all the reading I have done on the subject, I never have run on to anything dealing with this point. Of course, the general impression prevails that they are weapons of defence. If that is so, why aren't the does and the cows similarly provided? And again, if the antlers are intended for defence only, why are they shed once a year, leaving the bull and the buck practically defenceless during the spring and the summer? Of course we know that all the male members of the deer family do not have antlers and also that both the bull and cow caribou do have them.

We like to think that the bull is so armed for the defence of his herd but as a matter of fact he is more apt to use his antlers in defending his own particular

The defiant pose of that wonderful head.

leadership against an ambitious rival. We also know that after the rutting season is over the bulls herd by themselves, leaving the cows totally without protection from wolves and other enemies at calving time. In fact, this is true of practically all the denizens of the wilderness, including the bear. Then, there are the Bighorn ram and the Rocky Mountain goat, both of whom belong to the deer family, both sexes of which have horns and neither of which ever shed them.

I have my own ideas on the subject but I may be wrong at that; if so I will welcome correction. In the first place, so far as the elk, moose and deer are concerned, well developed antlers in the mature animal represent prime physical condition rather than years. Whether Dame Nature deliberately planned for it or not, it is none the less a fact that the antlers serve as a safety valve to dispose of excess vitality. And that is one reason why a bull that has wintered well grows a handsome head. During the spring and early summer when the bulls herd by themselves, their antlers grow with amazing rapidity, being nourished by the blood vessels which extend from the skull to the "velvet" which covers and protects the horn while it is soft and spongy.

AS the rutting season approaches and Nature prepares to use this wonderful vitality in the reproduction of the species, a coronet or "burr" forms at the base of the horn at its junction with the skull, which automatically shuts off the supply of blood to the "velvet" and which begins to dry up as the horns begin to harden. After the rutting season is over in October and with the limited amount of good food which characterizes the average winter, the antlers, being without nourishment, decompose below the "burr" and fall off. This process, as we all know, repeats itself year after year until the animal grows old, his antlers begin to deteriorate, and the chapter closes by his being driven out of the herd by a younger and more vigorous bull, after which he "flocks by himself" until death intervenes.

In support of the foregoing theory, I may state that there have been instances of the accidental castration of both moose and deer while their antlers were in "velvet," resulting in their remaining so permanently. One case in particular which was called to my attention several years ago was that of a rather unobservant hunter up in New Brunswick who came upon a well-antlered moose in the "velvet" in the spring and was almost willing to swear to its feminine gender until a more complete investigation proved the contrary.

* * *

IT was hard to believe our all-too-brief sojourn in the wilderness was over. With more regret than we cared to acknowledge we started next day for Cody via the Thorofare River and the Deer Creek Trail over a howling pass 11,200 feet above sea level and about 5,000 feet above the Shoshone Valley into which it leads. The wind was blowing a gale as we mounted its crest which, once over, the wind was gone, the sun was shining, and we made our way back to Jog's ranch in the atmosphere of Indian summer. And we hadn't a great deal to say on the way. The mountains of Wyoming are wondrously worshipful and even a pagan soul must needs make oblation at their altars. And when you kneel at Nature's shrine, you don't talk much. As Odell Shepard has it in his exquisite verse:

All the wisdom, all the beauty I have lived for unaware
Came upon me by the rote of highland rills;
I have seen God walking there
In the solemn, soundless air
When the morning wakened wonder in the hills.

I am what the mountains made me of their green and gold and gray,
Of the dawnlight and the moonlight and the foam.
Mighty mothers far away,
Ye who washed my soul in spray,
I am coming, mother mountains, coming home.

When I draw my dreams about me, when I leave the darkling plain
Where my soul forgets to soar and learns to plod,
I shall go back home again
To the kingdom of the rain,
To the blue purlieus of Heaven, nearer God.

EDITORIAL

The True Sportsman

THE Three Wise Men of Nimrodia had journeyed to a certain inn situated in the clean hills, an inn known to but few, an inn that seemed to typify the very spirit of the country of the Red Gods. The Cares of the City fell away from them like a mantle removed by the hand of God. To them the great, full moon was still a miracle. They breathed deep of the keen, brisk air of fall, but its clean chill drove them shortly to seek the comfort of the old corner by the hearth, where a hickory fire welcomed them merrily. With softly glowing pipes they settled themselves in their chairs. It was the Hunter's Hour of relaxation. To-morrow they would hunt.

IN the peace and quiet of the hills a great contentment fell upon them. In the mind of each of them formed the philosophy of the chase, to each as his nature was.

"NO man," said the Economist, as if speaking his thoughts aloud, "is a true lover of Nature and the chase unless every fiber of his being protests against the wanton destruction of game. They are God's creatures and He loves them. They are our prey and we hunt them. That is only natural, because we are but human. Yet we should have progressed so far that our souls and our common sense cry out against needless slaughter and waste. It is but a sign of our civilization that we should conserve our game so that we have good shooting always. A man who does not protest vigorously against every outrage on our wild life, who does not protest at unjust laws, who does not fight against merciless destruction of cover and cynical disregard of closed seasons, who does not put his entire strength into the fight for conservation, is not a sportsman. *That* is what he must be judged by."

THE Philosopher's pipe had gone out as he listened. Now he sat back in his chair, lit it slowly, and pondered his reply to the vehement outbreak of his friend.

"I CAN'T agree with you entirely," he replied. "I think conservation of our game should be entirely automatic. The great thing in hunting or fishing is enjoyment, isn't it? It is," he continued, without waiting for a reply, "it is—and to make true sportsmen we should educate them to true enjoyment. I do not know if I am a good sportsman or not. I cannot be the judge. I try to be. I have gone out to the woods or the brookside and I have found that mere hunting or fishing is not everything. I look at the hills and the trees and the clear water. I am at peace with the world. It is the contentment of Nature, freedom from all cares, the solitude that calms a mind which has been grappling for a year with the anxious cares of life. I do not think I am needlessly wasteful. In fact," he spoke whimsically, "my wife accuses me of never having furnished her with a game dinner. I think, if we could educate our people to a true enjoyment of Nature, that we would never need to worry about our game-covers and the wild life that is in them."

THE Athlete, the youngest man of the three, had been listening with intense interest to the words of his older friends. Now he broke in impetuously.

"MAYBE my ideas are all wrong," he exclaimed, "but I think that they cover all the requirements of true sportsmanship." The two older men smiled gently at his youthful enthusiasm, but he continued, unheeding. "I don't want to say these ideas are all my own, for I was taught them from my cradle by my father and he was the best and truest sportsman that ever lived. He taught me only one thing, but there are many angles to it. And that thing is—'pit your skill and experience and strength alone against your quarry.' In a word, 'take no unfair advantage.' Isn't it true? If you have a colt you want to break—how I hate that word—if you have a colt you want to train to your wishes, is it fair to use a heavy saddle and a cruel curbed bit to accomplish it? Isn't it far better to pit your own wit against his instincts, to teach him that you are his friend, that you and he can have wonderful times together if only he will consent to be friendly? I tell you, if you use that method and train that colt to love you and consent to serve you through something else besides fear, you have won for yourself the greatest pleasure in life. I think, sirs, that it is true sportsmanship.

"WHEN you go afield it is the same. There are those who go equipped for murder, who return loaded down with a great, selfish burden of game. It is kill, kill, kill, while God's great sun looks down. Compare such work as that with a kindly, decent sportsman in the field. He does not return to be photographed with a grape arbor full of dead birds, but he has pleasant recollections, incidents to cherish in memory's brain cells. It is the same way with old Izaak Walton's disciples. Compare the angler who uses a four-ounce fly-rod with his cousin, who uses a *pole* and a triple hook. Why, there is no comparison. The one is murder, the other is—true sportsmanship. I hope I have not bored you," he concluded, embarrassed by his own impetuosity, "but I feel very strongly about it."

AS he leaned back in his chair and silence fell upon the little group, their host, a simple, old, American gentleman, who had lived his whole life amongst his kindly, wise, old hills and knew many of their seldom-whispered secrets, leaned forward and stirred up the dying fire to a red glow.

"IF ye'll pardon me," he said slowly, as he leaned back once more, "I think ye're all a bit wrong about it, tho ye are partways right, too. The man who cannot shoot too many birds or animals, the man who cannot use cruel guns and cruel hooks, the man who cannot take a wrong advantage of a dumb animal, be it horse or deer or hare or dog or partridge—is the true sportsman. Ye can find many such, gentlemen. I would place ye among them. Yes, it is the thing within that *cannot* that makes a true sportsman." And rising, the old man knocked the dead ashes from his pipe and went his way to bed and peaceful slumber. Another silence fell upon the little group of friends. At length the Athlete stirred and sat up.

"HERE'S to our host," softly exclaimed the youngest of the three, "a true sportsman."

And his companions silently nodded in assent.

Robert H. Voorhees.

The Record Bonefish

By B. F. Peck

THE time was Sunday, March 9th; the place Bimini Islands, about forty-five miles due east from Miami. We were off the good ship *Buffalo,* Captain William Layton commanding. Our party consisted of Messrs. George and Louis Hilsendegen, of Detroit; Charles D. Velie, of Minneapolis, and myself. Our guide had come aboard early in the morning to remind us that it was Sunday, "a day set apart," and to say that as he was a deacon in the church, it would be impossible for him to accompany us. He was quite willing, however, to provide a substitute, less scrupulous than he, and we went to a point about three miles from the dock, where we made what the natives call a "guess-drop," and waited for the bonefish to come in.

CHARLEY and Lou, with the guide, were in one boat; George and I, with Roy Tingley, one of our crew, were in the other. We had waited two hours without a strike. No one had even thought he had a strike. I had begun to think there was "no such animal." Then one came, we saw him! He took my conch! Nibble, nibble, nibble—wait, wait, wait. Then I struck. He was away like a flash of lightning. Zip, zip, zip, went the line for at least two hundred feet, then he paused, for a second only, and was off again for at least three hundred feet more. I was wondering if he would ever stop, when George, likewise anxious, asked how much line I had. We both looked at the spool. It was something less than the thickness of a thumb—not one hundred of the six hundred feet were left on it. Then he swerved, churning the water with foam, and came toward the boat. Then a rush to the right of from seventy-five to one hundred feet, then a stop. Then toward the boat again to about one hundred feet from the stern. Then another rush to the right and a stop. Then he started to circle the boat. Once around, twice around. "He will go seven times," said George. Well, he went six and a half times, then darted under the boat. My heart sank, but I dropped the tip of my rod into the water, and prayed. This little recognition of the Sabbath, "a day set apart," had its effect. He came back, circled the boat once more, making seven and a half times in all, and turned on his side, all in. I brought him to the boat. Our net was too small, and we dared not risk our prize by trying to lift him in with our hands, so Roy resorted to the gaff. We weighed him immediately. The scales showed between 13⅞ and 14 pounds. I signaled "14" to Charley and Lou in the other boat. Charley, who held the previous record at 9½ pounds, replied with the Aztec sign. The scales were tested when we came ashore, and found to be a trifle heavy, so that, assuming the original weight to be 13⅞ pounds, instead of 14, and making proper allowance for the scales, the weight of the fish, when taken from the water, was 13¾ pounds, strong.

THE natives, or some of them, thought "perhaps and maybe" they had once seen a larger fish caught in a net, but in a conversation among themselves, which we were not supposed to hear, they admitted this was the largest bonefish ever caught at Bimini. The books give ten pounds as the utmost limit of weight. Fishermen will appreciate my sensations when the scales told the story of this unprecedented capture. I certainly felt

" . . . like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims within his ken."

We photographed our prize; the village carpenter made a coffin and the natives brought flowers. We appointed one of them a special custodian for ten days, when we returned to Miami. By this time we were reasonably sure he was dead and felt safe in committing the remains to Brigham, the Miami taxidermist, whose assistant, W. W. Worth, of Wildwood, N. J., mounted them. He or they are now hanging in my office at Moline, Illinois. All "doubting Thomases" are cordially invited to call.

Record bonefish, weight 13 lbs. 14 ozs., length 31 in., girth 17 in.

THE time employed in the capture was twenty-seven minutes. The tackle consisted of a six-ounce rod, nine-thread line, free spool. The fish measured thirty-one inches from tip to tip, measuring straight on the side, and seventeen inches in girth.

For the benefit of the many novices and the by no means few experienced anglers who have not made the acquaintance of the bonefish, a brief description of this rare fish may be in order.

HIS family name (and he is the only member of the family) is *Albula vulpes,* meaning "little white fox" He is found only in the waters of Biscayne Bay and the West Indies. It is believed by some fishermen that the latter waters are the real home of this fish, and that those found in Biscayne Bay are the intrepid spirits who have ventured to cross the Gulf Stream. In Cuba, he is called what is pronounced "leetha," meaning "the swift." Many fishermen, some of them writers and authorities, have confused him with the so-called bonefish (*Elops saurus*), also called the lady fish, which is found on both the western and eastern coasts of Florida, and as far north as New York.

The two fish are entirely distinct, both in habits and physical characteristics. No record exists of the capture of a true bonefish north of the Indian River. The so-called bonefish, or lady fish, has been caught off the coast of Long Island. The true bonefish never leaps from the water. The lady fish, in the language of the late Senator Quay, are "as frantic in their leaps as the tarpon." The difference in physical characteristics is apparent at a glance. Harris, in his work on American fishes, says:

Alex Roller, a good bonefisherman.

"The true bonefish is much stouter in build, has large scales and is brilliantly silver in color, shading into olive. The so-called bonefish has much smaller scales, has also a bright silver color, but in lieu of an olivaceous shading, there is a distinct but soft bluish coloration, extending from the shoulder to the fleshy part of the tail."

THE bonefish is a bottom feeder. He eats all crustacea—hermit crabs, conch and clam are the common baits. He comes into the shallow banks for the food which the incoming tide provides in greater abundance. He, or they, for they often come in numbers, may be plainly seen, sometimes swimming along, fin and tail out of water, sometimes standing on their heads feeding on the bottom, tail only showing, sometimes resembling a dark shadow in the water moving with the utmost swiftness. Again, his presence is revealed only by a wake. He is timid in the extreme. A bump or unusual noise in the boat, or the shadow of a bird flying overhead, would cause him to disappear. Most fishermen prefer to pole along the banks quietly until some sign denotes the presence of the fish, then drop, and cast in the vicinity. This stalking the game, as it were, is a novelty in fishing which will appeal to all sportsmen. If fortune does not favor you, and no sign is given, the fisherman can only stop at a likely spot and make what the Biminians call a "guess-drop," and wait. You may see him coming; you may not. Often, the first intimation is a gentle pull on your line. This means he is sucking the bait. You wait. A more decided pull will come, when he gets the bait to the rear of his mouth and sets his crushers upon it—then you strike—and the party's on. The fastest, gamest fish that swims is on your hook, and may the best man win.

THERE is no record of the taking of a true bonefish with rod and reel, prior to 1893. The honor of the first capture belongs to J. B. McFerrand, Esq., of Louisville, Ky. In a letter written by him, dated January 11, 1902, and published in Gregg's work on Florida Fishes, he tells the story of the capture, saying in part:

"For three solid weeks, I worked and worried over these fishes. I could hear of no one who had ever caught one with rod and reel, and the natives said it could not be done. No sooner would I get within casting distance and the lead would strike the water, when away they would go like a badly scared flock of quail. At last, about worried out, I had determined to give it up as a bad job, when I discovered a space of about an acre of bare sand bottom adjoining a small channel, which connected with a small inlet and beyond that spot was a shallow bay, the bottom of which was covered by a heavy growth of grass. We lay on the far side of that bare spot about ten minutes with the line out toward the edge of that little channel, when I saw eight or ten of the hopefuls poke their noses from the edge of the channel, and within five minutes I had my fish hooked. Well, I had been angling in many waters, far and near, salt and fresh, and caught, as I thought, about all the fishes known in this country, but here was a sensation, indeed—a new edition of chained lightning, and that greased. . . . Only an old hunter, who has trailed his buck through the forest, until footsore and heartsick, finally bringing him down with a well-directed shot, can appreciate my feelings. . . . They fight to a finish every time. I have had a seven-pound fish run five hundred feet straight away without a pause. I am sure that unhampered nothing with fins or scales can catch them, unless it is the porpoise. If the bonefish were as large as the tarpon, with speed increased with size, no rod and reel could make him captive. Pound for pound, the bonefish is far and away the *king of all swimmers*, and the only objection I can urge against him is that an experience with him forever disqualifies one for all other fishing. But we are always looking for the new sensation, and Bonefish is it."

The coming generation of Bimini.

The Lure of the Lonely Beach

YOU say you have lived in, and loved the wild,
Where the arms of nature reach,
You say you have loved it but have you known,
The lure of the lonely beach?

HAVE you seen the dawn flare flame in the east,
And heard the gray gulls cry,
And heard the Little Voices call
As the breeze goes whispering by?

HAVE you felt the "lift" of a channel bass,
And stood with bated breath
To cope with the coppery comet's rush,
In his struggle for life or death?

HAVE you stood on the sands in a northeast storm,
In an awe too deep for speech?
You say you have lived? Have you ever known
The lure of the lonely beach?

PHILIP ARNOLD LA VIE.

That Christmas Buck

By Archibald Rutledge

WHEN I am at large in deer country, there is no need for friends to try to lure me off the fascinating following of the white-tail by promises of more abundant sport with smaller game. Quail and ducks and woodcock and the like do not look very good when a man feels that an old buck with majestic antlers is waiting in the woods for someone to talk business to him. I admit that the game of deer hunting is sometimes tedious, and the shooting of the occasional variety; yet my experience has been that the great chance does come to the faithful, and that to make good on it is to drink one of Life's rarest juleps, the memory of whose flavor is a delight for years.

It may be that this love of deer hunting was not only born in me—the men of my family always having been sportsmen—but was made ingrowing by a curious happening that occurred when I was not a year old. One day I was left alone in a large room in the plantation house where first I saw the light of day. Lying thus in my crib, what should come roaming in but a pet buck that we had. My mother, in the greatest dismay, found him bending over me, while, if we may believe the account, I had hold of the old boy's horns and was crowing with delight. I have always felt sure that the old stag (since he knew that his own hide was safe) passed me the mystic word concerning the rarest sport on earth. He put it across to me, all right; and I am going to do my best here to hand on the glad tidings. I want to tell about a deer-hunt we had one Christmas not long past.

THINGS on the plantation had been going badly with me. There were plenty of deer about, and a most unusual number of very large bucks; but our hunting party had achieved nothing of a nature worth recording. We had been at the business nearly a week; and we were still eating pork instead of venison. That's humiliating; indeed, in a sense, degrading. On a certain Wednesday (we had begun to hunt on the Thursday previous) I took our negro driver aside. It was just after we had made three unsuccessful drives, and just after some of the hunters had given me a look that, interpreted, seemed to mean that I could easily be sold to a sideshow as the only real fakir in captivity. In the lee of a great pine I addressed my partner in crime.

"Prince," I said, drawing a flask from my pocket, "as deer-hunters you and I aren't worth a Continental damn." (This term, as my readers know, is a good one, sound and true, having been the name of a coin minted before the Revolution.)

"Dat's so, sah, suttinly so," Prince admitted, his eyes glued to the flask, his tongue moistening his lips.

"Now," I went on, "we are going to drive this Little Horseshoe. Tell me where to stand so that we can quit this fooling."

THE flask sobered Prince marvelously, as I knew it would. To a negro there is no tragedy like seeing a drink without getting it; and the possibility of such a disaster made the good-natured Prince grave.

"Dis summer," he said, "I done see where an able buck done used to navigate regular by the little gum-tree pond. Dat must be he social walk," he further explained; "and dat may be he regular run. You stop there, Cap'n, and if he is home, you will bline he eye."

That sounded good to me. Therefore, the calamity that Prince dreaded might happen did not occur; for we parted in high spirits, and with high spirits in at least one of us. But there must have been a prohibition jinx prowling about, for what happened shortly thereafter appeared like the work of an evil fate.

As I was posting the three standers, the man who had already missed four deer took a fancy to the stand by the gum-tree pond. I tried politely to suggest that there was a far better place, *for him*, but he remained obdurate. I therefore let him stay at what Prince had described as the critical place. And it was not five minutes later that Prince's far-resounding shout told me that a stag was afoot. Feeling sure that the buck would run for the pond, I stood up on a log, and from that elevation I watched him do it. He was a bright, cherry-red buck, and his horns would have made an armchair for ex-President Taft. He ran as if he had it in his crafty mind to run over the stander by the pond and trample him. He, poor fellow, missed the buck with both barrels. His roaring 10-gauge gun made enough noise to have stunned the buck; but the red-coated monarch serenely continued his march. All this happened near sundown, and it was the end of a perfectly doleful day. Prince laid the blame for the bull on me when he said, in mild rebuke:

"How, Cap'n, make you didn't put a *true gunnerman* to the critical place?"

THE next day—the seventh straight that we had been hunting—it was an uncle of mine who got the shot. And this thing happened not a quarter of a mile from where the other business had come off. My uncle and I were hardly a hundred yards apart in the open, level, sunshiny pine woods. Before us was a wide thicket of bays, about five feet high. The whole stretch covered about ten acres. Prince was riding through it, whistling on the hounds. Suddenly I heard a great bound in the bays. Prince's voice rang out—but a second shout was stifled by him designedly. A splendid buck had been roused. He made just about three bounds and then stopped. He knew very well that he was cornered, and he was evidently wondering how to cut the corners. The deer was broadside to my uncle, and only about fifty yards off. I saw him carefully level his gun. At the shot, the buck, tall antlers and all, collapsed under the bay-bushes.

THEN the lucky hunter, though he is a good woodsman, did a wrong thing. Leaning his gun against a pine, he began to run forward toward his quarry, dragging out his hunting-knife as he ran. When he was within ten yards of the buck, the thing happened. The stunned stag (tall horns and all) leaped clear of danger, and away he went rocking through the pinelands. Believing that the wound might be a fatal one, we followed the buck a long way. Finally, meeting a negro woodsman who declared that the buck had passed him, "running like the wind," we abandoned the chase. A buckshot had probably struck the animal on the spine, at the base of the skull, or on a horn. Perhaps the buck simply dodged under cover at the shot; I have known a deer so to sink into tall broomsedge.

That night our hunting party broke up. Only Prince and I were left on the plantation. Before we parted that evening I said:

"You and I are going out to-morrow. And we'll take one hound. "We'll walk it."

The next day, to our astonishment, we found a light snow on the ground—a rare phenomenon in the Carolina woods. We knew that it would hardly last for the day; but it might help us for awhile.

In the first thicket that we walked through a buck-fawn came my way. He was a handsome little fellow, dark in color and chunky in build. It is possible to distinguish the sex of a fawn even when the lithe creature is on the fly, for the doe invariably has a longer and sharper head and gives evidences of a slenderer, more delicate build. I told the bucklet that, I would revisit him when he had something manly on his head.

PRINCE and I next circled Fawn Pond, a peculiar pond fringed by bays. Our hound seemed to think that somebody was at home here. And we did see tracks in the snow that entered the thicket; however, on the farther side we discerned them departing. But they looked so big and so fresh that we decided to follow them. Though the snow was melting fast, I thought the tracks looked as if two bucks had made them. Deer in our part of Carolina are so unused to snow that its presence makes them very uncomfortable, and they do much wandering about in daylight when it is on the ground.

Distant from Fawn Pond a quarter of a mile through the open woods was Black Tongue Branch, a splendid thicket, so named because once there had been found on its borders a great buck that had died of that plague of the deer family—the black tongue, or anthrax. Deciding to stay on the windward (for a roused deer loves to run up the wind) I sent Prince down to the borders of the branch, telling him to cross it, when together the two of us would flank it out. The tracks of the deer seemed to lead toward Black Tongue, but we lost them before we came to the place itself. While I waited for Prince and the leashed hound to cross the end of the narrow thicket, I sat on a pine log and wondered whether our luck that day was to change. Suddenly, from the green edges of the bay, I was aware of Prince beckoning violently for me to come to him. I sprang up. But we were too slow. From a deep head of bays and myrtles, not twenty steps from where the negro was standing, out there rocked, into the open woods, as splendid a buck as it has ever been my fortune to see. He had no sooner cleared the bushes than he was followed by his companion, a creature fit to be his mate. They were two old comrades of many a danger. Their haunches looked as broad as the tops of hogsheads. Their flags were spectacular. They were just about two hundred yards from me,

He was in full prime.

and, of course, out of gunshot. Had I been with Prince at that moment (as I had been up to that fatal time) I would have had a grand chance—a chance such as does not come even to a hardened hunter more than a few times in a hundred years or so. The bucks held a course straight away from me; and their pace was a leisurely one. I watched them for half a mile, speechless, and with my heart pretty nearly broken. As for Prince, when I came up to him I found him unnerved.

"Cap'n, if you had been where I been jest now!" was all he could say.

FROM the direction that the two great animals had taken, the negro and I thought that we knew just where they were going. Telling him to hold the hound for about fifteen minutes, I took a long circle in the woods, passing several fine thickets where the old boys might well have paused, and came at last to a famous stand on a sandy road. Soon I heard the lone hound open on the track, and you can imagine how eagerly I awaited the coming of what was before him. The dog came straight for me, but when he broke through the bays he was alone. The deer had gone on. It was not hard to find where they had crossed the road, ten yards from where I had been standing. From the way they were running they were not in the least worried. And from that crossing on they had a right not to be, for beyond the old road lay a wild region of swamp and morass into which the hunter can with no wisdom or profit go.

I did not stop the dog, deciding that by mere chance the bucks might, if run right, dodge back and forth and so give me the chance for which I was looking. The old hound did his best, and the wary old antlered creatures, never pushed hard, did some cunning dodging before him. Once more I saw them, far off through the woodlands, but a glimpse was all the comfort afforded me. After a two-hour chase the hound gave them up. Prince and I had to confess that we had been outwitted, and in a crestfallen mood we quitted the hunt for the day.

THE next day was my last at home, and every hunter is surely familiar with the feeling of a man who, up until the last day, has not brought his game to bag. I felt that we would have to make good, or else be elected to the Has Beens' Club. I told Prince as much, and he promised to be on hand at daybreak.

I was awakened before dawn by the sound of a steady winter rain softly roaring on the old shingle roof. It was discouraging, but I did not forget that the rain ushered in my last day. By the time I was dressed Prince had come up. He was wet and cold. He reported that the wind was blowing from the northeast. Conditions were anything but promising. However, we had hot coffee, corncakes deftly turned by Prince, and a cheering smoke. After such re-enforcement, weather can be hanged. By the time that the dim day had broadened, we ventured forth into the stormy woods, where the tall pines were rocking continuously, and where the rain seemed to find us, however we tried to keep to leeward of every object. The two dogs that we brought were wet and discouraged. Their heads, I knew, were full of happy visions of the cheerful plantation fireside they had left. Besides, it was by no means *their* last day, and their spirit was lacking in all elements of enthusiasm. After about three drives, when Prince and I were quite soaked through, and were beginning to shiver, despite precautions that we took ("taking a precaution" in the South means only one thing), I said:

"Now, Hunterman, this next drive is our last. We'll try the Little Corner, and hope for the best."

TWO miles through the rainy woods I plodded to take up my stand. All that time Prince waited, his back against a pine, and with the sharp, cold raindrops searching him out. The wind made the pines rock and sigh. Even if the dogs were in full cry, I thought, I could never hear them coming. At last I reached my stand. A lonely place it was, four miles from home, and in a region of virgin forest. So much of the woodland looked just alike that it hardly seemed reasonable to believe that a deer, jumped two miles back in a thicket, would run for this particular place. But men who know deer-nature know what a deer will do. I backed up against an old sweet-gum tree, waiting in that solitary, almost savage place. I thought that in about a half hour Prince, bedraggled and weary, would come into sight, and that then we would go sloshing home through the drizzle.

But wonderful things happen to men in the woods. Hardly had I leaned against the big tree for shelter when, far off, in a momentary lulling of the wind, I thought I heard the voice of a hound. One of our hounds had a deep bass voice, and it was this that I heard. Sweet music it was to my ears, you can well believe! From where I was standing I could see a good half mile toward the thickets whence had come the hound's mellow, rain-softened note. And now, as I looked searchingly in that direction, I saw the deer, heading my way, and coming at a break-neck pace. At that distance, I took the fugitive for a doe. It was running desperately, head low, and lithe legs eating up the pineland spaces. If it kept its course, it would pass fifty yards to the left of me. I turned and ran low until I thought I would be directly in the deer's path. I was in a slight hollow, and the easy rise of ground ahead of me hid the oncoming racer. I fully expected a big doe to bound over the rise, and to run slightly on my left. But it was not so.

HARDLY had I reached my new stand when over the gentle swell of ground, grown in low broomgrass, there came a mighty rack of horns, forty yards away to my right. Then the whole buck came full into view. There were a good many fallen logs just there, and these he was maneuvering with a certainty and a grace and a strength that it was a sight to behold. But I was there for more than just "for to admire."

As he was clearing a high obstruction, I gave him the right barrel. I distinctly saw two buckshot strike him high up—too high. He never winced or broke his stride. Throwing the gun for his shoulder, I fired. This brought him down—but by no means headlong, though, as I afterwards ascertained, twelve buckshot from the choke barrel had gone home. The buck seemed crouching on the ground, his grand crowned head held high, and never in wild nature have I seen a more anciently crafty expression than that on his face. I think he had not seen me before I shot; and even now he turned his head warily from side to side, his mighty horns rocking with the motion. He was looking for his enemy. I have had a good many experiences with the behavior of wounded bucks, therefore I reloaded my gun, and with some circumspection approached the fallen monarch. But my caution was needless. The old chieftain's last race was over. By the time I reached him, that proud head was lowered, and the fight was done.

Mingled were my feelings as I stood looking down on that perfect specimen of the deer family. He was in his full prime. Though somewhat lean and rangy because this was toward the close of the mating season, his condition was splendid. The hair on his neck and about the back of his haunches was thick and long and dark. His hoofs were very large, but as yet unbroken. His antlers were, considering all points of excellence, very fine. They bore ten points.

My short reverie was interrupted by the clamorous arrival of the two hounds. These I caught and tied up. Looking back toward the drive, I saw Prince coming, running full speed. The dogs had not had much on him in the race. When he came up and saw what had happened, wide was the happy smile that broke like dawn on his dusky face.

"Did you see him in the drive, Prince?" I asked. "He surely is a beauty."

"See him?" the negro ejaculated in joyous excitement. "Cap'n, dat ole thing been lying so close that when he done jump up he throw sand in my eye. I done reach for he big tail to ketch him. But I done know," he ended, "dat somebody else been waitin' to ketch him."

I sent Prince home for a horse on which we could get the buck out of the woods. While he was gone, I had a good chance to look over the prone monarch. He satisfied me. And the chief element in that satisfaction was the feeling that, after weary days, mayhap, and after adverse experiences, the great chance will come. For my part, that Christmas hunt taught me that it is worth while to spend some empty days for a day brimmed with sport. And one of the lasting memories of my life is the recollection of that cold, rainy day in the Southern pinelands—my last day for that hunting trip—and my best.

Comrades of the Stream

By
Arthur F. Rice

ON a bright June day in 1862 a gray-haired man and a very small boy climbed over a stone wall from the wagon road into a sheep-nibbled pasture through which a little trout-brook pursued its devious way, sparkling over the pebbles, gurgling through the alders and occasionally making a tiny leap into a rocky pool, where the foam bells seemed to the boy to make fairy music. The bobolinks poured forth their rollicking song and in a far away maple a yellowhammer sounded his wick-wick-wick-wick-wick. Never was the sky so blue or the air so soft and full of fragrance! and when, for the first time, the boy saw trout darting in the pools, and beheld them lifted, by some magical skill, from the water, carefully released from the hook and placed alive in the twelve-quart strainer milk-pail, his heart nearly burst with excitement and delight. Then and there he became a fisherman in his very soul, and many a time in later years, on meadow brook and mountain stream, has he wished that that kindly man, his first and dearest fishing comrade, might be with him once again. Happy is he who can say with John Burroughs: "I came from a race of fishers; trout streams gurgled about the roots of the family tree."

WHEN an amiable author-sportsman presented me with a copy of his "Fisherman's Record," in which one is supposed to chronicle in detail, as to time, place and circumstance, his various experiences with the rod, he supplied the necessary stimulus for going back over half a century and compiling a record with which I should now be loath to part. This *memorabilia* begins with the incident I have related and ends—only for the time being, I devoutly hope—with a quest of salmon in Far Northern waters. From quiet mill-ponds, beloved of sun fish and bull-heads, and little threads of water haunted by tiny trout, the record runs to larger streams, more ambitious lakes and to the oceans themselves. To me it is a charming history of joyous spring and summer days spent in the most enchanting surroundings, and, better still, it brings to mind those delightful companions—many of them, alas, no longer here—with whom those priceless days were passed.

Every youthful angler has some particular mate whom he vastly prefers to all other fishing companions; and such a boy friend I had in a handsome young daredevil who was the despair of certain staid people in the town, but a fountain of joy to me, in spite of the fact that he invariably caught more fish than I. He was one of those natural born anglers to whom the fish seemed perfectly willing to give up their lives, even going out of their way to get on his hook. Try as I might, I never could match him on a trout stream, even though he gave me the best holes to fish in. Within a radius of six or eight miles from the little Vermont town, a dozen or more brooks emptied their clear, cold waters into the Black or Connecticut rivers, and through the carefree days of boyhood we fished these delightful streams, having all sorts of adventures with savage dogs, belligerent bulls and sometimes no less belligerent farmers, who objected to having their grass trodden down. Even in those days fishing was not without its restrictions, for many of the streams were "boarded" and we looked longingly on certain meadows, at either end of which the sign "no fishing allowed" stirred mutinous thoughts in our minds, especially when we knew that the owners never fished there themselves. They were like the old Puritans of England, of whom it was said that they were opposed to bear baiting, not on account of any tenderness for the bears, but because people enjoyed the sport! Later in the season, when crossing these fields with our guns, there was an irresistible temptation to put a few charges of bird-shot into those offending signs as a mark of our detestation for them.

IF, as I believe, a large part of the riches of our maturer years lies in the pleasant memories we have stored up, what value should we place upon those brooks of our boyhood days, along whose courses grew all the meadow and woodland flowers and on whose borders was to be seen, at some time or other, all the animal, bird and insect life native to the country through which they flowed? Spencer Hollow Brook, Scrabble Brook, Slab City Brook! How those names conjure up visions of sun-lit meadows and cool, damp woods, whence came the sound of the whetstone on the farmer's scythe or the far-heard call of the big, ivory-billed woodpecker. What stores of knowledge were unconsciously gathered along those trout streams of the ways of the wild things and concerning human nature itself, as exemplified in our fishing companions.

ONE of the most joyous trips of my boyhood days was in company with several middle-aged men, one of whom was Hank White, the noted minstrel

On the Wessoneau.

of Vermont, the mainstay of Whitmore & Clark's (afterward Clark & White's) Minstrels, famous for many years throughout New England. Hank White could see something funny about a rail fence or a mullein stalk in the field, and made other people see it, too. He had a habit of extemporizing verses on almost any subject and setting them to a sort of sing-song music of his own, and frequently did this as we were riding along. At the little farmhouse where we put up for the night there were several small children and before the evening was over they were all standing in a ring around Hank White and their shrieks of laughter continued until long after their mother had sent them to bed up in the loft. One of these little toddlers had a shock of uncombed yellow hair and Hank declared that, properly impaled on a stick, she would be mighty handy to wash windows with!

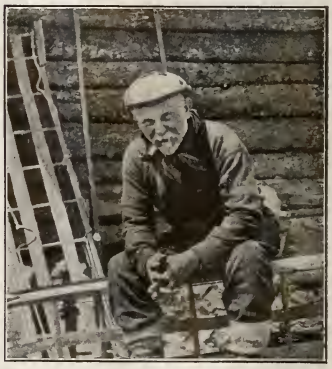
In searching for a mountain lake where we expected to camp and fish, we missed the trail late in the afternoon and someone proposed that, as we were lost, we might as well camp for the night. "No Siree," said Hank; "I don't care anything about getting lost—just as soon get lost as not—but when I wake up to-morrow morning I want to know where I am." We finally found the lake, and although we didn't catch many fish we caught the contagion of Hank White's humor and had three days of unadulterated fun. There may be more exalted professions than that of a minstrel, but if lightening the cares of life and replacing gloom with merriment constitute a virtue, then certainly Hank White deserved and no doubt has received his laurel crown.

A Gaspe trout.

BOYS brought up in the hills of New England, where the trout fishing is usually confined to small mountain streams or meadow brooks, are not apt to know much about fly-fishing and find happiness enough in luring their prey with the modest but deadly angle worm. Later in life the time may come—and generally does—when they discard the "barnyard hackle" for the more aristocratic artificial fly, even though in their hearts they know that they can never expect to extract from this style of fishing a keener joy than they experienced as boys when the tin bait-box made a fly-book unnecessary. But it is always an interesting era in a fisherman's life when he first essays the gentle art of fly casting and he is quite apt to remember when and how it occurred.

It has occasionally been my pleasure to act as instructor to a man who had never handled a fly rod; and the result has usually been that the pupil soon excelled the master. On that little lake in Sullivan County, New York, familiar to many old fishermen, and known as Orchard Lake, a good friend of mine made his initial cast while I paddled the canoe. Anything he starts to do he does thoroughly, and he became so bent on doing this thing right and stuck to it so assiduously for three days that he wore his right arm in a sling for a week afterward. But he did learn to cast, and many a time thereafter on a score of Canadian lakes, on the St. Maurice, the Croche and the Wessoneau rivers, have I seen his well-laid fly win the reward of consummate skill. The hardest trip I ever took—when it stormed for two solid weeks and the big Canadian river, which none of the guides had ever seen, was over its banks—was with him, and during all that time of hardship and discomfort his temper was never ruffled and he was always keeping his end up with good-natured efficiency and cheerful optimism. Guides are usually very good judges of human nature and if my friend could have overheard what they said about him he would have felt a pleasant glow about his ears.

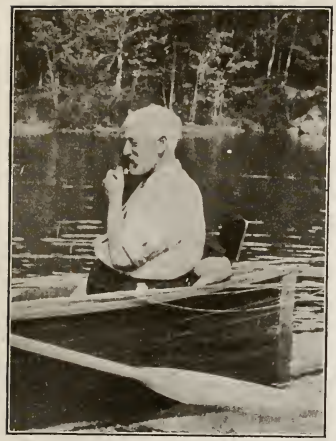
SOME years ago there came to the little Adirondack hotel where I was stopping, a slender, genial looking man, considerably past middle age. He was alone and said little to anyone, but I noticed that the children and the cats immediately made a friend of him, which I always regard as a significant thing. A friend of mine, who was a beginner at fly-fishing, was casting on the lawn, now and then getting his line out well, but oftener failing to do so. The newcomer watched him for awhile and then most unobtrusively strolled over to him and asked if he might offer a helpful suggestion or two. This being cheerfully granted, he took the rod and for delicacy, grace and accuracy did the finest bit of casting I had ever seen. With no apparent effort, the fly, which no longer seemed artificial, was made to do its master's bidding, sailing exactly to the indicated spot, hovering for a fraction of a second and falling as lightly as a thistledown before ever the line touched the grass. We found that the skillful gentleman was Mr. Benjamin Kent, of Paterson, N. J., and one of the most delightful days I can remember was spent in his company. It was late for good trout fishing, but I knew where we could probably get enough to "make a smell in the pan," so we took our coffee pot and frying pan, bread and bacon, and went as far up the Osgood River as a boat can go. The stream was narrow, crooked and rimmed with high alders and, as there was little room for a back cast, the art of taking trout there consisted in using a very short line, flipping the fly over this log or behind that rock and exercising eternal vigilance to avoid getting snagged. Mr. Kent, whose favorite waters were the Beaverkill, Navesink and other good-sized streams, was entirely disconcerted by this style of fishing and finally gave it up; but we had about twenty-five small trout, and, climbing to the top of a pine ridge east of the river, prepared our lunch. It was a lovely day and a delightful spot. A great, natural park spread out before us and on the far horizon the blue mountains were piled. The summer breeze sighed through the pines and in the valley below the river whimpered and sparkled here and there through the trees. The guide, Sam Ellis, knew how to cook, and soon the crisp



Dan Beard.

trout and toast and fragrant coffee were doing their appointed work. Mr. Kent found a comfortable place on the pine needles, with his back against a log, lighted his pipe, closed his eyes and remarked: "This is a very charming world." Through that perfect afternoon we loafed there and talked of fishing and all the various delights that accompany it; of canoe and trail and camp; of fur and fin and feather. When we returned at dusk I was glad to hear him say that it had been one of the happiest days in his life. Later there came to me a copy of that interesting book, "The Brook Trout," to which he had contributed the chapter on the Beaverkill, and on the fly-leaf was a threadlike leader and three tiny flies, marked, "A Beaverkill cast," the history of which he had given me that day. I suppose that in Paradise there must be trout streams along whose banks such gentle spirits as his may wander and find delight. If so, I am sure he found them when he passed that way.

RECENTLY another "brother of the angle," much better known to the world, has passed away, and I count it a boon to have fished often with him.



The King of Horicon.

Dear old Emlyn Gill! devotee of the dry fly and a man whose keen sense of humor and cheery spirit made him a rare companion, whether at the stream-side or in the crowded city. Many a time, over the coffee cups, while he was writing his book, "Practical Dry Fly Fishing in America," did he attempt to convert me to his way of thinking and fishing; but his crowning and most convincing argument in favor of his method was, to take me to a stream of my own liking, catch two trout to my one, and keep on doing it! Never in the course of a long acquaintance with him did I see him lose his temper or hear him speak a harsh word concerning his fellow men. Perhaps Douglas Jerrold was right when he said: "Angling is, in itself, a system of morality."

ONE is not apt to forget his first salmon, or, having had a taste of that sort of fishing, rest satisfied to stop there. My initial effort had been made on the Metapedia, in company with a couple of Micmac Indians who had placed their bark canoe on top of a freight car at Campbellton, N. B., and launched it and me on that beautiful river at a point called Millstream. There I had had glimpses of big shadowy forms in the sparkling pools; seen the king of the Northern waters leap for the fly; taken my first and only salmon and been consumed with the desire to repeat the experience. Therefore, when invited to join a party on a trip to Newfoundland I accepted with almost vulgar alacrity. Through one of those mistakes that are funny to everybody but the victim thereof, I missed the train and the result was a stern chase of about 1,500 miles after a party that had not only my transportation and outfit but also the sole knowledge of where they were going to fish in Newfoundland! I wired them to leave instructions with the Captain of the steamer *Bruce* that sailed three times a week from North Sydney to Port Au Basque; but when I interviewed that aquatic gentleman he disclaimed any knowledge of the matter excepting that the party had gone over on his boat two nights previous! There are times when even a fisherman may be shocked into losing interest in the affairs of this world! But I had startd for Newfoundland, and as there was no other place where I wanted to go just then, although there was a place to which I consigned those other fellows, I laid a tackle store under tribute, bought a passage to another continent and went to bed. If ever the phrase "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way" found a practical application I think it was then. But about four o'clock A. M. the Assistant Purser, who had evidently been in a trance somewhere, pounded on my stateroom door and said he had instructions for me to get off at Doyle's Station on the Big Codroy River. I did get off there next day, with a nice dress suit case in my hand and wearing well-polished shoes and a natty, stiff straw hat! I would state that when the guide finally landed me on the pebbly beach in front of the tents, Dave Abercrombie swooped down upon me, seized my beautiful straw hat and shied it so far into the underbrush that I never saw it afterward. But I readily forgave him, for he led me to the cook tent, whence emanated the savor of broiling salmon and other Sabean odors, and even tempted me with certain contraband goods of a liquid nature. Just here let me pay a tribute to David as the best all-around camp manager in my acquaintance. He has the art of keeping guides mighty busy without their seeming to know it; meals are served on time and show that thought has been used in planning them; everything about

Emlyn R. Gill.

camp is as neat as wax and there is a sort of military precision in the way things are done that seems to make everybody comfortable without much apparent effort on their part. It has usually been my lot to help plan and execute things on a camping trip; but for once I found myself with no other occupation than that of enjoying myself. It was a delightful outing that we had at the pools of the Big Codroy and certain novel features of it stand out strongly in my memory. There was the forest fire that swept through the woods near our camp with the roar of a dozen freight trains; there was the marvelous sight, one day near sunset, when the broad river below the tidal pool was alive with great leaping salmon, coming up fresh from the sea, sometimes within twenty feet of our boats, but scorning our flies with royal indifference; there was the glimpse of caribou on the barrens as we crossed over to the Little Codroy and took toll of the salmon in that stream, so famous for its big fish. Other members of the party carried off the angling honors, but who could envy such good comrades of the stream! Wonderful Newfoundland—with its wealth of beautiful, fragrant flowers, its gorges filled with eternal snows, its thunderous surf on the gray old rocks and its long, long summer days and sparkling nights, too short for sleep!

Au Large, Lake Champlain

THERE comes a time in the life of every fisherman when he rather willingly eschews the rough shack and bough couch for the comforts of the well-appointed summer camp, where the beds induce luxurious repose, the rain doesn't fall in the dining-room and there are no leaves or sticks in the food; where the

(*Continued on page* 876)

He may wait.

Easy going.

Under the Blue in the Kootenay

Photos By

F. W. King

and

W. S. Bogart.

The camera man at work.

One of the inhabitants.

Old Eph's coat.

The tepee at night.

You drop down before you go over the top.

Just a landslide.

One of the horses harnessed to a wagon.

My Friend Bob White

By Henry Wysham Lanier

A CERTAIN inherited instinct we are immensely proud of—we care very much for it—it is our delight to share it with those who belong. It is the purple autumn haze, the gold and red woods, the fences wonderfully decorated with weeds and briars, the stubble of the fields and the way of a man with a dog and gun. The covey of quail that bursts with a roar —the very sight of little Di spurning the ground as she bounds away, alive in every fibre of her beautiful lithe body, would make the sport worth while. And when you have hunted for half a dozen seasons with a dog comrade, till his every action has a meaning; when you know just what's taking place in his mind as he runs *around* a feeding field on a cold morning instead of troubling to go through it; when you see him circle and work a piece up wind to get better scent; when he performs that crowning feat of "reporting"; backing cautiously away when he finds birds at a distance, dashing back to you, informing you of the great news by whines, or springing up, or whatever language will reach your dull senses; then you sympathize with the quail enthusiast's scorn for any other form of recreation.

IT'S comparatively a modern sport, though Albrecht Dürer painted St. Hubert on a stand in 1520. Wing-shooting was just coming into vogue in the early eighteenth century, and the limited aristocratic nature of the pleasure before then is shown by a law of James I, that no one who did not own land worth £10 a year was permitted to keep a setting dog. (The "setter's" function then was to find game to be taken in nets or flushed for falcons; it was, too, a favorite occupation to call quail, and old Burton relates in the "Anatomy of Melancholy" how the country gentlemen were wont to go abroad with their quail-pipes.) Indeed, it is only a hundred years since the setter was recognized as a distinct breed (the "Shooter's Guide" of 1810 still defines it as a "large land spaniel"), and the modern improved wonderful dog that we know was largely a product of the patience and skill of English breeding in the fifties.

THE quail of Europe, a smaller bird than Bob-white, and a migrant, is found from the Faroe Islands to Japan; still, as in Exodus, he "covers the ground" when he stops on his long flight northward, and millions are netted each year in Capri and the other Mediterranean islands and shores, when they sweep across from North Africa. He is a fighter, like his American relation, and from time immemorial in the Far East, he has been trained to combat, in mains like those of the game-cock fighters. One traveler also relates that in China the quail is used to warm its owner's hands!

This is the quail of English sportsmen, which descends like manna, suddenly over night, in vast quantities, and to-morrow is elsewhere. Characteristically British is the account in a recent formidable Cyclopædia of Sport, under the patronage of a sporting Duke, and edited by two famous English sportsmen: after a very full account of this migratory quail, it remarks that attempts, not very successful, have been made "to introduce it into the United States!" It is true that some European quail were brought here in

the seventies, and apparently migrated promptly; but have these distinguished gentlemen ever heard of a bird called partridge south of Mason and Dixon's Line, quail in the North, and Bob-white everywhere? Do they happen to know that the Carolinas alone have perhaps 50,000 square miles of natural quail country, with such quail shooting for a third of the whole year as the sportsman in Europe, Asia and Africa never dreamed of?

OUR quail, in the South the "partridge," universally recognized as Bob-white, is found from Maine to Florida, from Southern Ontario to Dakota and down to Texas. (He has, too, many tropical cousins and the explorer of the jungles of Central and South America may hear the familiar call from one of dozens of different species in those virgin forests.) He has been introduced or has followed the farmer, west of his natural range, into Colorado, Utah, Idaho, parts of California, the Willamette Valley of Oregon, and some islands in Puget Sound. The ornithologists have cut off the Texas and Florida forms as sub-species, but the only difference to the sportsman is that the Florida bird is about two ounces smaller than the northern one and darker, while the Texas quail are between the others in size and grayer than either.

In the East Bob-white is ten inches long and averages half a pound weight from Maine to Maryland, perhaps an ounce less in the Carolinas; or a beautiful, soft, mottled, reddish-brown color, exactly matching the dried grass and leaves so that usually the only way to pick out a covey ten feet away is to catch the sparkle of a wild black eye. The cock has a handsome cap of black or chocolate brown standing out sharply against a white throat and a white line over the eye.

THEY nest on the ground in the open fields, or along fences or hedges, in New England, more often in the thickety edges of sprout land in the South, laying twelve to twenty white eggs. There are authentic records, in various parts of its range, of nesting Bob-whites during every month of the year except December. The cheerful notes that give the bird his best-known name are especially uttered by the cock while the hen is setting on the eggs; but the gentleman does not confine his family contribution to musical encouragement, for he often assists in this trying labor of incubation, and if anything happens to the mother bird, he hatches out the brood and takes care of it.

There are many enemies in wait for old and young—skunks and foxes, hawks and owls, and a whole host of carnivorous animals and birds who have a special liking for such toothsome morsels; also mowing machines that guillotine mothers on nests; and then men with guns; but given a country with plenty of food and cover, and the quail supply for any given season will be largely determined by the rainfall from June to September. The one fatal condition for the small fellows is a succession of heavy rains, flooding the flat grounds, for little Bob-whites cannot stand wet feet.

THE young feed largely on insects; but the older birds depend mainly on seeds and grain. As a rule, where you find large patches of rag-weed, beggar-lice, or partridge pea, or farms of wheat, corn, field peas, or buckwheat—there you will find quail. It is the law among all wild creatures: look where there is a food supply.

They are also fond of strawberries, and will eat persimmons, and even acorns. During the great cold wave of February, 1899 (the severest weather for two hundred years in South Carolina, when the ground was covered with deep snow crusted over by an unheard of temperature of 6°, and millions of sparrows, juncos and woodcock were frozen to death), the quail had nothing to eat but the bitter gall-berries, which ordinarily they will not touch, though the thick green bushes are a favorite refuge when flushed. One careful observer and sportsman of many years' experience discovered them feeding by thousands in the gall-berry patches; he killed one, and found the flesh dark purple and so bitter as to be uneatable; but his investigations seemed to show that all over the Carolinas the quail won through this trying period only where there were gall-berries, all their other food supplies being out of reach.

A start.

THIS is the one sort of weather condition which the adult Bob-whites cannot stand: deep, crusted snow; and the scarcity through New England seems due mainly to the succession of such winters half a dozen years ago. Through Connecticut they were becoming much more plentiful than they had been since 1907; but the heavy snows of 1913-14 decimated them again.

Like all gallinaceous birds the quail must dust; and a covey will sit for hours, like chickens, in some warm protected spot ruffling themselves in the dry earth or sand.

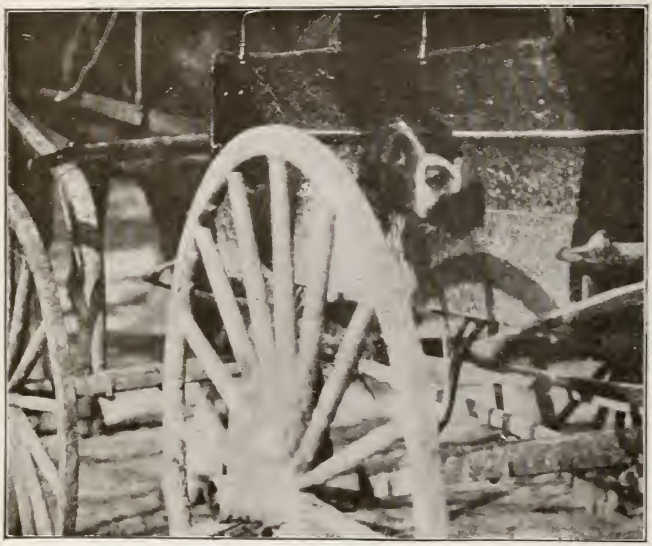
They roost on the ground, usually in some low thicket at the edge of a woods, huddling up close in a circle, with heads out, to watch better the approach of a marauding fox or other night prowler. Shortly after sunrise, in warm weather, or sometime between then and noon on very cold mornings, the covey walks or flies to the feeding grounds, and the day is generally spent here, in dusting places, and by the chosen watering-spot (they practically live in the swamps on very hot days.) Toward sunset the scattered members call to each other, in three plaintive notes quite different from the mating whistle, assemble and go to roost.

QUAIL will feed through a warm rain, even a heavy one; but a cold storm, or sleet and snow, drives them to refuge under some close thicket or beneath a fallen tree.

The hunter who uses his head finds a fascination in studying out the probable location of the birds at any given time on a certain morning; and there could be no greater stimulus to careful detailed observation of all the natural conditions. This interest is heightened by the fact that each covey has a natural range where it "uses," generally extending not more than a quarter of a mile, so you soon get to know that somewhere within this radius you should find a particular covey—if you are clever enough to put yourself into the bird's place sufficiently to work the dogs over the proper ground. Frequently, however, the same ground where you raised a dozen coveys will produce only two after what seems like scraping with a fine-tooth comb; and then again, in a section you have hunted over and over till you feel you know all its secrets, you will suddenly in late February blunder on a fine, fat, untouched covey you have never seen before. Many observers believe this to mean that an outside covey has moved in to a good feeding ground, as a result of the reduction in numbers through shooting of the original holders of that territory; but the more one hunts quail, the more impressive becomes their skill at hiding.

WHEN a covey is flushed, it rises with a mighty roaring of wings and each individual flees to his own chosen hiding-place, from one to three hundred yards away; a given covey will nearly always fly in the same direction, the instinct being to remain on their chosen range. Once in a while they will play you the disconcerting trick of lighting in trees—suddenly *whirring* away as you pass underneath in your quest for singlers; but such a general statement as that in one of the leading cyclopædias that Bob-white "takes to trees when alarmed" is a grotesque illustration of scholarly ignorance on such matters.

Good Boy!



"Am I sad? Nit! I am happy."

EVEN one of the best books on the subject makes the sweeping statement that our quail "does not migrate." Yet any Southern sportsman of experience will tell you that in Southern New Jersey, in Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, there is certainly at times a migratory movement on a small scale. General Frank A. Bond relates that in Maryland he has seen a pack of over a hundred flying overhead, and has followed them for miles; and the same has been noted by many other observers. The birds are even said to have been found drowned while trying to cross some of the wide tidewater rivers of Maryland and Virginia.

Careful investigations conducted by the Department of Agriculture show Bob-white to be an extremely valuable ally of the farmer: there are almost a hundred varieties of weed seeds included in his diet list, and one bird shot in Virginia had 10,000 pigweed seeds in its crop; and while insects form only a seventh of its food on the average, this proportion rises to a third in summer, among the 116 species noted being such dreaded pests as the potato beetle, cucumber beetle, squash ladybird, wire worm, cotton boll weevil and worm, cutworm, army worm, striped caterpillar, locusts, grasshoppers and a host of others.

IT would take a volume to draw an adequate picture of this admirable and spirited Bob-white; but surely we have made an outline of a bird which should be alike dear to the heart of the farmer, the country enthusiast and the sportsman.

And it would be hard to find a land better suited to him naturally than the two Carolinas, from the mountains to the sea. It is an ideal region from a sporting point of view; plenty of food, wild and cultivated, cover of every sort, enough impenetrable swamp refuges to insure a supply of birds forever. Plenty of Northern men have discovered it; there are probably a couple of million acres already taken up by wealthy individuals and clubs, largely from Philadelphia, New York and Boston, an incomplete list of sixty along the line of a single railroad averages over 15,000 acres apiece; and some thousands of sportsmen make an annual pilgrimage to these hunting grounds after the shooting season has closed in the North.

Yet there is a vast amount of territory still "unexplored" and unexploited. The second largest city of North Carolina, a scant twenty-four hours from New York, lies at one point of a rectangle of 4,000 square miles, which is crossed by practically only one railroad line—and I do not know of a single club or large preserve in this territory. There is getting to be some posted land; but that is an obstacle usually to be overcome with diplomacy, liquid or otherwise; and there is still plenty to be hunted over for the asking.

A WRITER in 1845 tells of flushing ten or fifteen coveys in a mile's walk in Burlington County, New Jersey; and the ancients of New England relate similar stories of past abundance; but the heavy crusted snows of a few winters back, and perhaps the quail disease which appeared in 1906, have made Northern shooting little but a memory. The enthusiast who seeks Bob-white turns his eye southwards, and especially to the Carolinas.

It is a delightful country for winter shooting; you'll get an occasional sleet storm which will leave the sedge spears as thick as your finger with a coating of ice, and the birds will turn mad as March hares, flush fifty yards away, and begin to whistle anxiously for each other as soon as they touch the ground after being flushed. But for the most part there is a succession of clear, beautiful days, just cold enough to make tramping a joy, and the thought of a fire a luxury after the drive home. Half the time you will need summer-weight underwear in the field, with the heaviest mackinaw you own for the return trip at night.

THE rest of your equipment will vary with personal taste, plus the knowledge that in the eastern half of the region a large part of your shooting will be through swamps which though not deep are exceedingly wet.

But if you elect to wear rough, woolly trousers, don't wonder at night why you are a walking mass of burrs—like the man I met last season. Refinements and restrictions of the sport are coming in rapidly: in a recent trip I found half a dozen men using twenty-gauge guns, and one or two tiny twenty-eight gauges; the bag limit is being steadily reduced—one county now permits only fifteen birds a day; and you'll need to be careful in the matter of a license. Along with this, the seasons are better observed, trapping is being stopped in some sections, stock laws are confining the omnipresent, omnivorous razorback, to whom quail eggs are a delicacy, and the worst enemies the Carolina quail now has are the hawks and owls, and the horde of half starved hound and fyce dogs who roam over the land perpetually seeking what may fill their insatiable, half-starved stomachs.

IF you have not yet decided to try it next fall—that's the fault of the narrator. When you do, you'll surely get absorbed in the lore of birds and dogs and guns, the tales of quail holding their scent—a whole new world of exciting interests, the chronicle of which is not between covers.

And, when, some February evening when the day's hunt is done, you stand at sunset of a still gold-orange afternoon, beside some cornfield near a swamp, and hear the *sp-a-anck! sp-a-anck!* of an invisible woodcock, and then see a dim thought of a bird dart aloft in the dusk, rising out of sight in a great spiral, and descending with a flood of ecstatic trills and whistles and twitterings—all for the benefit of the rosy-brown lady bird on the nest down below to whom he is making love—then I'm sure you'll be grateful to whatever first called your attention to this land of Bob-white.

"Debbil" Bass of the Cypress Swamps

By Edwin C. Totten

Old Bob.

IN the chase lies the sport. It is not the act of killing your game that provides the ultimate sigh of satisfaction. It is the knowledge that you have overcome obstacles, taken your prey and won your reward in the face of odds.

With this thought in mind I would that my pen were mighty enough to take my readers with me. If I could but portray in a slight degree the beautiful tawny blackness; the mingled and intermingled vines and swamp briars; the grotesque stumps and tree butts, hollowed and cuplike; the ink-black silky smooth banks; the occasional rusty moccasin gliding through the dark growth; the glittering backed terrapin sliding from the partly submerged log; the screaming fish hawk soaring in short circles about her nest—and all overhung with the heavy scent from the magnolia and wild swamp growth—then I would be satisfied in the knowledge that others had enjoyed one of nature's rare offerings.

HOWEVER, this would take us but a little way toward the real pleasure. We find that difficulties from the outset always increase the charm. There is always the question as to whether the little batteau is still safely chained to the big log. On securing it we must wade in not any too safe or comfortable waters, shoving, dragging, hauling and pulling until the stream becomes deep enough to climb aboard. Then we must bend, stoop, squat and finally fall flat to pass beneath some of the fallen trees and overhanging vines, always the ones with the heaviest thorns and sharpest points hang lowest. Finally the stream widens and the water becomes clear, but the bottle-shaped butts of the cypress become more numerous. Only the most skillful poling will carry the little boat through this forest growing in the water. Another half hour of toil and careful going and the pools are reached—and then—

BUT I really do owe a little explanation as to the main purpose. You who have taken black bass in the open lake and rivers and have experienced the pleasures that nature offers in her practically clear and unobstructed waters have merely tasted the joy of black bass fishing. Such hardships as flies, mosquitoes, leaking boats, weeds and storms fade into nothing compared with the swamp fishing trials. But neither is the result as satisfying.

To a few words exchanged in the early morning mist on the Laurel River, one morning this past June, do I owe my finding of the haven of black bass. I have never complained of the fighting beauties that the river will always furnish the hard working bass fisherman, but when "Old Bob" Bell, the only Negro, perhaps in the United States, who has a street named and duly recorded after him, mentioned that a five-pound bass in my box reminded him of the "debbil" bass of the cypress swamp, because it was so black, why it was then that my entrance into a fairyland of fishing had its inception.

THAT evening I found Bob seated on the bow of his boat, just as his photograph presents him. I questioned him like a cub reporter on his first murder story. Bob would stray from his tale, veering to his favorite subject as to "jes' how Master Dallas named the street Bell's avenue," but by the persistency that every fisherman should have aplenty of, I finally obtained the information I sought. Bob spoke of his old Daddy and the hickory poles that the "debbil" bass had broken. His weird variations which touched on the mysteries of the swamp were appealing.

It was in the swamp mist of the following morning that we chugged up to the swamp edge. While I backed the car off the one track trail Fred, the boy whom I believe to be the best boy with a paddle in the State of Delaware, located the boat. There was but one course, a mere trickling stream over black oozy mud. We pushed and yanked for what seemed to be several miles, but in reality was less than two hundred yards. We waded knee deep and occasionally deeper in the softest mud that I have ever enjoyed The stream widened and we climbed in and poled. It continued to widen and Fred brought his paddle into play. There was another stretch of perhaps three hundred yards where the cypress grew so close that we found it difficult to pass between the trees.

My share was the daily limit

THIS first journey was a nightmare and I fully decided that it would be our last—until we reached the open pools. We had failed to enjoy all that Mother Nature so generously offered during the first part of the trip—but it remained for future pleasure.

The first pool might have been a large drop of printer's ink, seeming in the dusky shade to have stained the gray trunks of the cypress that surrounded it. There I made my first cast in the swamp. It was not rewarded with the mighty lunge that would have completed the picture, even though the plug dropped lightly and was carefully retrieved. The pool was barely large enough for more than a second cast and that was also without result.

We pushed forward and our sport began. The pools became numerous but the close growth of cypress prevented the use of a fly rod and even my six-foot casting rod was practically useless. Fortunately I had a cut down casting rod that I had not used for several seasons, and that saved the day. My first bass was taken just as I would have him taken. With the decidedly uncomfortable and handicapped casting I swelled inwardly with pride when I dropped my plug directly at the foot of a cypress on the far side of a fair sized pool. The plug scraped the bottle shaped base of the tree and scarcely splashed as it struck the water. The hit was immediate and for the next two minutes I had a new experience—confining a three-pound large-mouth bass to a deep pool not more than twelve feet broad at the widest point. Once outside of that area he would have wound my line about so many trees that I undoubtedly would have spent the remainder of the day unwinding it.

In the heart of the swamp.

I FOUND that Old Bob's tale was true. The specimen was new to me. The entire back and extending down the sides, the scales were black. A deep glowing black. They appeared almost transparent in certain lights. The belly was white, without trace of yellow at any point and standing out in a ghastly comparison with the back. And that bass had fought, fast and savagely. Considable brute force had to be used to land him.

The remainder of the morning was rather confused. As we proceeded down stream we found splendid pools, but to cast them always proved a question. The bass were shy. Unless a bait was dropped skillfully the results were poor. Usually we found an excellent entrance to the pools after I had balanced myself between two trees or had made other commotion in making a useless cast.

We did not get down into the more open water during that trip. We were a trifle uncertain as to direction and with a healthy storm brewing we turned back. Five bass, all of the deep black back and white belly were on our stringer. Our first was the largest. More than twice that number had tasted our baits and departed. There were three very excellent baits missing from my bait box on our return and I do not know how to estimate the exact number of yards of line that remained in the swamp. My one regret was that serious damage might have been done to the kings of those pools who had freed themselves.

I would like to mention at this point that Fred is a very unusual boy. We seldom find a youngster of sixteen or thereabouts who can make a few offhand comments and thereby wreck perfectly good resolutions on the part of a full grown man. However, my resolutions about not getting up in the middle of the night were broken on numerous occasions directly after our first trip and I attribute the fact to such remarks as "gee, to-morrow mornin' will be one fine bassin' time," and "the big ones are hittin' down the river, I expect them swamp bass will be doin' the same," which were quietly issued by the same Fred, and always within my hearing. Not that I object to such comments, but we all have to work occasionally during these perilous times of high prices.

Our second trip was far more pleasant —and resultful. We went equipped. The first mile, always the most difficult, seemed as nothing to the first time we made it. The second provided undiluted joy to the tune of four bass weighing in all a trifle over twelve pounds. And then we reached the place that I am certain the bass god planned that all bass should spend their after life—if they have one.

THE cypress trees thinned out, but there were great fallen trees whose limbs had long since rotted and left the giant trunks forming the most perfect pockets that the most particular bass could desire for his own little domain. There were scores of these and each had its king.

Now brothers of the rod, those of you who take your game fish as the gentlemen in Kentucky at one time took their "licker"—straight—I would surely like to have pass before your eyes this vista of bass ground. Perhaps the beauties of the swamp have cast a spell over me and inflamed my imagination but had a fairy with a silver fly rod, rigged with a baby fly appeared on one of the windfalls and made a cast, I doubt if I would not have accepted it as a part of the scenery. Such fairy did not appear but I dropped my bait where such fairy would have undoubtedly dropped her fly—and that was anywhere within reach.

In the course of the morning I returned to the water five bass as being too small. I carried home my allowance of ten and Fred caught three. One of Fred's weighed a trifle under five pounds and we decided to call it an even "five" as it was Fred's largest ever. Incidentally I photographed him holding this prize, right down in the dark pool where he took it. He claimed that the photograph would convince his boy friends after the "five" pounder had graced the family dinner table.

THE swamp broadens out into an old mill pond studded with cypress and filled with stumps. The fishing there is good but in all sincerity let me say, not as good as further back in the swamp itself—the fairly open water makes it "too easy."

I have taken several good fishing buddies down through the swamp. It gives you an opportunity to get an entirely new line on a man to fish with him under conditions that are really trying. My experiences have been happy in this respect, for while I have learned several new cuss words and enjoyed several hearty laughs, my friends have come through. The air on the return trips has always been very calm and serene.

The men who have fished this swamp with me are as reliable as fishermen of the general run, and I am confident that they will vouch for the fact that there cannot be a more beautiful bass ground. I know that they will insist that the bass taken in this swamp are truly all that Old Bob has declared them to be—"debbil bass," for they have much to aid them in their fight and they are seldom molested.

ONLY on three occasions have I taken my limit in the cypress swamp and they were special days. I have replaced more than I have taken out to kill. On this past "Fourth"—you recall the heat —three of us, Maxwell Krause and John Hartman, of Lebanon, Pa., and myself, fished the swamp, taking home thirty bass —and we felt the heat not at all. Both Krause and Hartman are bass men of the first water and deserved their catch. They traveled all night of the "Third" to be on hand at 4 a. m. Another guest, my nephew, journeyed from Ithaca, N. Y., for a "whack at 'em," and while not taking his limit declared the 300-mile trip well worth while; that he would do it over again any time that I sent him the word to come.

Cypress—Cypress and more Cypress.

I know in myself that I have failed to give deserving illustration of the cypress swamp and the fishing found in it, but I am selfish enough to be pleased to a certain extent by this fact, for should the portrayal be too attractive it would mean that the glorious old swamp would be visited by those who would desecrate it. I stand ready and willing at any time to supply information to sportsmen who would appreciate real bass fishing under the conditions described, but I also wish to make plain that I withhold without question any information when I have the slightest reason to believe that it will be misplaced. It has been my misfortune to direct several of the so-called "sportsmen" to certain excellent bass grounds in this section only to find that my decency has been misplaced.

MY theory is that the man who does not believe that the sport is in the chase, but in the killing, should be barred from real bass fishing and other game in our country.

In conclusion I wish to mention that the taking of photographs in the swamp is a sport in itself—you get about one out of a dozen. I trust some day that I will become proficient enough in the art of photograph taking to present views of those pools that will in themselves be evidence of the royal fighters hidden in their black waters.

The Indispensable Parka

By Claude P. Fordyce

THE long winter evenings inspire the dyed-in-the-wool recreationist to reminiscences of the past, and to a delightful anticipation of formulating plans for next season's joy. As spring opens, the wanderlust permeates his whole being at the accidental mention of a name which savors of the wilderness or mayhap by running across some item of duffle which brings out the old outfit and from then on delightful hours are spent in rehauling in preparation for use. Never a season has been spent without alteration—some pet foible dropped from the list of supposedly necessary items and some new wrinkle substituted which boils the equipment down to that irreducible minimum which the touchstone of experience has taught is irrevocable.

Usage is the only truthful dictator as to what is essential for greatest utility. Sporting goods catalogues are useful for learning where to get things, but *what* to get is best governed by ideas gained by followers of the trails themselves—facts gleaned from hard experience. In such a consideration utility should be the slogan, never convention. I have adopted equipment which serves me well; yet, there are many sportsmen who have not the courage to use some items just because they are unconventional.

A NEW clothing idea gleaned from Arctic experience and one which bids fair to be widely adopted by the outdoor fraternity, is the hooded shirt called the Parka. When John Chinaman wore his shirt in the customary loose waist fashion and appeared before his employer one cold morning saying "Belly cold," he was admonished that if he would wear his shirt inside his pants his "belly wouldn't get cold"; he simply suggested something to an individual which upset conventional ideas of dress. The Parka is worn outside and for very good reasons it won't let the wearer get cold.

The average sportsman emphasizes his choice of food more than that of clothing and bedding, yet a wilderness trip necessitates a proper selection of all if he be ready for any exigency that may arise. Several sorts of weather are in the category of the camper and for protection against all with as little weight and bulk of clothes as is possible is the problem that is solved by adopting the Parka. One may be in active exercise in dry, still 45-below-zero cold; again he may be physically inactive in a 20-below-zero gale on open water, or again caught in a day-long cold rain, wet snows and sudden weather changes when travel is absolutely necessary and each demands ample protection which the Parka furnishes if it is made of proper materials to suit the purpose.

DID it ever occur to you that clothing you wear does not "per se" produce warmth—neither heavy wool nor any weight of cotton *produces* heat—it is the human body that manufactures heat: clothes merely act as heat retainers—they are envelopes to prevent rapid emanation of heat and insulate the body temperature against outside changes which would influence the dissemination of heat.

The secret of body warmth then is to secure non-conducting fabrics whose index of absorption is lowest and these are always of animal origin—fur is the best, woolens next, silk is good and cotton lowest. Fur holds a great amount of confined air as does also loosely woven wool. In fur we get the desirable dead air spaces, in several layers of thin wool fabric we get the same, but cotton rapidly draws out the heat and moisture from beneath and emanates it to the outside.

The Alaska Parka.

THE production of body heat is ample when a man is in active exercise. Our problem is to conserve it and it is best done thus: Next the skin wear loose wool and to prevent the wind and low temperatures striking this wear a windproof Parka of cotton drill or pongee silk. If you wish an ideal rainproof garment make the Parka of balloon silk—white, tan or green. It won't protect your pack but the pack-sack should be waterproof also.

Interesting experiences with the Parka under guise of its various aliases in different portions of the Land of the Great White Silences are related. Dr. Frank Russell in his explorations in the Far North describes a rain frock seen at Cape Tchaplin, called the Massinka Rain Coat. It is a frock of seal intestine ornamented with narrow strips of the fur seal on the shoulders and hood and with the hair of the young seal sewed upon the outside of the seams elsewhere. The hood is small and close-fitting. The strips of intestine are four inches wide and six feet long—the garment being three feet across at the waist. There are eight breadths in front, making it 32 inches long. It is very light and flexible and perfectly waterproof.

THE Kooletah or fur jacket with no buttons, going on over the head, is a description given by Robert E. Peary. In summer it is made of sealskin and in winter of fox or deer skin. His own was made of Michigan sheepskin. Attached to this jacket is a hood, and around the face is a thick roll made of fox tails. Ponting of Captain Scott's Antarctic Expedition says that for the Antarctic wool is better than fur, and this should be covered with a thin windbreak. The Parka is here again suggested as the ideal body covering.

All properly made clothing for extremely cold countries should be very large and adjusted so it can be readily removed, is the observation of Lieut. Waugh. The fur Parka is a garment made like a large hooded shirt coming to the knees, the edge of the hood having a ruff of wolverine, wolf or bear to protect the face (wolverine being the best as it is the only fur upon which the breath will not congeal) and it is the most practical garment yet devised for Arctic work. This Parka is made of reindeer summer skin(the winter skin sheds too badly) or squirrel skin. It is worn with the fur outside and is lined with fur or some material which will allow it to slip off and on easily.

THE drill Parka, which is used to break the wind, is made on the same model only larger as it is at times worn as the outermost garment of all. These fur Parkas are seldom used by those who are experienced. When working on the trail they are held in reserve until camp is reached or until the trail is good and riding is possible. When pushing on handle bars or running behind the sled, the Parka would be too hot and would cause perspiration to start—the

cause of inevitable chilling for nearly every death in the Arctic is from getting too warm or wet and not from excessive cold.

Anthony Fiala uses a Parka of pongee silk which successfully keeps out flying drift and wind. During halts he takes off his Parka and puts on another heavier fur shirt and then the Parka over all. There should be no opening in front as cold air goes in between the flaps. It is best to use a llama wool sweater and over it a light closely woven pongee silk Parka like the hide of fur to keep the heat in and the cold out. Parker on his Mount McKinley climb wore such a one and found it quite satisfactory.

ANY seamstress who can cut and make an ordinary work shirt can make an Adickey (Parka) if your outfitter cannot supply you, Dillon Wallace asserts. The garment is slipped over the head like a shirt and has a hood attached to draw on over the cap as a neck and head protection. The neck opening is large enough to permit the head to pass through it without the necessity of a buttoned opening in front for, no matter how closely buttoned a garment may be, drifting snow will find its way in. In length the Adickey reaches half-way between the hip and knees and is made circular at the bottom. The hood should be of ample proportion to pull over the cap loosely with a drawstring encircling the front by which it may be drawn snugly to the face. A fringe of muskrat or other fur around the face increases the comfort—the fur acting against the drifting snow. While Hudsons Bay Kersey Cloth is a favorite fabric for this garment, it may be made of any woolen duffle or similar cloth.

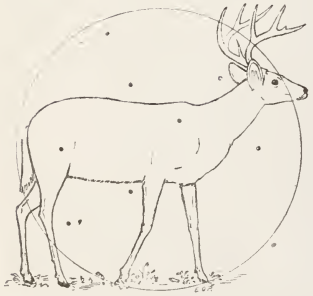
OVER the kersey Adickey another Adickey of some smooth faced strong material (preferably moleskin) should be worn. This outside Adickey should be, of course, just enough larger than the kersey or blanket Adickey to fit over it loosely. The Adickeys may be worn singly or together, according to the demands of the weather. In far Greenland the natives wear an Adickey of caribou skin hairside out called the "Kulutah"—in Labrador the "Kulutuk."

So good a mountaineer as Miss Dora Keen recommends that the drill Parka become a necessary addition to the equipment of all serious alpinists. On knapsack trips and woods cruising as well as in general mountaineering I have used the Parka and it "stays in" as an integral part of my high efficiency pack kit and I am thus ready for any weather emergency which the Red Gods may pit me against. The weight of 25 ounces is of slight consequence and when worn it allows freedom of movement and ample body protection equaling many pounds of blankets.

THE unconventional Parka costume savors of generations of trail mushers in the region of the Great White Silences. It was born of necessity just as the old rivermen and lumberjacks "stagged" their pants and shirts; just as the Alaska miner used sour dough instead of baking powder: as Nessmuk made his famous dope for the "no see ems" and the Indians fashioned their teepee tents so they could use fires within. Necessity is the mother of invention.

The Case Against Buckshot

By Edwin O. Perrin



A typical buckshot pattern at 80 yards

The deer would receive two very slight wounds, and would run away as if nothing had happened. Each pellet has an energy of only 114 foot pounds. A .30-30 bullet hits about eleven times as hard at the same range.

MORE than three hundred years ago, when firearms were just beginning to supplant spears and arrows as weapons of the chase, buckshot made its appearance. The crude smooth-bore blunderbuss was loaded with a whole handful of heavy balls or slugs, in order to increase the chance of hitting the game.

Two centuries later the rifle came into general use for hunting big game, and the smooth-bore was loaded with fine shot for birds. But larger pellets, or buckshot, were still used in smooth-bore guns for shooting large animals. And even to-day, in nearly every locality where deer are hunted, buckshot is frequently employed.

The inefficiency of buckshot, as compared to the rifle, has long been recognized. Nearly all the leading gun authorities denounce its use on the ground that it cripples more deer than it kills. As far back as 1882 Theodore Van Dyke, one of the greatest deer hunters that ever lived, wrote that he considered the use of buckshot "an outrage and a sin."

And yet there are many deer hunters

A typical buckshot pattern at 40 yards

The deer would be badly wounded, but would probably get away. The two pellets in the flank are too far back to prove fatal, and the one in the shoulder would fail to break the heavy bones. The other shot would make only a trivial wound. Each pellet has an energy of 139 foot pounds, somewhat less than a .25 rim fire rifle bullet, which is considered about right for rabbits.

to-day who swear by the shotgun. Experienced guides and woodsmen frequently assert that it is better than a rifle for hunting in wooded country. Beginners are often urged to carry a scatter-gun, on the theory that it gives them a better chance to bring down the game.

My own opinion on the subject is the result of personal experience. I have hunted deer nearly every fall for the past fifteen years, and during that time I have seen nine deer fired at with buckshot. One of these was killed on the spot, five were wounded, and three were missed entirely, or wounded so slightly that they showed no signs of being hit.

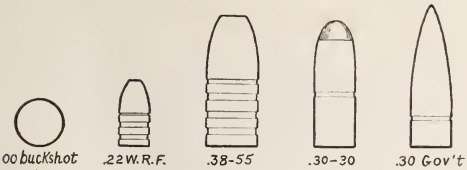


Diagram showing why buckshot lacks carrying power

The round ball has a large diameter in proportion to its weight, and is therefore quickly retarded by air resistance. The above bullets lose from 10 *to* 17 *per cent of their initial speed in traveling* 100 *yards, as against* 26 *per cent for the buckshot.*

Distance from muzzle	3 drams Du Pont Smokeless Velocity	3 drams Du Pont Smokeless Energy	3½ drams Du Pont Smokeless Velocity	3½ drams Du Pont Smokeless Energy
0	1080	149	1212	187
40 yds.	971	120	1046	139
80 yds.	885	100	946	114

These figures show that even with the heavy charge of 3½ drams of powder each pellet has very slight energy. A rifle bullet striking such a feeble blow would be considered about heavy enough for rabbits. At 40 yards the little .25-20 high velocity rifle bullet has more than three times the punch. Hunters agree that the .25-20 is too light for deer hunting, yet it is infinitely more deadly than buckshot. Aside from its superior range and power, it can be aimed accurately at a vital spot.

THE one deer which was killed outright, a little buck, was shot at about thirty yards. Three charges were fired at him, and when we skinned him out we found at least a dozen shot holes. The pellets had penetrated only a few inches into his body.

Of the five deer which were wounded only two failed to escape. The first was pulled down by hounds about two miles from where it was shot; and the second, which had a broken leg, was tracked down by a guide and finished with a rifle. The other three escaped entirely, though we trailed them as far as possible.

One of these animals furnished a particularly horrible example of the inefficiency of buckshot. We were hunting in a canoe just at dusk, and turning a sudden bend in the stream almost ran into a big buck feeding in the shallow water. He was shot with a whole charge of buckshot at not more than thirty feet. The impact of the shot knocked him down, but he immediately jumped up and plunged into a dense clump of swamp maples. We heard him coughing and thrashing around in the brush for some minutes, but were unable to get a second shot and decided to wait until daylight before taking up the trail. In the morning we were amazed to find that the deer had left the swamp. We followed him for some distance, but his tracks led into a maze of runways, and after several hours we were forced to give up the search.

I HAVE talked to many other hunters who have had almost the same experience. It has been proved beyond a doubt that for every deer killed with the shotgun there are several which escape wounded. Many of these die a lingering death. Others, of course, recover, as is proved by the occasional finding of buckshot in deer which have been killed with a rifle.

In spite of these facts several State legislatures have passed laws requiring the use of the big pellets. In New Jersey, Massachusetts and Connecticut, and in parts of New York and New Hampshire, rifles are prohibited for deer hunting, shotguns only being allowed.

These laws were passed with the idea of preventing the accidental shooting of human beings, but it is hard to see how they can accomplish that purpose. Most accidental shootings occur in wooded country within range of buckshot, and the sort of man who blazes away at anything that moves in the brush is even more dangerous with a scattergun than with a rifle. Of course buckshot is not nearly so deadly as even a light rifle bullet, but it is much less likely to miss, and a man is far more vulnerable than a deer.

It would be better to stop deer hunting entirely in thickly settled districts, than to limit it to a weapon which cripples so many animals, and at the same time fails to protect human life. It is encouraging to note that one State is opposed to this survival of the blunderbuss. Pennsylvania has for some years prohibited the use of buckshot for deer hunting.

SOME time ago I was discussing buckshot with another deer hunter, and we decided to test it carefully for range, pattern and penetration, in order to determine exactly why it so often fails to kill. We used a standard 12-gauge shotgun and shells loaded with 3¼ drams of Du Pont smokeless powder and nine 00 buckshot—a standard charge. Our tests showed that buckshot has two principal weaknesses. First, it makes such an open pattern at ordinary hunting ranges that it rarely lands on the desired spot; and second, it is sadly lacking in power when it does land.

We found that an average shot would barely put eight out of nine pellets in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards. And the patterns were anything but uniform. One shot would group four or five pellets near the top of the circle, and the next would string them out across the bottom. In many cases not a single pellet struck near the point of aim, at the center of the circle. I have seen several other guns tried out with no better success.

WE sometimes hear stories of remarkable shotguns which will throw buckshot accurately at tremendous ranges, but such guns are purely mythical. Specially bored buckshot guns, made by W. W. Greener, are only guaranteed to put eight out of nine pellets in the testing circle at 40 yards.

But even if buckshot were accurate, its lack of power would make it totally unfit for deer hunting. We found that at 20 yards the pellets penetrated less than an inch in seasoned spruce. A .22 long rifle bullet gave just twice the penetration at the same range.

The following table gives the velocities and energies of 00 buckshot fired from a 12-gauge gun with two different powder charges. The figures are supplied by the ballistic engineer of one of our leading cartridge companies.

Shells loaded with nine 00 buckshot. Diameter of pellet, .34 inch. Weight, 57.4 grains. Standard wadding. Velocity in feet per second. Energy in foot pounds per pellet.

IT is true that several buckshot may land at once on a deer's body, but they hit at random, and without concentrated force. Five .22 shorts fired from a rifle have as much energy as a .45 Colt revolver bullet, but they would hardly have the same stopping power if shot at random into a large animal.

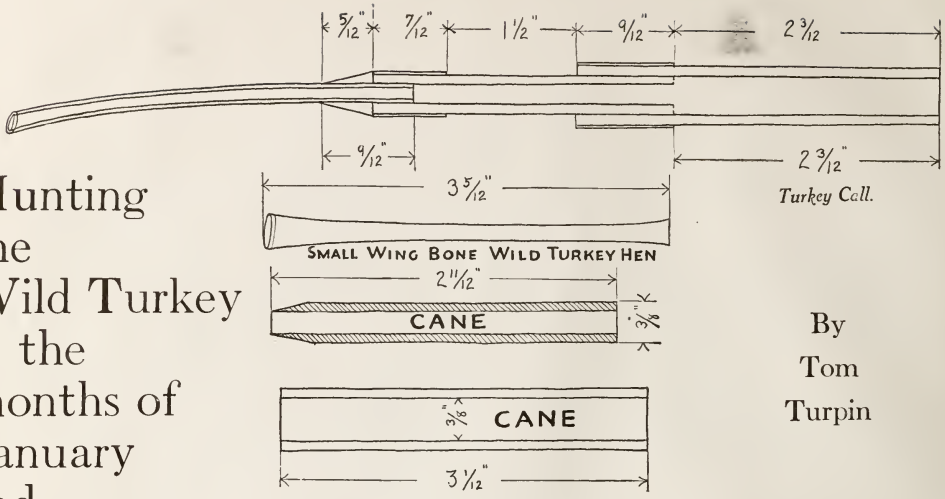
With very low velocity at the muzzle, the speed of buckshot falls off rapidly as the range increases. Its carrying power cannot be compared to that of even the smallest rifle bullet. This is due to the fact that the round ball has a much larger diameter in proportion to its weight, and is therefore quickly retarded by the resistance of the air.

A .32-20 bullet, for instance, is two calibers smaller than a 00 buckshot, and is just twice as heavy. The .32 bullet with the old black powder load, has a muzle velocity of 1,222 foot seconds, only 10 more than the buckshot. But at 100 yards the speed of the round shot has fallen off to about 900 foot seconds, whereas the bullet has a remaining velocity of 1,011 foot seconds at the same distance. In other words, air resistance has robbed the buckshot of 26 per cent of its initial speed in traveling 100 yards, as against 17 per cent for the rifle bullet.

There are cases on record of buckshot killing deer at 100 yards and even greater ranges, but such shots are the result of pure chance. The smallest .22 rifle will do the same thing if the bullet happens to reach a vital spot. As a boy I killed a full grown deer with .22 shorts.

THE only legitimate use for buckshot is for close range defense. In riot guns, and the trench shotguns used in the army, it has proved very effective. But it should never be used in hunting. At a range of ten yards, it might do very well, but deer are rarely shot at such close quarters, except perhaps in "jack-lighting," which is everywhere illegal.

If the shotgun is to be used at all for big game, the shells should be loaded with large single balls. These missiles have great smashing power at short range, but are so inaccurate that they have little value for deer hunting. As Horace Kephart puts it: "They will generally miss a stable door at one hundred yards, and the stable itself at two hundred." From the standpoint of sportsmanship, as well as for actual effectiveness, the rifle is the only weapon for shooting deer.



Hunting the Wild Turkey in the months of January and February

By Tom Turpin

THE October number of FIELD AND STREAM published a turkey story I had written, in which I tried to make plain to the young hunter some of the successful methods used in the South in hunting these birds in November and December. I also furnished a cut or drawing of what I have found to be the best caller I have ever used. As this call is made of bone and imported wood, and is difficult for any but one expert in the use of a turning lathe to make, I have decided to give another drawing, with all necessary measurements, which almost any hunter can follow well enough to make for himself a very reliable call, the material used being the small wing bone of a hen wild turkey and two joints of cane. This cut gives the exact measurements of a caller made by the celebrated hunter, Mr. Jordan, of Louisiana, and given to Mr. John K. Renaud, of New Orleans. I am indebted to Mr. Renaud for the use of this call from which the measurements have been taken. I do not like this call so well as the one I have described in my October story for general use, but have found it to be well suited for hunting the young gobbler, which I shall try to make as clear to some ambitious novice as possible for me to do, in recounting some of my past experiences as well as the experiences of some expert hunters I have been associated with in giving the methods I recommend practical tests in the woods.

WHAT I have in mind is to show the different kinds of calls one should use in hunting young gobblers after they have quit associating with the hens and have gone to themselves. In this part of the South I think the separation has taken place by January, and sometimes it may be a little earlier. I am not in a position to say when this is so in States further north or east. If the habits of turkeys are the same in such localities as with us, the important thing for the hunter to first find out when a drove of turkeys has been scattered, is whether they are gobblers or hens, and, as soon as he has this information, give his calls to suit the case. There is quite a difference in the coarse, long yelps of the young gobbler and the quick, snappy quavers of the young hens, but the yelp of the old hen at certain times and a peculiar coarse, vibrating yelp the young gobbler makes is very much alike. Generally the young gobbler's yelping is more of a bugle like call, and his cluck coarse and dull in sound. Hunting the young gobbler is very fine sport, as they have grown to be large birds in January and are so very wary that one feels like he has well earned his prize after the bird has been brought to bag. I have tried to give some of my past experiences by introducing a novice by the name of "George" in the story of a certain hunt we took in the early fall. I shall use this same lucky George again in an effort to show how the methods he used so successfully in hunting turkeys when both sexes were associated in the same drove did not prove their worth when applied to these same birds after they had separated for the winter, or for all time so far as that goes. I shall also introduce to my readers a certain young doctor, who had arranged to take the January hunt with George and me, and whose preparation was limited to a little practice on the "Jordan" call I have given a cut of in this story and a very careful study of Mr. McIlhenny's book, "Hunting the Wild Turkey," which I had advised him to get.

HE knew little about the various calls of the turkey, but a few weeks before the hunt he managed to secure a young turkey gobbler, which he would let run with some poultry he had at his home. After the turkey got used to the company of the chickens, when separated from them he would yelp as well as if separated from a drove of his own kind. The doctor had listened to this turkey so often and had practiced so well while the turkey was calling, that he could simulate his calls almost to perfection, though he knew nothing about making hen calls, much less the fine, whining runs of the young turkeys in the early fall. I met these young fellows on the 5th of January and we were not long in getting into camp, and I can say I was never on a hunt with two finer sportsmen in all my life. The different preparations each had made for the hunt worked so well that the mistakes of the ones and the success of the other, under varying conditions, served as a most excellent lesson for both. The boys began the hunt by playing a joke on me, setting the alarm clock back an hour and getting me into the woods long before the right time. While moving around in the woods at such an early hour, we were lucky enough to walk under a flock of turkeys roosting in some willow oak trees.

THESE, alarmed at the noise we made, scattered in every direction, but it was so dark I could not tell whether it was a flock of hens or young gobblers. Such a noise of wings worked like dynamite on the spirits of the boys, and it was not long before they had fixed up a comfortable place among some fallen logs to call from. Of course George, being an experienced hunter, was first asked to make the call, and he began, just as I expected, with the whining call that had brought him such good results when the turkeys were young and making that particular call, but to his great disappointment we got no answer, not so much as a single cluck. After quite a while he changed to the yelp of a young hen, and in justice to him, his calling was the best I had ever heard, but not an answer did he get though he tried at regular intervals for two hours. I thought it was about time for the turkeys to begin to assemble, so I suggested that the doctor make a trial. He was very modest, and I could see he had no confidence in his one plain yelp, since George's expert notes had failed; but he had not called more than fifteen minutes when we got a spirited yelp very much like the yelp he made. One more call from the Doctor and we saw the turkey coming. It was a great sight for the boys to see how cautiously the bird approached, but after quite a bit of tantalizing movements he came within thirty yards and stopped, giving as pretty a shot to George as one could ask for, but behind a large tree and in such a position the Doctor could not see him.

GEORGE was too fine a sport to take the shot and was soon rewarded for

his liberality to a novice who had not had the experience he had, for the turkey did not intend to stand there all day, and the first step it took gave the Doctor his chance, and a fine young gobbler was bagged—the Doctor's first turkey. It is not necessary that I should take up time telling my readers what was done and what we talked about for the next hour. The only thing I shall mention is the critical examination George made of the Doctor's call, and a modest request that I get him one just like it. After some time I suggested that the Doctor make another call. This he did, and repeated it a number of times, but no results, George becoming a little impatient at the delay. To change up a little I asked the Doctor to try a cluck. This he had learned well, from his tame gobbler, but still no results. The Doctor and I were facing the east and George was taking care of the west, all looking for game to appear at any time. Suddenly George's gun went off, as we supposed, accidentally, and we might have accused him of such carelessness until this day, had we not heard a lot of flopping of wings, and on looking in a direction we never expected a turkey from, saw a fine two-year-old gobbler lying on the ground not fifty feet from our place of hiding. This wise bird in sneaking up had never made a sound, and he suddenly appeared to George just as the ghost in the picture show suddenly takes its shape on the screen. Of course George did not have much to say about his kill; he was used to such happenings, and after a few minutes suggested that we eat our dinner, after which he would leave us for a while and try his luck in some likely places we had hunted on our first trip.

THE Doctor and I remained in our place of hiding, calling a little now and then, but with no success. In an hour or so we were surprised to see George coming back, and what surprised us most was he had no coat on. He soon made a motion for us to come to him, and when in talking distance, informed us of the sad fact that he had lost his much beloved caller. He thought he knew about where it had fallen from his coat pocket, and to make sure of the spot he had hung his coat on a bush to help him locate the place. We lost quite a lot of valuable time looking for this call, but finally found it at a place which we had walked over twenty times. I took advantage of this incident to impress the boys with the importance of taking care of a call, when one is found that can be successfully used. I showed them a certain groove cut around the call, not for looks, but for holding a cord, one end of which should be tied to buttonhole in hunting coat. There was a great deal of fresh turkey sign in a glade nearby and George was very anxious for us to hunt this place very carefully, but I could see that the Doctor was always looking back toward the spot he had killed his first turkey. With a little hesitation he told us he believed he would go back to the place of his good luck and wait there for us to pick him up on our return home. He had pretty well memorized Mr. McIlhenny's book and had been so impressed with the author's insistence on patience, patience, that he was very willing to give it a practical chance to prove its worth, even if he had to remain in one spot the remainder of the day. I was sure there were ten or twelve turkeys in the flock, so readily fell in with his good judgment not doubting that some of these turkeys would be at the place from which they scattered before roosting time.

GEORGE and I continued our hunt, encouraged by fresh signs of turkeys, but finding no game. After quite a walk we met a boy with a small dog, which he said had run into a flock of turkeys about a half mile to our right. We located the place as well as we could by the directions he gave, and being somewhat tired sat down on a log to rest. Then George renewed his talk about the call the Doctor had used so successfully. I took advantage of this opportunity to impress George with the fact that a great mistake one can make is to always be changing calls. If you have a good one stick to it and let all others alone. I soon showed him that the same yelp the Doctor had made could be made on his call if he would only once get on to the way of holding his hands over large end of call and placing the tone right in the cavity of his mouth. This proved quite a difficult thing for George to do; the calling is so much alike in some respects and so different in others and made in so different use of the breath and hands that George had to "unlearn" some of his hen call tricks before he could get anything like the desired tone. While practising, however, and making all kinds of strange breaks, we were surprised to hear a lot of yelping just as bad as ours, and much worse as to that. "That is some fellow sawing on a box call," said George. "Let's get behind the log and have a little fun calling him up." He must be a green hand at the game sure enough if he expects to fool any wild turkey with that kind of fuss." I always let George have his way, so behind the log we got, and not many minutes too soon for we could hear the green-horn hunter walking in the switch cane very close to us. "Do you suppose there is any danger of his shooting us?" whispered George.

BUT before I could answer the hunter stepped into view; not with a gun, however, but with a long neck and still longer legs and a pair of wings; in short, a young gobbler with nothing the matter, but a case of gozzlings, just as George had when he was a boy, and about as ridiculous in the one case as in the other. Some of the peculiar notes made by this turkey seemed to stick in George's mind, and nothing would do but that he sit down and practise these while they could be remembered. It was now very late in the afternoon, so we decided to make for the place we had agreed to meet the Doctor. We had not proceeded very far on our way when we heard the report of his gun, and coming up to his place of concealment, we were greeted with a smile and the sight of gobbler number two—the largest one killed that day. The Doctor had this story to tell: a long wait and a lot of calling without any answers, but just as the sun was dropping out of sight, calling suddenly began in good earnest.

A good bag.

TURKEYS seemed to be everywhere and all calling at the same time. Several of these managed to get together before they came in range, and the first one that presented a good shot was not only before us to witness for his good luck, but a second notch cut in his gun stock showed how careful he was to keep an accurate account of his skill. That evening for dinner I had prepared from the breast of one of the young turkeys a number of thick turkey steaks. These fried in butter, but I have no time to go into this part of the pleasure of a turkey hunt. The hunter who has eaten turkey steak needs not be told any more, and the one who has killed a lot of turkeys and never tried this way of cooking them does not deserve the telling, so we will simply say that George put in the remainder of the evening practising on the peculiar yelping the young gobbler handed him that afternoon and, to do him justice, he at last learned it to stay, but I was quite sleepy before he announced his work done. The next morning we were very close to the spot where George killed his last turkey. It was very early, and knowing turkeys were still on the roost, I asked George to make a hen cluck.

WE were on the bank of a deep bayou and it was not long before he heard a similar cluck from some cypress trees on the opposite side. George answered with another cluck, but we got no response. A little later we heard a turkey fly down from the tree nearby. Then George gave a low yelp or two and was rewarded with about the same kind of a yelp, but still the bird would not come; in fact, if it had moved since alighting on the ground we could not tell it. I suppose we staid there nearly half an hour or more, and, though I tried every yelp I knew of and every call I could make, we could get no further answers. Finally George said he would try the freak yelp of the young gobbler he had so well mastered the night before. To our surprise this peculiar call turned the trick. There were six turkeys there, not over one hundred yards from us all this time, and but one had given the low yelp and cluck we have spoken of, but the moment George began his freak call the whole lot began to call and we could tell they were coming to us on the run. Before we hardly knew it they were flying across the bayou and alighting in some nearby trees, George making a hasty shot at one, but missed, the others immediately taking wing and flying back in a bunch across the bayou. The remainder of the morning we hunted without success, and as it began to rain soon after we had eaten our lunch, we decided to return to camp. The rain did not cease until that afternoon when it was too late to return to the woods. The Doctor had a small rifle at

camp and amused us with some of his fancy shooting. He also had a chance to show what he could do with the shotgun at crows and small birds, and I do not hesitate to say he is the best shot I have ever seen at game. That night we had quite a snow but as the following morning was clear we decided to hunt anyway. We were fortunate to run upon the tracks of three old gobblers and later flushed them out of a fallen tree top. These separated just as we wanted them to do, so we decided it would be well to make ourselves comfortable and do some calling. This time we again brought the Doctor's "Jordan" yelper into use. Telling the Doctor to make but one or two yelps and a cluck or so every ten or fifteen minutes apart and above all to muffle the call so as to make the tones as coarse and long drawn out as possible, we patiently awaited results. An hour or so passed before we got an answer, and then it was only one coarse cluck. We waited, scarcely breathing, but "nothing doing."

JUST in front of the Doctor was a large log running back into a patch of switch cane. Listening intently I heard a tell-tale step in the snow just beyond the log and not over thirty feet away. "The turkey is just beyond that log, Doctor," I whispered. "Stand up quickly and as he flies let him have it. If you can hit a sparrow darting here and there you can hit a big bird like a turkey." "Sure, I can," he replied, and springing up, raised his gun to his shoulder, and as Mr. Gobbler left the ground, let drive with barrel number one and then number two; but still Mr. Gobbler went on as straight as an arrow and not a feather left in the air or on the ground to witness for the marksmanship of our crack shot. I was very careful to mark the course of the turkey as it disappeared in the distance to the right of a large cottonwood tree, and it was some few minutes before I turned to see how the Doctor was sharing my disappointment at the loss of so fine a turkey. Much to my surprise I saw him down on the ground in the wet snow on hands and knes. I was not prepared for such peculiar action as this, and as he had not spoken I at once thought something had happned to his gun and that he was hurt. "What's the matter, I asked, "are you hurt, Doctor?" "No, I am not hurt," he angrily retorted, "but I am not

In the swamp

going to get off the ground until you give me a good kicking for missing that turkey." This kicking game was something new to me; in fact I had never heard of it being actually put into use on a turkey hunt, but I saw there was no use arguing with an angry man, and to lose no further time I accommodated him with a few bumps, that left some good wet spots on his trousers if no red ones could be accounted for on his flesh.

THIS seemed to pay the debt and set him right again, so I turned to George and asked him if he had marked the flight of the turkey. "He went this way I think," said George, and George was about as near right as I expected, though he did not hit the direction within 45 degrees. Pointing to the cottonwood tree, I said: "Boys, can you go to the left of that tree about twenty feet?" They both said they could, so I let them lead the way. About one hundred yards beyond the tree I saw the Doctor suddenly run forward, and to his great delight pick up the largest turkey gobbler I have ever seen killed. As soon as we had recovered from our surprise at finding the turkey, I tried to impress on them the importance of never failing to mark well the flight of a turkey shot at when the shooting was done at close range and the chance a good one, and the further importance of making a thorough search for it, regardless of the fact that it had flown away apparently unhurt. A short time after this George said he would return to camp with the Doctor's turkey, and would join us later in the afternoon. The remainder of the day brought no success, but very late in the afternoon we heard two shots fired about two minutes apart which we were sure were made by friend George.

GOING in the direction of the shooting, which was also on our way home ,we suddenly came upon George with as fine a pair of young turkeys as a man would care to ask for. George, in telling of his success, said he was calling now and then in a very thick, brushy place, when he got a short, coarse yelp in answer, and immediately after he saw several young turkeys engaged in a fight. They were half playing and fighting it seemed, and all the time coming toward him. There were six in the drove, somewhat strung out in a line, and before he hardly knew what was going on, one was right up to the muzzle of his gun. He hastily fired at its head, but missed, part of the shot, however, reaching one of the turkeys in the rear that happened to be in line. This turkey did a great lot of flopping with its wing and kicking with its feet, and as George ran up, he was greatly surprised to see three of the young gobblers make for the dying bird, paying no attention to him whatever. He at once fired his second barrel (not having reloaded all this time his first barrel) and killed the nearest turkey. The two others were within range and he could have likely killed one or both of them had his gun not been empty. The next day we hunted, scattering a very large drove of hens, and though we called some of them up and George had a fine chance to show what his old hen calling could do, we did not shoot any of them as we had all the gobblers we cared for. This ended about as pleasant and about as successful a trip as I have ever taken, and when I bade the boys goodbye, I had to give them a promise to take them on a hunt for old gobblers in the spring.

Barracuda on Black Bass Tackle

By Van Campen Heilner

(Zane Grey said of this story: "The few of us who have hooked barracuda on light tackle know him as a marvelous performer. Van Campen Heilner wrote about a barracuda he caught on a bass rod, and he is not likely to forget it, nor will the reader of the story forget it.")

THE Florida angler, as a rule, knows the barracuda—or barracouta as it is often called there—viewed from one end of a six-foot reef rod, automatic drag and eighteen-thread line, as a game fish, and a fighter. But if he knew the marvelous gameness displayed by the barracuda when angled for on the tackle one ordinarily uses in fresh water, he would never again seek this fish—one of the sportiest propositions of Southern seas—with a reef rod.

My earlier fishing for barracuda in Florida had been done with my reef outfit. And at that time I respected the fish as well worth the efforts of the most expert angler. Had I known then what I know now: that these wolves of the sea become veritable demons of strength and endurance when fought on a light rod, I would have thrown my heavy outfit into the sea. After four years' experience with barracuda on extremely light tackle, I consider them the match for gameness, spectacular leaping and fighting ability, of any tarpon that ever swam. And I have taken tarpon on the identically same equipment.

ONE winter the idea occurred to me to try for these pike-like fishes with the rod I had always employed when angling for bass in fresh water. I showed this outfit, a four and one-half ounce, five foot

Heddon bait casting rod and a 3/0 surf reel holding eleven hundred feet of nine-thread line to Captain Anderson.

He laughed at me. He took the line in his hands and snapped it with the merest jerk.

"Why!" he assured me, "that wouldn't so much as hold a needlefish, let alone a barracuda!"

But I would not be discouraged. "We will try it, anyway," I told him.

He shrugged his shoulders. "All right," he said, "we will try."

It was during the early part of March. We were anchored among the Ragged Keys, a small chain of islands, some fifteen miles in a southeasterly direction from Miami. Between these keys ran swift deep channels, varying in width from a hundred yards to a quarter of a mile. Elsewhere the water was very shallow, with a sandy or marl bottom. In the channels the banks shelved off into fifteen and twenty feet of water. Great coral heads dotted the ocean floor, and under these we would often take fat luscious crawfish, which in my opinion, when prepared in the right manner, are more delicious than lobster.

ON the incoming tide, these cuts and channels would be thronged with fishes, barracuda especially. Rowing along in a skiff, one could see these huge wolfish fellows floating along the edge of the bank, or dashing through a school of terrified mullet. The marine life was varied and ever changing. I once witnessed, among these same keys, a death battle between a whipray and a shark. The ray continually leaped high into the air, falling with a report that could be heard for miles. The shark finally got a mortal grip on the ray and shook it like a terrier would a rat. It bit great pieces out of that ray. The water all around the scene of the conflict was crimsoned with blood. It was a disgusting but thrilling sight.

WE set out in our small launch, Cap steering from the bow and I trolling from the stern. Large quantities of mullet had come in on the rising tide and hundreds of pelicans were feeding on them. The pelicans would sail gracefully along some distance above the water until they sighted fish. Then they would turn and, folding their wings, plunge downward, striking the water with an awkward splash. I have frequently been deceived at a distance by feeding pelicans. The splash they make as they hit the water, when seen out of the corner of one's eye, greatly resembles that made by a leaping fish.

We had only proceeded a short distance when I had a violent strike. The line whipped off the reel, the rod nearly described a circle and I blistered my thumbs badly endeavoring to check the swift rush.

Soon I was rewarded by the sight of a barracuda, as he cleared the blue green waters of the channel, some four hundred feet away. I was astonished at the fight the fish gave me. Back and forth it rushed, often shooting into the air amidst a great smother of foam. At one time I could see the great black splotches on his belly as it came out broadside on its tail.

I was fearful of placing too much strain on the rod, for I did not know then what it could stand. I played him very gingerly and in forty minutes had him alongside of the boat. After weighing him—twenty-six pounds and a fraction—we released him. The hook had caught in a corner of his jaw and he was uninjured.

One of the barracuda.

I was much elated over this performance. It demonstrated to my satisfaction that my light tackle was adequate for these fish. That one barracuda had given me the confidence I needed, and an unquenchable thirst for more. And I was determined I *should* have more.

WE were forced the next day to return to Miami, as Captain Anderson's time with me was up. But I hastened with the news to Charlie Miller, an old boatman of mine, who had just arrived from the North.

"I think, Mister Van," he confided to me, "this recent cold spell we have had down here has affected your brain."

"Has it?" I rejoined. "Fill up the *Wahoo* with gas and provision and let's go down to the keys and see."

The *Wahoo* was a fast launch. She made between seventeen and eighteen miles per hour. And Charlie had an arrangement whereby he could use kerosene as well as gasoline, which increased the speed another mile. So we lost no time in reaching Ragged Keys.

It seemed good to be back once more among those emerald islands and traversing those enchanted channels with their myriad fish life. I celebrated by taking a long invigorating swim on one of the shallow banks, out of reach of any marauding sharks. While I was loafing around in the water, I came across some coral rock lying partly submerged. In a pool in this rock, I discovered what appeared to be a live crawfish, but without any head. I preserved this queer object, and later learned from the American Museum of Natural History that it was an uncommon specimen of Crustacea. Whether it was good eating or not, I have forgotten.

That afternoon on the incoming tide we started trolling. The first cut produced nothing outside of two small groupers, which we later utilized in a savory chowder.

THE second cut proved a new trial for my rod. As we were passing out of the far end, some unknown thing seized my mullet with a vicious jerk. Out sped the line and we watched for the leap that would tell of a barracuda. But no leap occurred. I suggested to Charlie that he start up after the fish as it showed no inclination to stop. We followed it back through the pass and into the shallower waters of the bay. Here the strain seemed to tell and after it made one or two long ineffectual rushes to regain the channel, it came to boat.

It was a seventeen-pound muttonfish, a reddish looking thing somewhat on the order of a snapper. But it was a splendid antagonist. I had it mounted and it has always proved a pleasant reminder of Latitude N. 25°.

"Let's see you try it, Charlie," I said, and handed him the rod. He took it warily, for although Charlie is a fine rodsman, I think, perhaps, this was the lightest he had ever handled in this kind of fishing.

I ran the launch back through the channel and hooked him on to a fourteen-pound barracuda. He played it quickly and easily and soon brought it, belly up, to boat.

"I am converted, Mister Van," he said, with a look of wonder. "I have whipped this fish to a standstill, in the most sportsmanlike way, and he deserves his liberty."

Off the end of the northernmost key, there was a large rock which protruded from the water at certain stages of the tide. It was devoid of vegetation with the exception of one straggly piece of mangrove which struggled pluckily against the buffets of contending winds and seas.

IN all the times I have visited Ragged Keys, I have never—and here is a remarkable thing—I have never circled this rock with fresh bait without receiving a strike from *something*.

That night, as we were returning to the *Wahoo*, we passed the rock and saw several barracuda—big ones they looked, too—breaking among some mullet. We were out of bait, so did not stop, but we made up our minds we should thoroughly investigate those waters in the morning.

We went out after supper and netted some bait and the next morning early were out at the rock. The tide was nearly high and was moving in very slowly, almost at a standstill, in fact. I expressed some doubts to Charlie as to whether the fish would strike. For it seemed that on the change of the tide, as if by magic, they would all disappear. He said he thought he had seen a barracuda over near the edge of the bank, so we commenced circling.

We had not gone far—in reality, not half way 'round the rock—when I received a tremendous strike. It was so unexpected that the rod was nearly jerked from my hands.

Before I could recover from my surprise *over six hundred feet* of line had been stripped from the reel. I had never had a barracuda take this much line on its first rush before. I was stunned. So great was the friction on the reel that I was forced to hold it under water to prevent it from overheating.

"For goodness' sake!" I shouted. "Shut off the engine and row—row for your life!"

THEN he came out of the water. In a great smother of foam he lashed his head from side to side, and then sounded. Charlie had thrown me another thumbstall and I slipped this on my left thumb. The boat was now gaining some headway under Charlie's masterful strokes, and I began to breathe easier.

He headed away from the rock and for the nearest channel, through which deep

water led to the sea. Despite our frantic efforts, he seemed to be outdistancing us and my heart sank like a stone.

"Oh, Lord!" I groaned. "What the devil is the matter with you? Row!—*Row, can't you!*"

Charlie swore at me. He called me several very bad names. I believe I reciprocated in kind. We were both mad; mad at each other and at the fish.

The line now was almost out. I could see the copper spool to which it was tied. And to make matters worse, the barracuda crossed the bank which separated us from the next channel and gained the deep water. The water on this bank was too shallow to float the launch and things looked desperate.

He started jumping. But all we could see was the splash. I dared not place any strain whatsoever on him. So much line was out that I feared it would break of its own weight. At any second I expected to hear it snap like a taut fiddle string.

But suddenly the luck turned. I gained a few feet. Then I gained some more. Then he jumped and I lost it all. But it was a tired looking jump, and I quickly regained what he had taken out.

SLOWLY—very slowly—I took in line. Now, after an agonizing moment, I had him out of the channel and onto the bar! Here he made some more savage rushes, leaping into the air and shaking his head violently. But I held him.

It was ticklish work to get him in. When I pumped, I was forced to lay the rod along my left arm and lift cautiously

Cap takes a hand.

and gradually. Then I would drop the tip sharply and reel swiftly.

My pulse throbbed like a trip-hammer. The sweat rolled off my face and hands till my clothing was saturated. I cursed. I prayed. I worked. *And I gained!*

Now he was across the bar, now only a few yards from us. He swam slowly in a circle, the line cutting through the water with a peculiar zipping sound. Charlie backed and filled on the oars and kept the fish constantly in front of me.

And then we made him out. He looked a monster. In he came, deep down, and shaking his head from time to time. When he saw the boat, he turned and ran, but I stopped him short of two hundred feet. This time he came easier.

Charlie shipped the oars and reached for the gaff. I now held the fish with my thumb only. He was sorely fatigued. He made a turn. I strained hard and brought him to the surface.

"Careful! C-a-r-e-f-u-l!" I panted. "Stay where you are. I'll lead him to you!"

There was a quick movement on Charlie's part, a great splashing that deluged us both, and the great barracuda was in the bottom of the boat. He thwacked the boards with his tail twice—then lay still—dead.

When we got back to the *Wahoo* we lifted him onto the scales. He weighed 44 pounds 3 ounces; length, 56 inches; girth, 18 inches; time, 1 hour 12 minutes.

AS he floats motionless upon his panel above my desk at home, his white fangs bared in defiance, his lithe tigerish body suggestive of all his great strength and endurance, I cannot help but feel whenever I gaze up at him, like bowing in acknowledgment to one who, in pluck and gameness, outfought any barracuda for which I have ever angled.

In the three succeeding days I took, on the same tackle, fourteen barracuda, the largest of which weighed thirty-seven pounds.

I have also, since then, taken a fifty-six pound tarpon on the same outfit.

I sincerely hope that some of my readers will try for large fish on correspondingly light tackle. For I am sure that they will find, as did I, that the fish then shows off to its best advantage, and though the odds be twenty to one in its favor, the sport afforded is nothing sort of wonderful.

Intensive Duck Shooting

By Frederick A. Willets

In Which We Pursue the Ruddy Duck on Barnegat

IT was just past dawn of a cold November morning when we loaded the guns and stealthily covered the few remaining yards through the sighing woods to the shore of the big pond.

There were always some fowl spending the nights in the pond during the fall and winter, though they usually left for the river and bay at daybreak and would not return till dusk. This morning was an unusual opportunity, hence our great caution as we neared the water edge, for the northeaster that had howled and ripped along the coast in a blind fury of rain and wind for the past three days certainly should have driven an unusual number of ducks into the pond to seek the sheltering rice beds.

Directly in front of us, in a little space of open water, floated a flock of twelve or fifteen black ducks, out of range of us on shore. The birds were swimming about and turning up on end to reach the tender water plants below the surface.

WE had made no apparent sound as we stepped to the shore. But suddenly the black ducks stopped their dabbling, coming to sharp attention, their heads held high as they sat like so many wooden birds on the rippled surface of the water. Their suspicion had been aroused, and when a black duck's suspicion has once been aroused he is the wildest and wisest bird that ever wore feathers.

For a few seconds they sat motionless. Then they sprang awing, climbing straight up to a good height and slanted off into the face of the wind towards the bay.

I had laid my gun down by the boats, when out of the corner of my eye I saw Dud swing suddenly around with gun to shoulder. I looked in time to see a pair of teal climbing up from the rice some fifty yards out in the pond. Just then Dud's gun cracked and the lower teal crumpled in the air and dropped. The second shot missed and the other teal raced off into the sky, the strong wind catching and holding him back now and then as he battled his way along.

We dumped the rain water out of the old flat-bottom row-boats, and each taking a boat we pushed out with the oars into the lane of open water, crunching through the skim ice that rimmed the shore. The noise we made frightened two or three flocks of ducks a ways up the pond. They rose and passed high overhead on their flight eastward. They were mostly blacks, with three or four mallards showing lighter against the sky than the rest.

WE picked up the teal, a beautiful little male blue-wing, then rowed down the water lane through the swaying beds of matted rice stalks to the lower end of the pond. Then on down the stream through the dark woods. Twenty minutes or so and we rowed clear of the woods and out into the widened stream, running between broad marshes. This stream emptied its water into the head of the river which in turn ran into Barnegat Bay, some three miles to the east.

We were out primarily for ruddies, that swift, handsome little duck who likes the broad open stretches of river and bay and does not seem to mind any amount of rough weather.

The ruddies are poor birds for decoying on Barnegat, as they likewise are on some other grounds, and they very seldom come to the counterfeits. Many days in good fowling weather I have had fine sport with the larger ducks while the little "boobies," as ruddies are called, skirted the decoys with lightning speed, just out of range in a most tempting and aggravating fashion.

Because of its small size and poor de-

Tamed wild birds, the last word in decoys.

coying qualities, the ruddy is often neglected in favor of the big canvasback, red-heads, scaups and others. But the little bird possesses all the sporting points one could ask for, with the exception of his refusal to notice decoys. He is tremendously swift of flight and this with his small size renders him a difficult target on the wing. Also he is usually very fat and always excellent when served on the table. Then he must be killed outright while in the air, for a wounded ruddy will dive the moment he strikes the water and ten chances to one that is the last of him as far as you are concerned. He can handle himself under water as well as he can in the air. Hitting the water like a stone, he will go out of sight in a flash. Then swimming under the surface for a long distance, he will come up far out of range. And sometimes he will not come up at all. For he will take hold of water plants growing near the bottom with his bill and remain there, prefering to meet his fate in this manner rather than fall into your hands. I saw a wounded ruddy do just this in four or five feet of clear water on the bay one time.

WE had a mode of attack that had proved productive in times gone by, and this we proceeded to put into effect. As long as we could not bag the ruddies from ambush, we must go in pursuit of them. And there was one way to get within shooting distance of a flock.

We must locate a bunch far away on the water before alarming them. Then we must get to windward of that bunch no matter how long a detour or how much hard rowing this entailed. If when we located them we are to windward then we can go straight towards them. But if we are to leeward of the birds, that is if the birds are between us and the direction from which the wind is blowing, we must row around them in a half circle at a sufficient distance so as not in the least to alarm them. Then, at a point two or three hundred yards from the birds, we get directly "up wind" from them. Next we see that the guns are ready. Then we start towards the game, the wind drifting us down on the fowl, we aiding with an oar and keeping the boat head on.

Whether we get within range or not depends on how we handle the boat and how wary that particular flock of ruddies are.

The point is this: A duck on the water must jump towards and fly into the wind, that is if there is a wind blowing other than a light breeze. He uses the wind to climb on, so to speak, when he takes to flight. He cannot get into the air by jumping and flying with the wind for it holds him down. By jumping against the wind he rises and after going a short distance can then swing around and fly down wind if he so desires.

THE significance of our coming down wind on a bunch of ducks is apparent. As we get close and the birds become alarmed they start to swim away from us down wind. At just the right speed, so as not to spoil everything, we gradually draw nearer them. They cannot get into flight by jumping and flying straight away from us, and they do not want to turn about and jump towards us. So they put it off as long as possible, swimming as fast as they can, and meanwhile we are getting closer. Then as we draw almost within range, their nerves can stand it no longer. They turn about and jump into the wind, flying towards us for just the shortest distance required to enable them to swing to the right or left and get away.

But that short distance brings them that much nearer, and also we have helped to shorten the space between hunter and hunted. A half dozen yards may mean the difference between a clean kill and a bird out of range. We have a few brief seconds in which to shoot as the birds come towards us. A second later they have veered around and are racing like bullets down wind.

Not always are our tactics crowned with success, however, for often a flock, more wary than the rest, will fly before we get anywhere near them. And at best it is all long-range shooting with the shotgun.

We reached the head of the river and started towards the bay. It was not raining but the northeaster was still blowing a half gale, churning the water's surface into choppy waves and whitecaps as the wind got full sweep over the low marshes. It was a cold wind, coming off the sea, and it bit our faces and numbed our hands and worked its way beneath the gunning coats and heavy sweaters. But the wind was just what we wanted, for the more wind the more the ruddies would act to suit our plan.

We put our oars down and getting a steady footing in the rocking boats, we stood up to better scan the turbulent river before us.

"There's a bunch of ruddies, Fred, down there and out in the middle," said Dud.

I LOOKED in the direction he meant and finally picked up the ducks with my eye. They showed indistinctly some five or six hundred yards to the east, little black dots now and then going out of sight among the waves. They might be broad-bills, in which case we stood a very poor chance of getting in range.

We were directly to leeward of the ducks. It meant a long, hard row to make the detour and get to windward. We settled to the oars, keeping abreast of each other, some twenty yards apart. The river was about eight hundred yards wide here. We pulled over close to the north shore thereby getting the little protection from the wind offered by the marshes.

Every now and then one of us would stand up and keep the ducks located. Finally we passed them sitting in a close flock, some thirty odd birds. They were ruddies and nowise suspicious of our approach.

Again we bent to the oars and it required constant hard work to gain a slow progress in the face of the gale. A few seconds of easing up and we had not only lost all forward momentum but were being carried in the opposite direction. Our boats would swing sideways, get into the trough of the waves and we would ship half a keg of water, showered meanwhile with the cold spray. Then some hard work getting most of the water out with the scoops, and still harder work gaining back lost distance. Our heavy gloves were soon wet and our hands grew numb which made the handling of the oars a very difficult and uncomfortable task.

AT last we were a sufficient distance to windward of the flock. We stopped rowing, and each taking an oar we changed to the broad seats in the stern of the boats. This allowed the bows to ride high and partially hide us from the ducks ahead. The boat itself did not seem to disturb them as quickly as the sight of a man sitting upright in the boat. Then with the oar working from the stern we sculled down wind, always keeping the boats head on.

It was rough, exciting work. Always the possibility of success or failure in the ride down wind. Nearly an hour had been spent in trying for the shot, a few seconds would decide the game in favor or against us. The fowl might become alarmed too soon, when we were still such a distance from them as to make no difference if they did fly a short way towards us. Our hope lay in their not becoming frightened till we were within a couple of hundred yards or less of them, and that they would then start swimming. We must go fast enough to get within that distance before the fowl realized our intentions, yet not so fast as to drive them into panic and put them to flight. Considerable judgment was required in handling the boats in regards to the actions of the flock, and success depended on this.

WHEN still a long distance away, we saw that the ruddies were noticing us. With heads stretched up and turned

(*Continued on page* 861)

BULLETIN OF THE
American Game Protective Association
"MORE GAME!"

EDITED BY R. P. HOLLAND

THE ALIEN FIREARMS LAW

WHEN a native of some foreign country becomes a citizen of the United States, he is entitled to his share of our game, but until he has fulfilled all necessary requirements, he should not be allowed to even possess firearms, much less roam the fields with all the privileges granted by law. Our laws and conditions here are very different from those in the countries from which these men come, and many of these aliens are entirely out of sympathy with our system of game protection, and especially so as applied to our song and insectivorous birds. They are the source of never-ending grief to those enforcing the game laws. As a rule, they shoot anything that takes their fancy. Everything that flies is considered fit for food. A domestic hen belonging to some farmer takes preference over a chickadee only because it is larger, while often a turkey buzzard or an owl is prized as highly as a quail.

Men of this type are confined largely to the class performing unskilled labor. The exception among them is occasionally found in the man who likes to hunt and has fair ideas as to sportsmanship and obeying the game laws. The percentage, however, is so small that all should be ruled out until they are qualified to call themselves Americans. Then and then only should a license to hunt be issued to them. After five years' residence in this country, they become fairly well versed in our laws and are not so likely to break them. Naturally, as they become better acquainted with conditions in this country, they come around to our way of thinking and realize the value of game laws.

Not only do these aliens play havoc with the bird life of a community, but they are a menace to human life. Only recently a man was killed north of Mamaroneck, New York. Gilton Tufo, who fired the fatal shot, explained that he was bird-hunting and thought he saw a bird hopping in a bush, but when he shot he heard a man scream and found that the charge from his shotgun had entered the back of his companion's head. The man shot was named Rando and he also was "bird-hunting" when killed. Judging from the names of these men and the fact that they were occupied in shooting small birds out of bushes, we deem it safe to state without further investigation that they were not citizens.

Pennsylvania has the best "alien law" of any of the States. It forbids an alien to have firearms of any description in his possession. This law has been tested and held constitutional by the United States Supreme Court. Many States have tried to copy this law and some have succeeded, but generally it is either modified or fails to pass the Legislature. The East and the West know more about the depredations of this class of gunner than does the central part of our nation. They are rapidly spreading, and wherever mines are located or construction work is being done on railroads you will meet with the gunner from the south of Europe. Ask any game warden what game he will find when he stops this man afield. He can never be certain, as many startling disclosures are often revealed when these fellows are searched, but he is pretty sure to find a nice assortment of non-game birds, including some of our best loved and most valuable species.

All courtesies should be extended to sportsmen from foreign countries visiting our shores. We believe discretionary powers should be vested in the State commissions to care for visitors, but you cannot begin too soon to work for the passage of a law in your State to prohibit resident aliens from running wild and killing everything before them. Granting that it is true that a law exists against killing non-game and insectivorous birds; to give these birds proper protection it would be necessary to have a warden for every alien gunner. The best way is to keep him out until he is one of us.

* * * * *

BOB-WHITES WORK OVERTIME

THIS association is in receipt of a letter from Mr. W. D. Howser, State Game and Fish Warden, Nashville, Tennessee, which proves conclusively that bob-white is not in favor of the present scheme of union labor. The forty-hour five-day week evidently does not enter into his scheme for greater production. Mr. Howser's letter follows:

"Last season we had within the walls of the Tennessee State Penitentiary at the Tubercular Hospital a pair of bob-white quails. Early in May the mother bird laid a clutch of fifteen eggs. A day or two after she had finished her task it was noticed that the cock bird was sitting on the eggs and that the hen had built another nest nearby. The mother quail laid another clutch of ten eggs which she incubated. In due time the cock bird hatched the first setting and proceeded to brood the young quails and care for them until the hen quail came off with her brood, at which time the families were united and both coveys reared together, each parent bird taking equal interest in caring for them.

"This seemed to me to be a very unusual occurrence, but while discussing the matter a few days ago with a group of farmers, I was advised by three of them that they had witnessed a pair of bob-whites in Montgomery County following the same plan."

The Association feels certain that this is a very unusual occurrence and would like to hear from anyone who has witnessed a similar procedure. If birds possessed of this trait could be secured for propagating purposes, a very prolific strain of quail could be established by scientific handling.

* * * * *

IDENTIFICATION OF DISEASE IN GAME BIRDS

VERY often a disease appears on a game farm that baffles those in charge. Perhaps only a bird or two may be sick, while again the whole flock may be affected. Also, occasionally gunners take birds that they afterwards find are diseased.

It is suggested that these sick birds be immediately shipped by express to the Cornell School of Game Farming, in care of Professor J. E. Rice, Ithaca, N. Y. In this way the nature of the malady can be established without question of doubt by scientific examination, and the proper treatment will gladly be suggested for preventing future trouble and controlling the disease.

This is one of the many ways in which the Cornell School of Game Farming can be of value to the game breeder all over the country. Sportsmen and breeders, by shipping their diseased birds to Cornell, will not only help themselves, but will aid those in charge at the University by furnishing specimens for study in research work.

* * * * *

PRAIRIE CHICKENS AND GOPHER POISON

COMPLAINTS have been received from members of the Association that in several sections prairie chickens and sage grouse have suffered from the effects of eating poison put out for ground squirrels and gophers, and that farmers scattered the poisoned grain broadcast instead of following the directions sent out by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. One gentleman writes from Idaho that he will furnish affidavits from reliable business men who saw sixteen dead sage hens and prairie chickens at one bend of a stream where they had gone seeking water after being poisoned.

The indignation of all sportsmen and bird lovers will be justly aroused to think that such a condition could exist. We have taken the matter up with the Biological Survey at Washington, and they have assured us that a thorough investigation will be made. They suggest that it is possible that farmers in that section have been using a phosphorus poison preparation which has been proved to be very disastrous to wild life. The Department does not advocate the use of such poison. All gallinaceous birds, which include the prairie chicken, sage hen, sharp-tailed grouse and quail, are highly immune to strychnine action, therefore, this is the

poison material used and recommended by the Biological Survey.

The chief game warden of Saskatchewan in his 1918 report in connection with the effect of gopher poison on prairie chickens, states that a prairie chicken could eat enough strychnine to destroy one hundred ground squirrels and suffer no harmful effects.

It is to be hoped that the investigations made by the Department of Agriculture will remedy the unfortunate condition mentioned above and prevent its occurrence in the future.

* * * * *

ENEMIES TO MOUNTAIN SHEEP

GOLDEN eagles and wolves are taking a heavy toll from the sheep herds of the upper White River in Alaska and the Yukon. The eagles prey chiefly on the lambs, but the wolves this fall were killing the rams.

John C. Augsberry, of California, with his guide, Tom Dixon, of Kluane, saw in one day on the St. Clair River where wolves had killed five rams. They saw wolves in the act of cutting out single rams from a bunch, and Mr. Augsberry succeeded in killing one of the wolves engaged in such a foray. The ewes and lambs kept to the higher ground and rocks and were not molested.

* * * * *

GAME CENSUS

THE Association has received many replies to the letters sent out recently to the game commissioners of the different States, relative to the best method whereby an accurate census of the local game birds can be secured. Practically all of the commissioners agree as to the necessity for obtaining this information and many different methods and plans have been suggested.

Realizing the importance of obtaining this information, the question of a game census was one of the subjects discussed by the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners at their meeting held in Louisville, Kentucky, on October 6th and 7th. It is hoped that this agitation will result in the formation of plans that will prove practical in the different States.

* * * * *

TRAP SHOOTERS CONDEMN GAME LAW VIOLATOR

IF you are going to play the game, you must play it fair. Some months ago we published an account of how one Ralph Starkey, a Nebraska shooter, on being convicted of violating the game law, was suspended from the local trapshooting organization in the State.

We have just learned through the State Game and Fish Commission of Nebraska that Mr. Starkey made the trip from his home to Chicago to attend the Grand American Handicap; but that after his entrance fee had been paid and he was ready to shoot, his money was returned to him and he was told that before he could participate he must square himself with the sportsmen of Nebraska. There is no longer room in this country for the man who breaks the game laws and boasts of it.

* * * * *

WOOD DUCK INCREASE

THE increase in wood ducks over practically all of the United States is a wonderful tribute to the respect with which most gunners have obeyed the mandate of the Federal Government to protect this bird and save it from extinction. So numerous are they in some sections that State game authorities and sportsmen are petitioning for an open season.

A fine example of how well the prohibition of wood duck shooting is observed may be seen in the fact that the natives living along Reelfoot Lake in Tennessee, around Big Lake and the St. Francis overflow in Arkansas, and along the Little River overflow in Missouri, refuse to shoot the birds. A wholesome respect is shown for federal law by this class of people who have always considered a game law as an infringement on their personal liberty.

Ask a swamp dweller in one of the localities mentioned if he shoots wood ducks and his reply will be something like this: "Did you ever notice that little flash of light under a woody's wings as he passes over you? Well, that's a little U. S. flag. They've got one under each wing and you can't hardly shoot one without hittin' the flag. It's my advice to you that you'd better let 'em fly on by."

* * * * *

FEDERAL LAW PROTECTS BITTERNS AND HERONS

UNDER the Migratory Bird Treaty Act, herons and bitterns are protected, but recently the Government has made investigations and is now prepared to issue permits allowing these birds to be killed around fish hatcheries where they have proved very destructive.

At the last meeting of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners held at Louisville, Kentucky, on October 6th and 7th, a motion was passed requesting the Biological Survey to issue such permits to prevent the damage being done by these birds around the hatcheries.

* * * * *

DUCKS IMPEDE NAVIGATION

IT is an old story about how the ducks damage the rice in certain sections, how they ruin the wheat farther north, how the pheasants damage the vineyards, and the awful toll levied by the mourning doves upon the wheat grower.

When game is plentiful and cannot be legally killed, the fertile brain of some gunner is always to be found, endeavoring to convince the authorities that he or his neighbors are being damaged to such an extent that shooting must be permitted. In several sections authorities have issued permits to kill ducks during the closed season when it was proved that damage was being done.

In almost every instance where provision was inserted in the permit that the game killed must be given to some charitable institution and that blinds and decoys must not be used, very few birds were killed. Frankly speaking, developments prove that almost always reports of great damage done by game are started solely for the purpose of securing shooting during the closed season.

The latest and about the most far-fetched report is from Lake Minnetonka which lies near Minneapolis, Minnesota. Several years ago the lake was made into a refuge and now comes the claim that ducks are so numerous that they hinder and impede navigation.

* * * * *

KING SALMON ANGLING

ONE of the prominent business men of Alaska, Mr. H. C. Strong, says that American anglers can have great sport taking the king salmon in the waters immediately adjacent to Ketchikan, Alaska, which can be reached in a week's journey from New York via Prince Rupert.

Sixty and even eighty-pound fish are not uncommon. They are taken commercially by trolling from power or row boats propelled at a speed of about two miles per hour, with either a copper or silver spoon, depending on light conditions or the fancy of the fish. Sometimes the trolling is done at considerable depths and as much as twenty pounds of lead used to sink the line. The commercial fisherman who sells his salmon to the canneries often makes as much as $100 per day.

Mr. Strong thinks that the visiting angler could take the salmon equally well with light tackle, though he might have to use a copper line at times. They are taken most of the year, November being the poorest month. February, March and April are the best months. There are comfortable hotels at Ketchikan, and boats and guides can be secured.

* * * *

CALIFORNIA TRAINS VACATIONISTS

BELIEVING that a better knowledge of wild life will bring about better conservation of it, and that when people are on their summer vacations they are most responsive to education on wild life resources, the California Fish and Game Commission, backed by the Nature Study League, instituted this past summer a series of lectures and nature study field trips designed to stimulate interest in the proper conservation of natural resources. Six different resorts in the Tahoe region were selected for the work, and here illustrated lectures on the game birds, song birds, mammals and fish, given by Dr. Harold C. Bryant, of the University of California, furnished evening entertainment and early morning trips afield gave vacationists an introduction to mountain wild life.

The motto of the field classes was: "Learn to read a roadside as one reads a book." Special excursions for children gave surprising results owing to the rapidity with which they absorbed information about the living things encountered.

Compact nature study libraries were placed at the resorts by the California Nature Study League, and an exhibit of colored pictures and other illustrated material was on display. Thus vacationists were further able to increase their fund of information regarding wild life by a study of pictures giving full colors by specimens and by books giving detailed facts.

This experiment in making conservationists out of vacationists proved so successful that another year will doubtless see the work expanded and the opportunity to study under a nature guide offered to thousands of vacationists in all parts of the State.

* * * * *

THE DOE LAW AND HUMAN LIFE

IT is seldom that game conservation works directly for the preservation of human life. However, reports being received daily from the Adirondacks prove conclusively that when New York removed the buck law from her statute books, a toll in dead and wounded was exacted from the gunners that would have been avoided, had it been necessary for the hunter to see the horns before he shot. At the present writing, November 15th, nine men have been killed and several wounded. All of these were strictly cases where it is definitely known that the accident occurred through one hunter mistaking another for a deer.

Men who have made a life study of the workings of the buck law are undivided in their opinion that it is the logical and

(*Continued on page* 863)

THE SPORTSMAN'S WORLD

The Sportsman's World Department is the forum for discussion of all outdoor matters, and also for the records of trap shoots, rifle tournaments and casting contests. Here will be found the latest notes on Conservation of game and fish, hints for making outdoor equipment at home, records of big fish caught and matters of equal interest. Any questions pertaining to hunting, fishing, tackle, baits, equipment, cartridges, guns, conservation, etc., should be addressed to this Department with stamped envelope enclosed and will be answered by letter, and if of sufficient interest to the mass of our readers, we will run the questions and answers in these columns.

DIAGRAM OF FIRELESS COOKER

Editor, FIELD AND STREAM:

Materials: Big Can or Box, Sawdust, Smaller Can, Bricks.

The big can may be a 50-lb. lard tin can

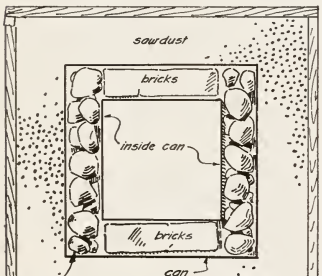


FIG. 1.

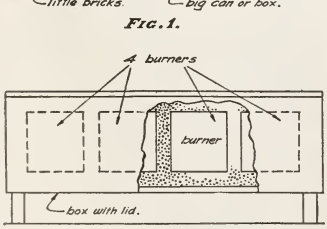


FIG. 2.

or a big tin box. The second can should be large as possible but must leave three or four inches all around for sawdust. The number of bricks used is determined by the size of the cans used. All cans or boxes must have lids.

To start the cooker put your grub in the inside can and set on or over the fire, also put your bricks on the fire. The hotter the bricks the better. By the time the bricks are real hot your grub will be heated sufficiently, so put your bottom brick or bricks in the bottom of the middle can and set in the grub can, put in the little pieces of brick, then the top bricks, then the second or middle can's lid, then the sawdust, then the big can's lid, and if you care to, throw a blanket over the top. Be sure all three lids are on tight. Stick your lunch in your pocket, get your pole, get in the canoe and come back in nine or ten hours with about four notches in your belt that need letting out.

When the camp's over, let the good housewife use the cooker at home. Chances are that she will want a two or three burner like this one on the left. Grub from a fireless cooker is as good for the digestion as it tastes because it is cooked more even and slower.

NELSON M. LYNDE, JR.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY, OR TWO WHISTLES AND TWO HAWKS

By J. Arthur Dunn

ON a day in the fall of 1918 I was hunting quails in Southeast Missouri. I had found a covey of them about midday. They had scattered pretty well when flushed and I had killed three or four birds which had flown to the edge of a small ravine bordering the cornfield where I had started the covey. I had found, I thought, all the quails which had gone to the ravine and was standing, whistling to see if I could make the birds in the corn answer.

I suppose I had been standing still for ten minutes, covered by the tall horseweeds on the edge of the corn, when I was suddenly conscious of a shadow overhead. I looked up, and at the same moment was almost startled out of my wits.

A LARGE hawk was almost on my head! I could see the very intenseness of his purpose shining in those snapping eyes of his. He had taken me for a quail! And I am just as sure that he didn't discover his mistake; for I shot him before I could see any surprise in his face. He was so close to the gun that I literally blew him to pieces.

I had long hunted quails both with and without a dog. For several years I had depended entirely on my whistle to locate birds. But this was the first time I had ever had the experience of having a hawk swoop down on me for a strike. It was simply a case of mistaken identity.

I think it was almost upon the instant of shooting that hawk that I resolved to put the case to a test when another opportunity afforded. Certainly it was interesting to determine whether the circumstance I have just mentioned was mere chance or whether the hawk could be effectively whistled in to the gun.

It was only about two weeks later that I tried the experiment. I had again been working with a covey of quails in the corn, when I noticed a hawk sitting on the top branch of a tree a quarter-mile distant. I had previously been shooting; and the old fellow was evidently waiting for the bombardment to cease, in the hope of picking up a cripple or a stray bird.

I WAS in plain sight of him, on the edge of the corn, when I noticed him. That he had seen me for some time past was a foregone conclusion.

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"THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT"—SENT FREE

Every angler should have this book. Illustrated by Briggs, the cartoonist, it relates a fishing tale of the "good old boyhood days."

It shows the complete line of Quality Tackle including the new **South Bend Level Winding Anti-Back-Lash Reel** and many new baits. A postal, or the coupon brings it. Ask your dealer for these **South Bend** items, packed in golden rod, yellow boxes. Look for our trade-mark. Demand the genuine.

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I straightway made up my mind to test the experience of two weeks before. So, walking away from him, I sauntered down the bank of a creek nearby, keeping as nearly as possible under his vision. But after I had gone several hundred yards, I took to the cover of trees on the creek, waited a few moments, and then sneaked back into the corn. I was now almost a half mile away; and I was reasonably sure he hadn't seen me re-enter the corn.

MAKING for the center of the field and at the same time walking toward him, I kept well down in the corn. Within thirty minutes from the time I had first seen him, I was near the middle of the cornfield and not over a quarter-mile from the hawk. Having reached the central point, I waited.

I didn't wait long. It wasn't over ten minutes before he stretched himself and came lazily in my direction. I whistled.

A quail in a corner of the field answered my note. It was closer to the hawk than I, and the hawk made for it. I kept whistling.

But that quail answered only once. He must have sensed the presence of his enemy, and he undoubtedly took shelter among some blackberry bushes growing on the edge. The hawk hovered over the corner of the field a few moments, probably pondering the chances of the quail to escape in the thick growth of briars. Then he headed towards me.

I HADN'T ceased whistling. And he came on now with a sort of assurance that the owner of the whistle was to make him a delicious white-breasted meal. Only a moment did it take him to cover the distance remaining. He couldn't have been over twenty-five yards away when I gave the last whistle.

With that whistle he made his dive. And as he came in to me I raised my gun from the corn. Then he realized his mistake.

The look of cruelty, craftiness, and eagerness combined, gave way to one of terror and surprise, as he hurriedly summoned his wings to flap him to security. But it was too late. They didn't flap! It was another case of mistaken identity.

SKINNING A FUR BEARER

By R. K. Wood

RAW furs bring the United States alone nearly fifty million dollars revenue. Far more than half of these furs are trapped and hunted by farmers and amateur trappers. Well handled furs are worth much more money than those poorly handled, both to the seller and buyer. A great many raw furs reach the market in a damaged condition for the lack of proper care.

One of the most common faults of the young fur taker is improper skinning of the pelt. Many people, not trappers or hunters, occasionally secure a valuable fur bearer and lose a portion of its value by faulty skinning. It is for these that this article is written; and if the pictures show the skinning operation in detail, easily grasped by the tyro, I have at least accomplished something not told in the trappers' guide books furnished by fur houses to beginners.

ILLUSTRATION No. 1 shows the first operation necessary to skin an animal "cased." Slit the skin straight across from one heel to the opposite heel.

All animals except wolf, coyote, bear, badger and raccoon should be skinned cased, by the method herein described, except the tails of opossums and muskrats, having no fur, are left on the carcass.

Number 2 shows method of skinning the tail, always a difficult job for the amateur. Slit the skin one-third way down on the under side with the knife, pinch it loose with the fingers and insert the split stick over the bone, pulling steadily upward with the right hand while the left holds the carcass down.

The next operation, No. 3, is pulling the skin over the body. Only when the animal is very fat is it necessary to use a knife to skin close. Too much fat or flesh should not be left on the pelt, as it may cause "sweating" during warm weather.

NO. 4 shows method of tearing the skin loose from the feet with the hands. Of course, the skin is released from the hind foot before it can be pulled over the body. No. 5 illustrates the use of the knife for this purpose. The skin is pulled out to the feet with the hands.

No. 6 is the finished skin, stretched on a homemade board, a No. 1 grade skunk worth six or seven dollars according to present quotations.

THE pelt should be cleaned of surplus flesh and fat by scraping it with a dull knife. The skin should rest on a smooth beam, and the knife should be worked from the head toward the tail. It should be stretched on a board near the shape of the skin, drawn taut and fastened with tacks, then hung in a cool, airy place to cure. Skins should not be left exposed to the weather, artificial heat, mice, rats, cats or blow flies. Ordinarily they will dry out and may be removed from the boards within a week's time.

It may be added a skin should not be placed on the drying board while wet or the fur matted with mud or burrs. First comb or brush out all foreign matter, then shake the fur dry.

Well handled skins and pelts bring ten to a hundred per cent. more than those poorly treated.

FUR TRAPPERS AND SHIPPERS ARE PROTECTED ON PRICES

Plan of Honest Grading Adopted 34 Years Ago Best to This Day in Giving Producers Most Cash

Never before has there been such a tremendous market for furs. And never has the fur producer been in greater need of guaranteed and honest protection.

He needs today the protection of a house which has built a reputation by making good; a fur house that has always been fair and square for dozens of years. No fur company in the world ever gave fairer treatment, and there is not one that has so many loyal "old timers" as Becker Brothers & Company of Chicago.

Shippers Get Utmost Cash

Thirty-four years ago they formulated a plan to grade furs right up to 100% of their value. Ever since that plan has brought the utmost in cash to thousands of shippers. "I have shipped you all my furs for the past 32 years and they have run into thousands of dollars," says Harve Garriott of Crothersville, Ind. "You have always paid me more than I could get any other place. Your sorting and grading has always been absolutely fair. You may expect the usual shipments from me this Fall."

"I have shipped furs to you for 29 years," writes B. G. Foat of Waterford, Wis., "and will say that other firms may list higher prices and pick out a few extra fine hides from a shipment, but the honest assortment and the square prices fetches the best looking check home to the shipper."

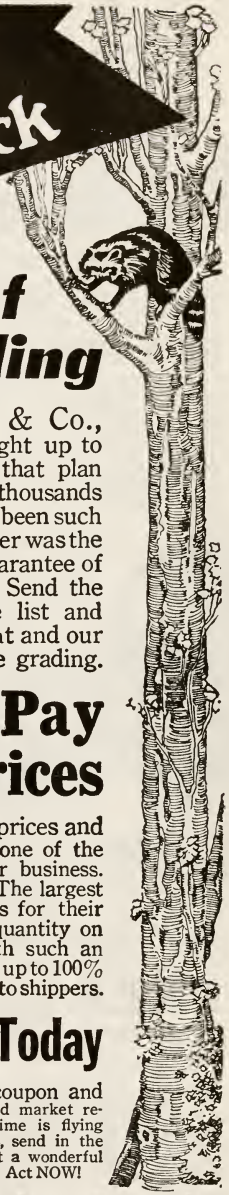
"As Long As I Live You'll Get My Furs"

Thirty years ago J. Schultz of Chetopa, Kansas, sent his first shipment. "I have always been satisfied," says Mr. Schultz. "They have always paid me the price they quote and I know I will always ship them as long as I live."

Isn't that a wonderful tribute to a fur house? Just think of the satisfaction there is in shipping all your furs to the same house, and knowing that you will receive honest treatment and that your furs will be graded right up to 100% of their value.

You Should Write to This Fur House

And you should write at once. Be sure you get the opening prices, which will probably be higher on nearly all pelts than the highest prices reached last season. Stocks are so low and the demand is so great that a part of the early collection will be needed to fill out last season's orders. Don't wait until you are ready to make your first shipment, but sit down and write Becker Bros. **today** for their free price list. Line up with an established house which has demonstrated for 34 years their honest policy and liberal grading. Remember, we charge no commission. This enables every shipper to realize 100 cents on every dollar. Further than this, they pay all transportation charges and will refund postage on any prepaid shipments. Don't delay a minute longer. Write them today and they will send you **without obligation** their free price list and market report.



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AN overland highway is a life-giving artery to the communities it links up. It attracts a tide of travel from near and distant points, for the leisurely trip in the car is growing into favor. It lifts communities out of isolation and makes them a prosperous part of a great system—a transcontinental system linked into all the centers of industry and of recreation. Likewise it is local in its service for it keeps the country and the city in touch for trade and mutual accommodations.

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THROUGH Arizona and the Yuma gateway into California there flowed that stream of pioneers that made California history—Spaniard, Priest, settler, gold-seeker, Mormon, soldier, tourist and merchant—down the Gila valley flowed that restless westward march that at last was stayed by the Pacific shores and California's charms. Now a new march is beating back eastward; the march of construction and travel, for the West is building the highway faster than the East. The era of construction is now crossing Texas and Louisiana and greeting the old South with a pleasant smile.

SAN DIEGO in California marks the beginning of California and of the white conquest of the Pacific coast. Southern California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas are old mission centers and many of these wonderful mission buildings still stand to sweep the imagination back into the dim past. In Louisiana is New Orleans the "Paris of America," once a city of the Spanish domain. Then the blue waters of the Gulf are skirted and old Mobile is visited, then Pensacola and Tallahassee, the Suwannee river, playgrounds of the South.

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TWO LETTERS WE APPRECIATE

LANMAR FARM, HOLLISTON, MASS.

DEAR MR. WATSON:

This is to acknowledge your kind letter of the 19th. Glad you liked the picture of the bass, but this is not about that.

I want to express to you, as I have to other editors of magazines published in New York, how keenly I have watched, how much I appreciate, the good fight you have put up against the attempt of organized labor to cripple your business if you do not knuckle down to their demands. I have handled strikes and know what they mean.

The editors of FIELD AND STREAM are sportsmen, and sportsmen do not knuckle down; they fight.

Here's wishing you good success.

I, too, have been having my troubles, and have been in New York but once since we dined together—and then I did not find you in.

When more peaceful times come—as they surely will come—we will get together and have a good time.

Don't worry about subscribers being fussy because FIELD AND STREAM comes out late. Every mother's son of them will wait patiently, and appreciate the issues all the more when they do come.

Wishing you the best of success, and most cordially.

Sincerely yours,

ALLAN V. GARRATT.

* * *

Editor, FIELD AND STREAM:

I cannot resist this opportunity to express my admiration for Mr. Charles B. Morss's "The Secret of the Great Slough" in the September issue, which I have just reread with doubled pleasure after a wonderful afternoon with the jack snipe in a local slough—a rare privilege in this county. I also want to add my mite to the general congratulation on your booking the Big Four—Gray, White, Hough and Davis, for your future. They put FIELD AND STREAM so definitely in a class by itself that the other sporting magazines are flat in comparison.

EDWARD A. BRIGGS.

(*Continued from page* 853)

INTENSIVE DUCK SHOOTING

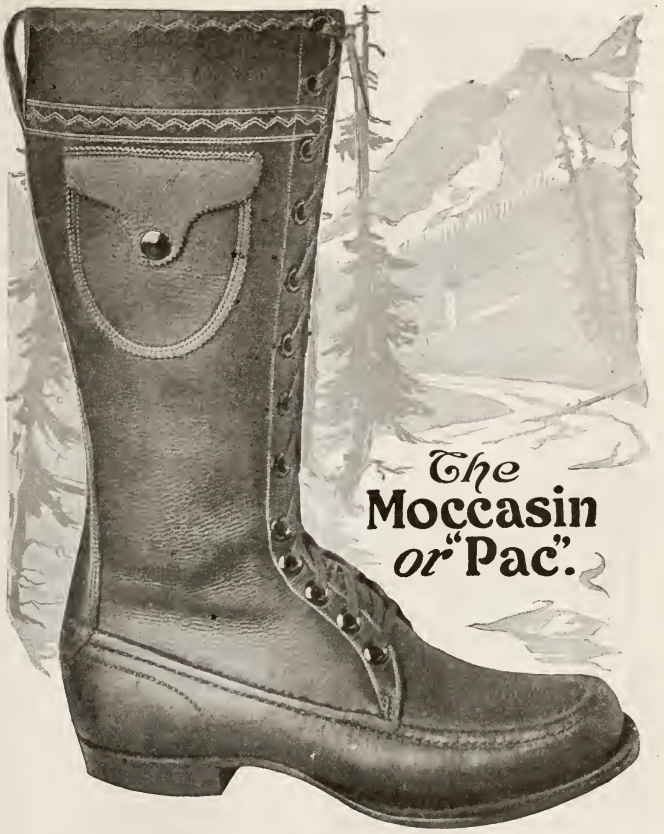
By Frederick A. Willets

sideways, they would swim to the right and left, watching the boats. First the birds would scatter on the water, then draw together in a compact body again. They were uneasy. We watched them closely and maneuvered accordingly.

At last we were close enough to faintly pick out the drakes from the hens by the snow white patches on the side of the heads of the male birds. They presented a ludicrous appearance as they swam with their stiff quill tails erect, a characteristic of the ruddy.

The birds were now well alarmed, but also we were too close for them to care to jump towards us. So they spread out and started swimming down wind, and a ruddy can work his legs in a surprising manner when hard put to it. Their backs wobbled from side to side as those webbed propellers got under way and they raced "full steam ahead."

We plied the oars and with the aid of the wind gained on them. Soon we cut the distance in half; we were nearly in range. The ruddies half swung around, contemplating a jump. Then they lost their nerve and raced off again, widely scattered and working far to the right



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and left. We would then spread out and round them up.

Suddenly they turned and jumped into the face of the wind. Low over the water they came towards us for a second while we dropped the oars and grabbed the guns. And as the shots rang out they were already swinging to the right and left. A few seconds later and the scattered flock was whizzing off down wind, excepting four plump birds that floated breast up among the waves.

THE shots had been at long range for even the full choke twelve gauges with their heavy loads of number 2's, and we were lucky to do so well.

It had been fast, exciting sport, a sport where one second was all important in the bagging of a bird. Shooting over decoys when the fowl are coming in is certainly thrilling, but this sport such as we were practicing had a fascination all its own. Without doubt it was far harder work then shooting over decoys, and the chances for success were far more remote. The shots were nearly all at long range and the shooting done from a rocking boat. The bag for a day was necessarily small, for much time was consumed in hard rowing to get a shot. However, our interest is usually keenest for that for which we work hardest.

We were again at the oars, fighting our way into the teeth of the wind. Soon we located another flock far ahead and carefully worked to windward. It was a large bunch of fully fifty birds. As we drew close the flock split and each half started down wind. Dud took one and I the other. When within a hundred yards the ruddies turned and jumped. For some reason they did not swing off at once but came straight towards us, the flock breaking up, the birds scattering about as they reached the boats. For a moment the air seemed full of little whizzing ducks and the guns were working fast. Two birds swung close together and I got them both with the first shot, then missed the second at a ruddy straight over my head. Dud's gun was roaring off to one side.

THE ducks were gone in the taking of a breath. I looked towards Dud to see him standing up in his tossing boat watching the water about him and holding his gun at ready. He had a wounded bird to account for.

I started to row towards him and happened to glance at the water close to my boat just as the bill and head of a ruddy broke the surface. Like a flash he went under again. A few moments later he came up a good gun shot away. He was not badly hurt for he jumped and flew low over the water. Dud bagged him.

By noon we were down on the bay. Here it was much rougher than it had been on the river. The wind had kicked up quite a formidable sea and, notwithstanding the cold day, we were soon in a perspiration as we battled with the oars. Water persisted in coming aboard and it was a steady job of rowing and bailing, rowing and bailing.

In the air were scurrying flocks of ducks, broad-bills, black ducks, ruddies, a few red-heads, mallards and sheldrakes. Numerous shots from up and down the bay told that the gunners shooting over decoys on the points were having good sport.

A flock of a dozen broad-bills came down wind at tremendous speed, passing over us about sixty yards high. We cut loose with the guns. A single bird left the flock and slanted abruptly down, hit-

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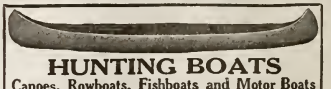

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ting the water with a big splash and bouncing along on the surface as a result of his speed while in the air. He was dead and we gathered him in.

THEN, as the waves increased and we stood a fair chance of swamping our boats, we pulled for the meadows by the mouth of the river. On shore we had our lunch and got the cramps out of our muscles.

In the afternoon we located another flock of ruddies and succeeded in getting a few birds out of the bunch. Then we went after a raft of broad-bills. But these big fowl were much too wary and they flew when we were still a couple of hundred yards from them.

Later in the day the wind died down, but a fine cold rain started in, followed by a thick gray mist from the sea. Through the rough weather we shot on with varying success, enjoying to the fullest every hour in the cold, salty air.

With the wind we worked up the river, reaching the mouth of the creek about dusk. Pushing out into the big pond, we carefully hid ourselves and boats among the brown rice stalks and awaited the incoming ducks.

A pair of black ducks came in over the tree tops and curved down to the rice beds. They were almost within range when up they flared and passed us out of gun shot. More ducks came to spend the night in the pond, but all were out of range.

The rain ceased and it grew colder. As the gloom deepened we became thoroughly chilled in our wet clothing. We pushed over to the shore.

With our guns and ducks we crossed the cornfield to the farm house. Our bag of birds was not large but the sport had been immense. And that is what counted, at least with Dud and I.

AMERICAN GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

(*Continued from page 855*)

proper method of maintaining the deer supply. In the face of much evidence and the opinion of experts, the New York Legislature passed a law at their last session, permitting the shooting of does. Aside from the damage to the deer resulting from the killing of the females, from which it will take the stock of white-tail deer in the Adirondacks many years to recover, this toll of human lives has been sacrificed.

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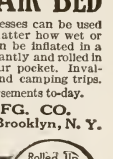

ARMS AND AMMUNITION

This Department is open for the discussion of everything pertaining to shotguns and rifles. We are endeavoring to make it a sportsman's exchange for gun information—both the good qualities and defects of our modern firearms. While the manufacturers put out the best possible firearm and design the best possible cartridge for the service intended, they are only too glad to hear from the woodsmen themselves as to how their weapons pan out in actual field service. Do not hesitate to write us for advice and criticism.—The Editor.

Edited by Capt. Paul A. Curtis, Jr.

THE POOR MAN'S RIFLE

By Ashley A. Haines and Capt. Paul A. Curtis, Jr.

IT might be well at the beginning, to define, as it appears to me, briefly what constitutes the poor man's rifle. It certainly is not a rifle shooting expensive ammunition which will cost anywhere from five to ten cents, and in some cases even more, every time the trigger is pulled. For the poor man, the average man living in wooded districts where the game shot is usually nothing more formidable than deer, with the remote chance of a shot at a black bear, and where nine shots in ten will be under 150 yards, one does not require a long-range rifle but one moderate in price and using inexpensive ammunition, and ammunition, by the way, which can be readily procured at all times from all dealers. This poor man's rifle should use a cartridge which is loaded by the factories with a great variety of charges running all the way from the black powder on down to the latest high-velocity charge; also it should be for a cartridge which the shooter, should he so desire, can reload with various powders and cast bullets so as to be as independent of the storekeeper as possible. Yes, the poor man's rifle should be capable of handling black powder, Lesmok, Semi-Smokeless, Du Pont No. 1 and No. 80 and several others, and the rifle I have in mind as the ideal one for the poor man who will use it for the game I have mentioned and at ranges seldom exceeding that mentioned above, will come admirably within the specifications prescribed as can be stated positively after plenty of experience with it with all kinds of powders and bullets, re-loads and factory ammunition with the exception of Lesmok.

Besides this rifle being used on deer, nine-tenths of the big game on which it is likely to be used, at the same time this poor man I have before me will be certain to find occasion to use it on a chicken-stealing coyote or hawk, with absolute certainty of decapitating many grouse at the usual ranges, while he will also punch out the eye of many a rabbit with this same rifle of moderate cost, shooting the inexpensive fodder with which he will feed it.

Besides being a game getter, this poor man's rifle must be capable of affording unlimited target practice for its owner, should he desire to indulge in this sport, at moderate ranges. Not only at the lifeless and inoffensive black bull's eye on its white background, but at moving targets such as a tin can tossed in the air, not always for a single shot, for in time he will become proficient enough in manipulating its lever to get two and occasionally three bullets through that tomato can before it hits the ground. Topperwein, shooting the rifle I have selected for the poor man, gets 'em as many as four times. But our poor man would never learn much at this game with the rich man's gun and ammunition.

The rifle I shall introduce to the reader presently is not noted as a target rifle. But, remember, we are trying to get in one rifle, usually nothing of less power than standard loads, a rifle which will fill all requirements of the poor man as nearly as possible—for this poor man, remember, living in sections remote from the congested districts, uses it at moderate ranges, at the game running from black bear down to rabbits and grouse where practically none of his shooting, either at game or target, will be beyond 150 yards, though don't for a minute imagine this poor man's rifle will not show good groups at greater ranges. It will, but its trajectory, as compared with the more modern arm and cartridges, is high, though this at the ranges ye poor man is to use it at seldom need prove disastrous.

If one—that is our poor man—were always to reload his cartridges (there are several calibers which might be mentioned as ideal—the .32-30, .38-55 or .32 special), but, unless reloaded, the ammunition is too expensive, though they have many desirable qualities and if our poor man can stand the expense involved for ammunition, and can find an action which handles them and which suits him as well as the action I have in mind, then he can do no better than to cinch one of them and be happy. But my poor man's rifle has an action different than any made for the three cartridges last mentioned, and being an action which suits me better, is the one I feel certain will suit our poor man better—therefore my recommending it so strongly. Here it is—nothing more nor less than the reliable 1886 Winchester *in miniature* as it is found in the 1892 model of that famous make. Mr. Browning, inventor of the action, knew perfectly what should enter into a perfect rifle action, which accounts for us having for our poor man such an excellent action as is found in the model 1892. The gun is of moderate weight—we'd have called it featherweight thirty-five years ago when using the 1873 model which, excellent rifle that it was, weighed considerably more—sure in action, easy to manipulate, smooth at all times in its working and unsurpassed for speed, when speed is required, by any other lever gun now in reach.

The .25-20 and .32-20 calibers are excellent, and have often given a good account of themselves on small and moderate sized game, and for many of our poor men we are writing about will, and often have, filled all their requirements, but for my poor man, I have selected the two larger sizes as being exactly what he will need—the .38-40 or .44-40. In selecting these two calibers, I am well aware of the fact—at least I imagine it may prove to be a fact—that I am laying myself liable to ridicule from that class of shooters who see nothing of merit in anything but a strictly modern rifle shooting strictly modern ammunition. But this doesn't concern me greatly; I am writing of a practical rifle for a poor man, such rifle to be used for decidedly practical purposes, but not of a rifle for punching

holes regularly in the bull's eye at one thousand yards before admiring thousands. Such rifles are all right for those who can afford them, and for the purpose intended, but our poor man requires something different, therefore my reason for recommending so strongly the .38 and .44 model 1892 Winchester. Note I have mentioned two calibers; I have owned and used both a great deal; take your choice, both are good for our poor man. If always intending using the high-velocity ammunition made for these rifles, I'd choose the .38—the same as I now have and have been using for years—but would as soon have the .44, perhaps rather have it, if using always the low-velocity ammunition. (I shall say little concerning the .44 as Captain Curtis is to take care of it.)

This article will deal principally with factory ammunition in these rifles. I realize that many of our poor men who will use these arms will surely reload their ammunition, but I like to be honest in all these little matters, therefore desire right here to state that I had, until very recently, always supposed that I had a very accurate re-load of my own creation, the bullet being a special one of 197-grains using 30 grains (BULK) Du-Pont No. 80 powder, but accurate as I had always found it, recent tests show the low-velocity Winchester soft-point bullet cartridge slightly superior. After reading of the tests which will follow I believe the reader will be ready to acknowledge that the groups with this ammunition are rather remarkable when it is kept in mind that they were made from ordinary rest, open sights and a plain-trigger-rifle with about a four- to five-pound pull.

Until tests to be reported were made, the little gun had not been shot for ten months. Then the fifty shots of low-velocity Winchester factory cartridges were shot under perfect light conditions (no snow), while about three weeks later (snow on the ground and light conditions very poor) the high velocity tests were made. Captain Curtis had requested the tests to be made at 75 and 150 yards. The gun was sighted point blank for 50 yards and I wasted no cartridges (I only had one box each kind for testing, with the high-velocity box was one cartridge short as will be mentioned further on) in adjusting for the 75 and 150 yards, but shot merely for group caring very little where the groups landed so long as they were good ones. Had light conditions been as good for the high-velocity tests as for the low-velocity one, I am inclined to think there'd have been no need for apologizing for the large groups which appear for that ammunition. From pre-war experience with the high-velocity ammunition I know, at least I feel almost certain, that there would have been no such groups as a few large ones to be reported; the gun and ammunition have done better and will again if given a fair show; the conditions for the low-velocity were as perfect as I could have desired; for the high-velocity tests they could hardly have been worse.

A great many, especially target shots, will want to know why the tests were made with open sights. Let me explain. A peep sight has never been on this rifle nor never will be while my eyes are fairly good. On a hunting rifle I very much prefer open sights, but, do not misunderstand me, they must suit me perfectly—in other words, they will have to be different than the ordinary run of factory sights, and especially is this true of the open rear sight. It still has its original shape (that is, it is a buck horn pattern),

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but has a small "U" notch instead of "V," and is in same condition (glitter proof) as when I had finished it; but I have taken care of it, consequently the sharp edges which might properly be called "light splitters," *not* "light reflectors," remain undulled after so many years. Unless cared for this re-modeled sight would be no better than others.

So perfectly clear does this and all other of my open rear sights appear that I never smoke or blacken them in any way for any kind of work. It may sound a bit like boasting to write in the above strain, or appear, possibly, that I had sights for sale. Not guilty!

The front sight was a Lyman No. 31, silver bead, blackened by smoking for the tests to be reported. For all ordinary use I prefer the silver bead Lyman and never could be persuaded to adopt the ivory bead. For me the ivory as a target sight is inferior to the silver bead which can be blackened, while for hunting, with snow on the ground, as much of my hunting is done, the ivory, when open rear sight is used, is too hard to locate readily. For those using peep sights the matter would be different.

As I have said before, I cared little where the groups fell so long as they were not too large. For purposes of accuracy tests a two-inch group or a one-inch group, four inches or more out of the black proves the barrel an accurate one just as fully as though the group fell in center of the bull. If we want it in the bull, adjust sights accordingly. I had no cartridges to spare for this purpose so shot for group only whose measurements were found as follows: With a compass a line was drawn through center of holes farthest apart and measurements made across center of resulting circle. I believe this is the correct method for measuring groups though have followed others' rules occasionally by measuring from inner edges of holes farthest apart; also from outer edges of holes farthest apart, but have always been *very* careful to explain *plainly* how measurements were made.

Twenty-five shots only with Winchester low-velocity cartridges at a carefully measured 75 yards from rest, Winchester model 1892 rifle, .38-40 caliber open sights. Five, five-shot groups only at this range. First group 2½ inches. Second group ¾ inches. Third group 2⅝ inches. Fourth group 2¼ inches. Fifth group 1¾ inches. Size group for 25 shots 3½ inches. That second group which measures but ¾ inches center to center of holes farthest apart, well, we're not banking on another like it for some time but expect to be pretty well satisfied with them if sometimes twice as large!

Twenty-five shots only, same ammunition, at 150 yards, distance carefully measured, same conditions as for 75 yards. First group 4⅞ inches. Second group 4¾ inches. Third group 4¾ inches. Fourth group 4⅛ inches. Fifth group 3⅞ inches. I'm not ashamed in the least little wee bit of the above work even if light conditions were the best ever. Only wish the light had been as good for the high-velocity tests and believe the groups would have been smaller—at least there would have been none of the large ones to report. Facts only are to appear in this article however, and here they are.

Twenty-five shots only Winchester high-velocity ammunition 75 yards five groups, five shots to the group. First group 3 inches. Second group 2¾ inches. Third group 1¾ inches. Fourth group 3¼ inches. Fifth group 2½ inches. It wouldn't look so bad, perhaps, if we could cut out that 3½-inch group, but we'll forget all about it as "worse is yet to come"—a 7½-inch group at 150 yards. Lay it to the light, or the shooter, or both; the gun and ammunition were not responsible for it I feel certain. Twenty-four shots only. (One cartridge short, you remember, in this box so threw in the four-shot group at tail end of the 150-yard high-velocity shooting.) First group 7 inches. Second group 3⅞ inches. Third group 5 inches. Fourth group 7½ inches. Fifth group 3¾ inches. (*This last group, remember, contained but four shots.*)

With this little Winchester .38-40, and others of its kind, I have had most excellent success on deer and have shot them with many kinds of ammunition, including Winchester-make black powder cartridges, back in black powder days, later with same make in both low-velocity and high-velocity loads, as well as with several re-loads of smokeless and semi-smokeless. Before the war, when it was easy to get nearly any kind of a cartridge, I shot several boxes of the high-velocity Winchester ammunition, and while I have no targets to show made then, and only memory to trust to, I can state positively from that experience that the high-velocity tests recently made do *not* do this ammunition justice—better light conditions and better groups, I am positive, could have resulted.

It wasn't long ago that a writer ridiculed the .38-40 and .40-40 as being suitable for deer shooting; also from accuracy standpoint, range, etc. Be it known this very minute that neither the .44 nor .38 we have been writing about is a "Dreadnaught of the Jungle." Also keep in mind that a shot that breaks a deer's leg with said Dreadnaught is no more a fatal shot than would be the case of a leg broken with the .38 or .44. A shot from the Dreadnaught through the vitals of a deer would often put that deer down for keeps quicker than one from either of the other guns—and likewise spoil much more meat, but for the careful hunter, and careful shot, the man who tries for as many standing shots as possible, and then tries to place his first shot so nearly where it should be that a second one is not needed, and this, remember, at under 150 yards, either the .38 or .44 Winchester model 1892 will answer for the poor man's rifle very nicely. If a second or more repeat shots are required the man who has learned his gun well will have but to pull the trigger as a loaded shot finds its way into the chamber almost before the preceding bullet has left the barrel's muzzle. This, however, is no argument in favor of rapid shooting *only as it may be needed*. I have often said, and here repeat it: Make the first shot the only one required, *if* possible, but if you fail (we're not infallible, remember, though our rifle may be—nearly), well, then you will find the art you learned years ago of swinging that lever the second the first shot was fired of greatest benefit as a quarter second lost or gained may save or lose the day.

* * *

I have only undertaken to test the .44-40 rifle because Mr. Haines didn't happen to have the arm or the ammunition away up in British Columbia where he made his tests. I heartily agree with all that he has said regarding the .38-40. It is undoubtedly the best of the two cartridges. The tests which I have just finished have only served to more strongly convince me of this. I believe it will be well to add that the other cartridges for which the 1892 model Winchester is made, namely, the .25-20 and the .32-20, should never be considered in connection with an all

around rifle for the poor man, as they are not nearly powerful enough for game as large as deer and no sportsman, worthy of the name, should chance wounding such game with them. Lots of deer and black bear have been killed with the .32-20, but the gun is really impractical for an animal of this size and the use of it is sure to result in a great deal of game getting away badly wounded, to die miserably and be wasted.

A comparison of the ballistics of the .38-40 and the .44-40 in both high velocity and low pressure smokeless quickly discloses why the .38-40 is superior to the .44 for general hunting purposes. The muzzle velocity of the .38-40 H. V. is 1770, while that of the .44-40 H. V. is 1563.9—a difference of slightly over two hundred feet per second. While at 100 yards the former has a velocity of 1389.6 and the latter 1226.1—an advantage of 163 feet per second still in favor of the .38-40 H. P.

What is more important is the energy, not at the muzzle where game is seldom shot, but at 100 yards, and here again the .38-40 H. V. wins as its energy is 771.9 feet pounds against 667.8 feet pounds of the .44. The penetration of the two cartridges is exactly the same, and in trajectory the .38-40 has but an insignificant advantage, and this brings us down to the all important question of accuracy.

My results from target tests with both cartridges are tabulated below, being made with the same type of rifle and sights, and at the same ranges and under the same conditions as those made with the sister gun by Mr. Haynes.

Twenty-five shots only Winchester .44-40 low velocity cartridges at 75 yards. First group 1⅛ inches, second group 1¼ inches, third group 1¾ inches, fourth group 1½ inches, fifth group 2½ inches.

Twenty-five shots .44-40 Winchester high velocity cartridges at 75 yards: First group 5 inches, second group 4½ inches, third group 3½ inches, fourth group 4 inches, fifth group 4¼ inches.

It will be noted that my results with the .44-40 L. V. compare very favorably with those made by Mr. Haynes, with the .38-40 L. V., but I was not able to get nearly as good results with the .44 H. P. as he did with the .38-40 H. V. I had anticipated this beforehand as the latter is a much better balanced cartridge for a high velocity load than the .44-40. Consequently, I did not bother to make the tests beyond 75 yards as I felt quite confident that the cartridge was not capable of better than 9-inch groups at 150 yards.

In conclusion I wish to say that we have no intention of recommending these old cartridges, which so many people now consider obsolete, for the sportsman to use hunting in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia or the Canadian Northwest for big game. They shouldn't be used for game larger than deer or black bear except under most ideal conditions, despite the fact that much of the game on this continent was exterminated with them in the days following the Gold Rush. The sportsman who is going into the woods on a hunting trip would be foolish to handicap himself with such cartridges when there are so many better ones for the purpose which he can secure, but the sportsman who takes such a trip nowadays is by no means a poor man, and Mr. Haynes and I have endeavored to recommend what, in our opinions, is the best all-around rifle for a poor man to own.

We are thinking primarily of the fellow that is living back in the wilderness or in the thinly settled parts of the country where money is scarce and a little of it has to go a long ways. Such a man wants

He's Charging—Stop Him!

HERE he comes—six hundred pounds of wounded, raving, fighting grizzly! Wicked, pointed head stretched out—evil little pig eyes glaring hate—long yellow tusks snapping in bloody foam—high shoulders rocking with effort as they drive the ten-inch hooked chisels of claws ripping through the moss—smash through the witch-hopples, *here he comes!*

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Fingers racing, before the echo of the shot you're reloaded and ready again. But he's down. Crumpled end over end in his stride. That vicious little .87 grain pointed bullet, traveling 3000 feet per second, smashed through his jaw, shivered his neck vertebrae to splinters, and splashed them through his lungs. Never knew what struck him—dead when he hit the ground!

Only seven pounds of rifle—the .250-3000 Savage. Six shots—in two seconds, if you need them that fast—and each of them with a gilt-edge target accuracy that would hit the 800 yard military bullseye, and punch enough to slam through half-inch steel boiler-plate at a hundred yards. Solid breech hammerless, with checked extra-full pistol-grip and forearm and corrugated steel shotgun buttplate and trigger. See it at your dealer's—he can supply it. For complete description, write us.

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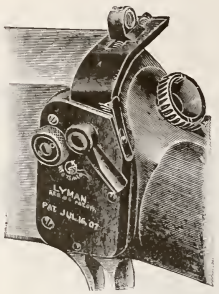
.250-3000 Savage Rifle, take down model. 22-inch tapered round barrel with integral sight base. Checked extra-full pistol-grip and forearm, checked trigger. Corrugated steel shotgun buttplate. Commercial silver bead front and flat-topped windgauge sporting rear sights. Weight about 7 lbs.



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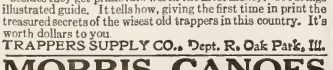

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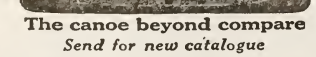

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a rifle that he can afford to practice with for the pleasure that it gives him, and also to keep in trim, and he cannot do this and shoot a long range bottle neck cartridge that knocks out ten cents every time he pulls the trigger. When he buys a box of cartridges for the .38-40 he has 50 of them on the shelf and that will last him quite a while for game. He wants a rifle that he can use as Mr. Haynes has said—to cut a partridge's head off, knock over a rabbit in the garden, bark a squirrel and use for turkey, coon, fox, coyotes or whatever medium-sized animals he has in his section, and at the same time a rifle, that in the hands of a good shot, is reasonably certain of landing its deer. For it isn't necessary, as a rule, for the native to take the chances in killing his game that the sportsman who is in the woods for a couple of weeks only and probably only has one chance, takes. This is worthy of consideration in picking out a rifle.

The ammunition is easily reloaded and it can be done cheaply. The rifle is inexpensive and is easy to keep clean and even in poor condition will give much better results than a high-power rifle which has been badly neglected. We both realize that this arm has its drawbacks and it is an insignificant little load in comparison with our, now popular, miniature "Berthas," but in the hands of a good, cool-headed woodsman it will do the work.

DETERIORATION OF CARTRIDGES

Editor, FIELD AND STREAM:

Will you please let me know in a general way to what extent shotgun ammunition depreciates with age?

W. E. WHELESS.

Ans.—It is problematical how much shotgun ammunition depreciates with age. In the old days when black powder shells were exclusively used it was dangerous to keep shells too long. Black powder would often cake and become hard in the shell, greatly increasing the breech pressure when the shell was fired. The modern hermetically sealed shell loaded with smokeless powder appears to show very little deterioration. I have used shells which I have had on hand for three or four years with apparently every bit as good results as any new loads. This is particularly true if the shells are kept in a uniform or moderate temperature and are not subjected to any excessive heat.

I cannot go into this question fully as it would take too much time, but some smokeless powder deteriorates to a marked degree if subjected to great heat for any length of time. I mean by this if they are stored close to a stove where they would be subjected to an unusual degree of heat.—Ed.

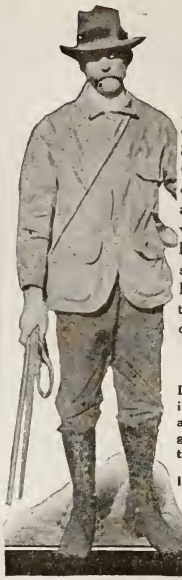
REPEATER VS. DOUBLE

Editor, FIELD AND STREAM:

Which would you advise for field shooting, a repeating shotgun or a double-barreled gun? Which type of gun would you recommend, a hammer gun or a hammerless?

GERALD LIKINS.

Ans.—Choosing between a double-barrel or single-barrel repeating shotgun for field shooting is a matter solely for personal consideration. Both types of guns have their distinct advantages and consequently both have their supporters. I have used both and found them satisfac-



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tory. Personally, I prefer the hang and feel of a double gun to a repeater in the field, but many find that they can get on the game quicker with a single-barrel repeater than they can with a double gun.—Ed.

THE BORE OF GUNS

Editor, FIELD AND STREAM:

Can you tell me the size in inches of the different gauge shot gun bores. Also from where this standard of measuring originated. I have heard that a 16 gauge would mean that it was the size gun requiring balls weighing 1 oz. each, 16 to the pound, and so on with the other gauges. The twelve shooting balls of a size 12 to the pound.

Also what is the killing distance of the 28 gauge on small game such as rabbits.

M. K. B.

Ans.—The inside measurements of the bore of a shotgun in decimals of the inch are as follows:

12 gauge	.729
16 gauge	.662
18 gauge	.615

The gauges of shotgun were originally regulated by the number of round balls they would take to a pound hence the 16 gauge shot a one ounce ball. The 12 gauge gun being a larger bore shot 12 balls to a pound.

The killing range of a 28 gauge gun would depend entirely upon the boring and the power of the load used. Generally speaking such a gun would be good for game shooting up to thirty yards.—Ed.

A BIG GAME RIFLE

Editor FIELD AND STREAM:

I am looking for a "high power" long range sporting rifle for shooting big game. Can you advise me where I can find such a rifle? Either lever bolt or automatic. Up to .425 caliber.

J. M. HALL

ANS.—As a strictly big game rifle, I would suggest your buying a .35 caliber model 1895 Winchester or a Remington .35 caliber automatic. No better gun for American big game can be bought than either of these.

If, however, you want a gun for all-around purposes you would probably find the .303 Savage entirely satisfactory.—ED.

WINCHESTER-PUMPS-PATTERN

Editor, FIELD AND STREAM:

Can you tell me what a Winchester Repeating shotgun, model 97, 12-gauge, would pattern at 40 yards?

L. C. RATHMELL.

Ans.—In reply to your letter of recent date, we will say that the pattern of any gun would depend upon the amount of choke in the barrel. A Winchester Repeater, if full-choke, would place 75 per cent of its charge in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards. That is, if loaded with one and one-eighth ounces of shot in which there is 336 pellets. It would average 252 pellets in the circle.—ED.

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Woolfolk Henderson won the WESTY HOGAN INTRODUCTORY scoring 119 x 120.

Mr. Henderson tied for the WESTY HOGAN CHAMPIONSHIP with a score of 99 x 100 and finished second in the shoot off scoring 39 x 40.

G. M. McCutcheon and G. W. Blake tied for first in WESTY HOGAN Handicap scoring 97 x 100.

In the shoot off Mr. McCutcheon won by breaking 50 straight, Mr. Blake 49 x 50.

The du Pont 18 yd. Championship was won by Mr. Henderson with a score of 98 x 100, breaking his first 67 straight.

Mr. Henderson also won the ATLANTIC CITY CUP, the high average trophy, 472 x 480.

Targets credited to Mr. Henderson for entire program are as follows:

16 yard targets (registered)	472 x 480
18 yard targets (registered)	98 x 100
22 yard targets (registered)	92 x 100
	662 x 680
Practice	119 x 120
	781 x 800

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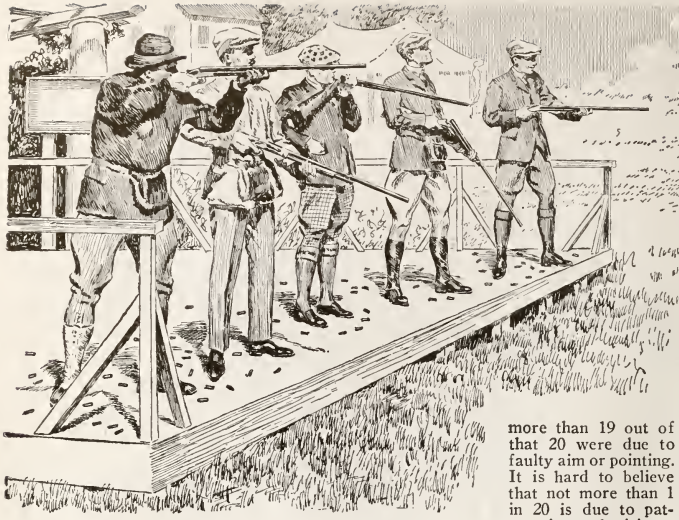
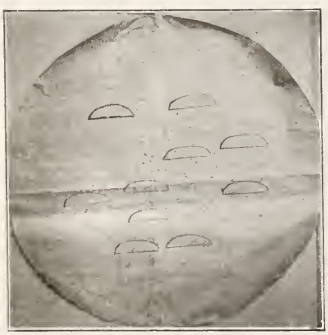


TRAP SHOOTING

THE HAZARDS IN SHOTGUN PATTERNS

By Captain T. K. Lee

THE photographs accompanying this article tell their own story—eloquently. They prove to my mind that birds are sometimes lost on account of a faulty pattern; they prove likewise that faulty patterns are the rule rather than the exception.



The fact stares us in the face that mighty few patterns from any shotgun are faultless in the evenness of spread of the shot charge, whether the gun be a $3.98 special wonder of the w.k. mail order house or a thousand dollar grade of the best make.

However, the law of chance cuts down the number of birds that can escape unscathed through the pattern, even though the pattern contains a hole or two large enough for the bird to go through—the majority of patterns do contain such an opening, but the bird is very seldom in just the right place for the pattern to slip over it. I should say that one in twenty misses by the highest ranking amateurs or professionals can safely be blamed on the pattern. These men average very close to 98 per cent which means that to accumulate 20 misses they shoot at about 1,000 birds, and I don't believe more than 19 out of that 20 were due to faulty aim or pointing. It is hard to believe that not more than 1 in 20 is due to pattern irregularities—possibly my estimate is far from correct.

NOT a trapshooter but at some time or another, suffers a miss when he would have sworn his aim was correct. Men who break 97 and 98 per cent averages certainly know when the fault is theirs.

This pattern dope is brought to the fore even more, when the idea of 1⅛ ounce loads is mentioned. Some advocate such a load; few use it, especially in important shoots. They feel they are handicapped, and as a matter of fact, they are, regardless of the excellent scores reported occasionally by some user of the 1⅛ ounce load. In my opinion, we don't want a load forced on us that will place a premium on luck. If a shooter is skillful enough to place his pattern fairly over the bird, he's due a break for it. If a less skillful shooter gets the bird in the edge of his pattern, and yet breaks it, he receives credit for more than the other man that luck did not favor. With the lighter load of shot, this element of luck in the form of holes in the pattern, would be much more evident. If we must come to the 1⅛ ounce load, it might be well to look into the No. 8 shot question a little closer. The smaller shot do not break birds as hard as the 7½s; the breaks are not so spectacular and not as many "puff-balls" of black smoke are seen, but a decently fair break is as good as explosions. In a heavy wind facing the shooter, the argument is advanced that the shot are retarded in their flight and light shot will be retarded more than heavy ones. But inasmuch as birds are broken by the average shot at from 33 to 37 yards, this thing of the wind holding the shot back is mostly imagination. Misses in the wind are due more to the erratic flight of the target itself than anything else.

The smaller shot gives a denser pattern we must admit. In the regular 1¼ ounce load of 7½ charge we have about 430 to 435 pellets. Most trapguns are able to land fully 70 per cent of this load in a 30 inch circle at 40 yards, or about 300 to 305 pellets. It is a poor trapgun that won't do this. The average number of pellets as above is nearer 320 to 330. As compared to the 7½, a 1⅛ ounce load of No. 8 charge would contain about 460 pellets, or approximately 30 more than the heavier load of 7½. This would give a denser pattern and would go far to eliminate the holes through which the wily tar hawk slips. One and one-quarter ounce of No. 8 charge contains 512–515 pellets and 70 per cent of such a charge would mean some 360 pellets in a 30 inch circle at 40 yards. Number 8 shot will break birds, but it is my opinion that a great many dusted targets would be the rule with the smaller shot. At least, experiments recently made on a rather large scale, bear out this idea.

A 20 inch circle, superimposed on a 30 inch circle, will contain about 85 per cent of the pellets in said 30 inch ring, though it only takes up two-thirds of the diameter. This 20 inch circle at 40 yards very nearly represents the danger

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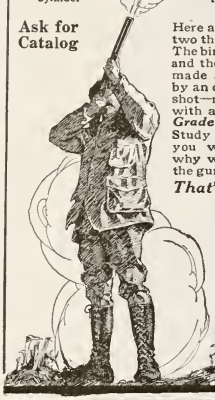

Here are reductions of two thirty inch circles. The birds were life size and the patterns were made at thirty yards by an ordinarily good shot—not an expert—with a 12-guage ***Ideal Grade Smith Gun.*** Study the result and you will understand why we prefer to let the gun say

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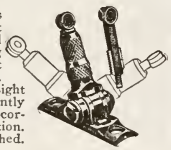

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zone for the target; outside this circle, three out of four will escape, or if broken at all, will be a "scratch" break—possibly just one piece broken out—and such sloppy breaks often cause the referee to mis-call a shot, because the piece was not visible to him. However, as I stated above, 33 to 37 yards represents the distance most shooters get their bird; therefore, our danger circle

can be enlarged to 22 inches and seldom indeed will a bird escape if it flies within this space.

A GREAT many trapshooters steer far away from the idea of patterning guns. He doesn't want to know what kind of pattern it makes. Too often has he heard of the $3.98 pot-metal gun of the mail order firm making a pattern far better than some high priced weapon. I've seen it done. But the average is what counts; and the experiment is never carried far enough to get a basis

for an average. Each shotgun may have its vagaries, much as rifles will have. Only experimenting with different loads of different makes and powders, shooting a goodly number of each kind, will finally establish the best load for your particular gun. Too often the owner of a most excellent gun will pattern it one time; the result is far from complimentary to the gun, and forthwith he loses confidence and starts out on a gun-seeking spree that may lead to the expenditure of much money and finally settling on a gun not so good as the first. It does happen. One gun may pattern smoothly at 40 yards and

bunch its shot hopelessly at 30 to 35 yards; while yet another gun will give the opposite result.

Some shooters argue that No. 8 shot will lose velocity quicker than 7½. Correct, but the loss in velocity occurs in noticeable quantity only after the shot have passed the zone in which targets are usually broken. Seven and one-half will hold velocity farther—but what use is velocity out several hundred feet from the trap?

THERE is more chance for birds to slip through patterns if thrown straightaway than if they are angles, because the hot in stringing out are likely to stop the hole if an angle shot, or the bird in flying through the pattern sideways is more apt to miss the hole in the pattern. Possibly, this explains why the best shots will miss more straightaways than they do angle shots, although a straightaway is admittedly easier to hit than angles with most shooters. The beginner likes straightaways but abhors the sharp angles. If the best shots will keep account of their misses, they'll find it to be a fact that 80 per cent of their misses are the easiest appearing straightaways. The hazard in the straightaway is that it is getting away faster than the quartering bird. It appears easy, and often the shooter takes a deliberate shot at it—sets it on top his front sight and "lets it ride," taking his time in pressing the trigger, with the result that sir bird has ridden clear out of his pattern. The matter of elevation is bothersome with the straightaway shot and the tendency is to get over or under, because of the difficulty in controlling the quick pitch given the muzzle of the gun. With the quartering bird, the error is mostly one of lead and not elevation.

IN patterning several first class trapguns to get the photos with this article, I shot a hundred or so patterns. The ones given herewith are not selected for their excellence, or lack of it, but are the run of the pile. At 40 yards, it

is nearly impossible to secure a pattern with standard load, that the 30 inch circle would not let a bird through somewhere. To eliminate the hazard in the pattern, we must get 'em quicker. It seems logical that smaller shot would help, but I haven't yet decided definitely that it is true. In recent trials more birds got away from No. 8s, smoked badly, than with 7½s. However, 8s sometimes resulted in breaks with poor aim, when the same degree of accuracy with 7½s caused a miss.

The law of averages proves the existing hazard in patterns; you have your choice of methods of eliminating the hazard to some extent at least — smaller shot or quicker shooting. To quicken your time is liable to upset you and your misses will occur *outside* the pattern and remember, there's a whole world of space on the outside.

CLEANING GUN BARRELS

Editor, FIELD AND STREAM:

Being a constant reader of your sporting magazine causes me to take the liberty to ask a few questions in regards to cleaning firearms. I have read a whole lot about cleaning high-power rifles with 28 per cent strong ammonia, but never have I seen the same mentioned in cleaning shotguns. Therefore, could you give me some information in regards to the same? Is there any danger in using this cleaning preparation in a shotgun barrel? If so, why? I always have trouble in using the advertised solvents. It is always necessary to follow up the last cleaning four or five times to make positively sure your gun is clean and then it causes some doubt. It seems that the residue deposits sweat out a little at a time. Isn't there an easier way of cleaning a gun than that, especially when a person is about to lay his gun aside for the season? He would like to give it a thorough cleaning, then grease the same and lay it away in hopes of finding it in good condition the following season. It may be that I may be at fault. It may be that my cleanings did not go to the extreme to make sure that the same was cleaned thoroughly. If you could be of some service to me please write; the same would be appreciated very much. Thanking you in advance for kind favor,

I remain,

MR. O. HEINZE.

Ans.—In reply to your letter, we will say that the ammonia solution would only increase your trouble. It is used in high-velocity rifle barrels to dissolve the cupro-nickel fouling, but must be used very carefully, as it will cause the steel to rust more than ever if the slightest trace of it is left in the barrel. For this reason it is never used in a shotgun barrel.

To properly clean a shotgun after using nitro powders it is always necessary to follow the first cleaning with a second the next day to insure against the strong acid in the powder, which, as you say, seems to sweat out after apparently all trace of them was eradicated at the first cleaning.

The writer always cleans with "Three in One Oil" and wipes it out and cleans again the next day the same way. If the gun is to be laid away for any length of time, it is coated with vaseline inside and out. The second cleaning is a bother, but it is the only way to be sure to keep your barrels bright.—ED.

West to the Sinking Sun! For three fourths of the people of this continent the sun sinks behind the Cordilleran Range, bathing with its flood of golden glory a land unknown to them except in fiction. What sort of land is this West—this great, massive world-roof of high plateaus and pearly peaks—with fierce, free game-life still swarming its untamed wilderness? If you would know this land as it is, you must read **Outdoor Life** the *western magazine,* published in the heart of the Rockies. We know our West. The monthly epic of camp and trail from Alaska to Mexico unfolds itself before your eyes in the pages of Outdoor Life. Send 75 cents for special six months' trial subscription. It will bring you six monthly feasts of sport, adventure and game-lore.

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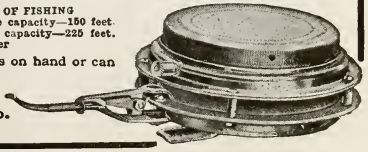
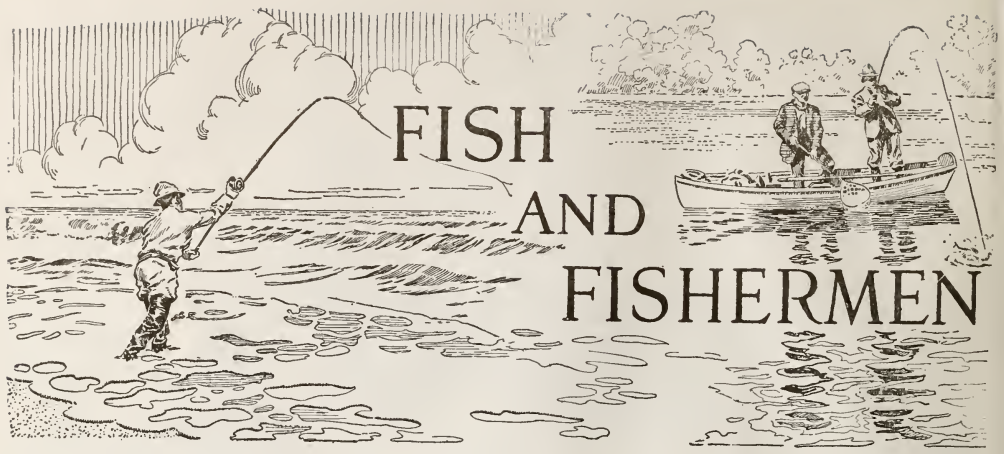


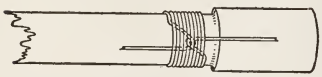


WRAPPING RODS

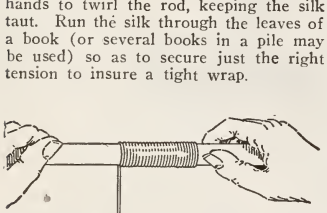
Editor, FIELD AND STREAM:

I have, with interest, read the article "Making a Silk Wound Rod" by Lieut. L. F. Phillips in the August issue of FIELD AND STREAM.

Having wrapped several split bamboo rods, both fly rods and casting rods, for my own use, I thought perhaps some of the "Fish Fans" would be interested in two methods of wrapping and fastening the silk.

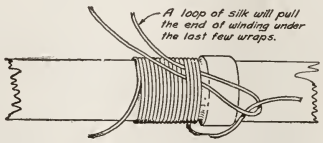


First Method.—In wrapping, use both hands to twirl the rod, keeping the silk taut. Run the silk through the leaves of a book (or several books in a pile may be used) so as to secure just the right tension to insure a tight wrap.



Second Method.—To fasten the wrapping silk, wind in under the wrapping, four or five rounds, a six or seven inch loop of silk thread. Place the end of the wrapping through the loop, and pull the loop back in the reverse direction from the winding. This will pull the end of the winding underneath for four or five rounds of the wrapping, release the loop, and the winding thread may then be cut.

In finishing the rod, I have found a superior finish is secured by rubbing down



with powdered pumice stone and oil, after the third or fourth coat of varnish finish off with a very thin coat of varnish.

L. E. WINGET.

THE ILLINOIS CASTING CLUB

The annual club contest of the Illinois Casting Club was run off on Sunday, October 12th, and was a "howling" success. Four events were cast and some good scores were made.

In the Quarter Ounce Accuracy Bait, Class A—Stanley 99.4 first; Linder 99.4 second and Luebbert 99.2 third. Class B—Tice 98.8 first, Bornholt 98.7 second, R. E. Donaldson 98.7 third. Class C—Peacock 98.9 first, Ranney 98.6 second, Gore 98.1 third.

Quarter Ounce Bait handicapped—Peacock 99.5 first, Linder 99.4 second, Stanley 99.4 third.

In the Half Ounce Accuracy Bait, Class A—Stanley 99.7 first, Luebbert 99.6 second, Chatt 99.5 third. Class B—R. E. Donaldson 99.5 first, Hess 99.3 second, Heetfield 99.2 third. Class C—Schroeder 98.8 first, Adams 98.7 second, Newkirk 98.6 third.

Half Ounce Bait handicapped—Adams 99.8 first, Stanley 99.7 second, Luebbert 99.6 third.

In the 5¾ Ounce Accuracy Fly, Class A—Stanley 99–13/15 first, Chatt 99–11/15 second, Luebbert 99–11/15 third. Class B—R. E. Donaldson 99–6/15 first, Bornholt 98–14/15 second, Watson third.

In the Fisherman's Plug contest, R. E. Donaldson 99.7, 5-foot handicap, first; Chatt 99.4, 10-foot handicap, second; Stanley 99.4, 10-foot handicap, third.

This tournament completes the casting for this season, which has been a very successful one.

The secretary will send out a letter in the near future showing the averages of the season's work.

One of our members "Smiling Bill" Jamison, notified us that he had been robbed of all his casting equipment, so if some unknown person happens to offer for sale any Meek reels, rods or fly lines, such as we use at the Park, it will be well to report the matter to Jamison—Garfield 7533.

Fraternally,
W. C. LUEBBERT, Sec'y.

THE LENGTH OF BAIT CASTING RODS

Editor FIELD AND STREAM:

I have read your valuable magazine for years, and been an angler all my life. I at last feel that I should write a few words in favor of the long bait casting rod, for bass casting. I ask you why the short rod, 5-6 feet, for bait casting. Mr. Willis I. C. Ellis in his article on "Eliminating the Backlash," in your July number, says: In bait casting the big trouble is the backlash. With all respect to Mr. Ellis, I found out that the short rod is the biggest trouble. My experience is based on years of casting. Mr. Ellis mentions the would-be casters who in disgust throw away their outfit. I threw away part of my outfit years ago. The part I threw away was the ridiculous short casting rod. I read Dr. Henshall's admirable book of the Black Bass. He advised a bait casting rod 8-8½ long. I took his advice. For years I have used an 8-foot rod, split cane and greenheart, about 8 ounce weight. I have caught lunge up to 30 lbs. and northern pike up to 18 lbs., never used a rod over 8 ounces, never shorter than 7½ feet. Nothing is more sad than to see a beginner trying to cast with a "regulation casting outfit." He has read in some magazine or the tackle dealer has advised him to buy a casting rod 4½-6 feet long and sold him some chunks of wood with about from 6 to 12 gangs of triple hooks on each for bait. He hies him to the river or lake, and almost wrenches his arm off trying to get this out about 15 or 20 feet. I do not blame him for throwing the junk away in disgust. Had he been advised right and got a 7½ to 8 foot medium stiff bait rod with agate first guide and tip, he would have found out that he could cast

(*Continued on page 876*)

Are You a Woodsman —Or a Dub?

When you go into the wilds this fall will you hold up your head as a "regular fellow"—or be laughed at as a "tenderfoot," a "dude sport" or "tyro"?

Will the guides give you the laugh and pass the knowing wink as you try to bluff your way through—or will they hold you in sincere respect as a man who has "been there an' done it."

Ask yourself a few of these questions and mark yourself honestly on a basis of 100%:

If you or a hunting companion broke a leg what would you do?
Can you light a fire without matches?
Can you clean a high-power rifle so that you know it will be in good shape next time you want it?
Can you tell from the tracks of a wounded deer in what part he is hit and how far he will run?
Can you clean your kill, sling it for carrying and do you know the easiest way to get it into camp?
Can you skin your kill and put the antlers, head or hide in condition to stand the trip to the taxidermist?
If you stray from the trail can you find your way back with compass—without compass?
Can you make up a complete, well-balanced grub list for a four weeks' trip for a given number of men—without finding when you get there that you have forgotten the sugar, the bacon, the coffee, or other vital necessities?
Can you cook flap-jacks, game birds, venison and other woods fare in a way that will get you home again on your own pins?

It is more important than ever that *you* should have this knowledge *this year!*

The Outdoorsman's Handbook covers not only the subjects mentioned above, but literally hundreds of others. This Handbook is the result of over four years of work on the part of Warren H. Miller, former editor of Field and Stream, and a number of assistants. In its preparation Mr. Miller has had access to the complete files of more than twenty years of Field and Stream, all standard works on the outdoors, and has advised and consulted with such well-known authorities as Lieutenant-Colonel Townsend Whelen, Powhatan Robinson, David Abercrombie, Stewart Edward White, Ezra H. Fitch, Chas. Askins, C. L. Gilman, E. M. Gill, Ernest Thompson Seton and others.

It is true that no book, however complete, can possibly make an accomplished woodsman out of a novice, but this "outdoor encyclopædia" will repay careful study and, as it is in convenient form and is canvas-bound to stand rough usage, it can go right to camp with you for consulting at a moment's notice.

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a light bait much further, and would have less back lashes, the spring of the longer rod shooting his bait for him and saving his arms from being jerked off. I have fished almost every day for four, five and six months in succession, for four seasons; for many years I have devoted about three months every summer to fishing, mostly bait casting. I am glad to say I have been able to put many would-be anglers right in regard to their outfit, and warned them about the short rod for bass casting. Another advantage the long casting rod has is the fact that when you hook a fish you can control it better. With a short rod, unless the fish is well hooked, he gets away. With a long rod the spring keeps a tight line without too hard a pull.

JOHN ELCOATE.

COMRADES OF THE STREAM

By Arthur F. Rice

(*Continued from page 837*)

wide-mouthed and well-fed fireplace makes a satisfactory substitute for the fitful out-of-door blaze and the company is not necessarily confined altogether to mere men. I recall with unmixed pleasure several such summer homes, and especially one at Lake George and another on the shore of Lake Champlain, where for successive seasons I have caught lake trout with one royal host and bass with another. Both of these gentlemen remind me of a story, told on himself many years ago, by that renowned fisherman, Fred Mather. He had heard of a new species of trout in the remote West and was very desirous of sampling them. After many inquiries he learned, through a friend, of a lumberman who was operating in that wild country and, although warned that he was a man who never allowed fun to interfere with work, Mather wrote to him, intimating that he would very much like to go to his lumber camp, provided he could do so without imposing on such a busy man. In due time came the following terse reply: "Yours received. I am a busy man and never let pleasure interfere with business. My pleasure is to run a gang of six hundred men; my business is fishing. Come on." Now when the friends I have described have any leisure, they devote it to dallying, one with the coal business and the other with banking; but their serious and absorbing business is fishing, as you shall find if you go out with them; and you will also discover that in order to win and hold your angling laurels you, too, must fish most diligently. In addition to their other desirable attributes, both of these men have a special instinct for out-of-door cooking and where they send up their smoke there is a good place to be! The beauty of any scenery is enhanced by the sense of physical well-being produced by a well-cooked, square meal, and many a rocky point or green island in Lake Champlain or Horicon has been made more picturesque by the feasts that these men have spread, and many a guest, as the fire burned down and he lighted his pipe, has sighed with satisfaction and said: "Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day!"

THERE is another camp I know—very wild and woodsy but full of comfort and royal hospitality—far up in New Brunswick, and before whose door the waters of the east and west forks of the Sevogel meet at right angles on the way to the Miramichi. One may sit in that same door and see the salmon leap in the big canyon pool below, and as he walks the trails that lead to other pools, the deer leap into the brush, and sooner or later he is sure to meet moose or caribou, or hear them crashing through the woods. If I had done some great and good deed and were asked to name my reward for it, I should elect to spend a month with the owner of Square Forks Camp. Most modest of men, I suppose he would blush if I told the whole truth about him. So I must content myself with merely hinting at the big-hearted hospitality and the joyous spirit which prevails under the roof where he presides. Rain or shine, high water or low, good luck or bad, every moment of the days we spent there was "as a brand plucked from the burning," and an entry on the credit side of the ledger. Each day somebody brought in one or more fine salmon and every day enough big speckled trout got themselves hooked to insure a choice on the camp bill of fare. Swimming on a birch bark panel that hangs by my desk, is a 15½-pound salmon—a daily reminder of that trip and of the good sportsman who made it possible for me to cast my fly in new and fruitful waters. Good old Izaak Walton said: "I envy no man but him and him only who catches more fish than I do." But in at least one respect my comrade is a better man than Walton ever was, for he not only envies not the man who takes more fish than he but also insists on sending his friends to the best pools on the river and taking what is left for himself. Of such is the kingdom of sportsmanship!

A FEW years ago a man with the legs and torso of an athlete but, above his collar, apparently past middle age and with a weathered complexion that spoke more of the sun than the student's lamp, came into my office, and waving the map of Canada in my face, pointed to a blank spot thereon and said:

"It is there that we are going,
With our rods and reels and traces
To a silent, smoky Indian that I know."

He even gave me the name of the Indian and had it all figured out how much it would set us back to get to the wigwam where he lived. It was a delightful day in May and the sounds of street traffic, seventeen floors below, somehow began to sound like the gentle roar of distant rapids, while in the breeze that came through the open window I thought I detected an odor of balsam and heard what seemed to be the song of a white throated sparrow; "Sweet Canada" they call it up there. So it happened that Dan Beard and I took the train to Roberval, after having tempted another man, for his own good, to follow us a few days later. We skirmished around the Indian agency at Point Bleue until we found the aborigine Dan had marked for his own. He was pretty drunk at the time but had the earmarks of being a good man if placed on a water diet. It was the same with some other Indians we picked up, and, as we were going into the wilds, we purchased as a matter of abundant precaution, a revolver with which to preserve discipline if necessary, and the very next night we needed it when we discovered some liquor in the guides' possession and threw it into the river. Things became rather exciting for a few minutes and we had to pitch our own tents and cook our own supper that night; but next day they were all good Indians and remained so until they got back to the elevating influence of civilization three weeks later and proceeded to get crazy drunk again. Up a river with an unpronounceable name and over a long portage to another which being interpreted, is called Crooked, we put in the time of our lives with the trout. Meanwhile our friend had overtaken us with his guides—same style of Indian—mighty good or mighty bad, according to where the Ginometer stood. Evidently the trout there had never seen artificial flies before and they went after them as yellow jackets go after a boy who has broken up their nest: biff-bang—two at a time—three at a time, in places. There was no art in it, but it was fun for once to be able to catch a lot of them, even if most of them were released afterward. We must all have some unit of measurement by which to compare things and I have always used that trip as the standard by which to judge trout fishing elsewhere. We went three hundred miles without seeing a sign of other human beings and that's the surest way of getting acquainted with your own party. Dan once said that the condition of eligibility for membership in a sportsman's club should be that the candidate stand the test of a two-weeks' trip in the woods with some of the members. Let me testify here that he is eligible for any club except a woman's sewing circle, for Dan tore his clothes shockingly and it kept one Indian busy half of the time mending his trousers, which he wore on and off about 50-50.

WHEN tired of fishing we sometimes went out looking for big game, and more than once took imaginary shots at moose and caribou at close range, watched the beaver at work, saw otter slides and gulls' nests and found signs of bears and wolves. The lumberman's axe had never profaned those solitudes and in following up streams to their sources in remote lakes and ponds we knew we were often fishing in waters never before visited by white men. In many respects it was a trip unique to all of us—full of wilderness experiences and with an occasional thrill of danger in it as we sent our canoes through swirling rapids, or carried them, on an unstable footing, around the steep sides of roaring falls. What can life be worth to men who know not and care not for these wondrous expeditions into primeval solitudes where the burdens of life are cast off like a discarded garment and the real meaning of comradeship stands revealed!

BUT there are seasons when these northern waters are sealed and the desolation of winter broods over them, and he who finds his pleasure only in these places must enjoy them by anticipation or reminiscence. Then it is that his mind turns to gentler climes and perennial summer; and so, if the fates are kind to him, he reverses his compass and heads South. Standing one day on the snow-white coral sands of Florida, and close to its southern tip—a man laid his hand on my shoulder and inquired whether my being there implied a desire to escape the sheriff. It was Zane Grey, and I immediately set about having as much pleasure with him as I had experienced in reading his glowing books on the Far West. We attached to ourselves another fisherman in the person of Lieut.-Col. S———, for which we had due cause to congratulate ourselves, because a more delightful comrade, who had made the world his stamping ground, it would be hard to find. Along the palm-clad

Keys of Florida, in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, and over the coral reefs upon which the shallow waves of the Atlantic ripple and break, we sought and found our prey. Big amberjack, fierce barracouda, leaping kingfish and a dozen other varieties of fish came to our gaffs, some of them taken in the Gulf Stream itself which, like a wide, green ribbon divided the yellow waters of the sea. Overhead the graceful man-o'-war birds sailed and sailed, and greedy pelicans plunged after their quarry or rode at anchor on the dancing waves. Through the clear water on quiet days one could see the ocean floor with its waving growth of sponges and many-colored sea plants, through and over which swam shoals of fishes great and small, such a sight as I had never dreamed of. Out in the deeper water one got an occasional glimpse of a big sail fish as he left his native element for a long leap in the air; and sometimes the sinister fin of a shark cut the water, or more frequently, its owner rushed for a fresh-hooked fish and—no matter how big it was, cut it clean in two and robbed the fisherman of his prize. If we did not, like Ponce de Leon of old, find the fountain of perpetual youth on the sunny shores of Florida, we at least added joy and length to our days and stored up a wealth of charming recollections with which to while away cold Northern winters ever afterward.

THEN came a wonderful night when the tarpon began to come in and a dear comrade, who had inherited her father's love for these things, went with me on our first quest of the Silver King. The sea was running strong, the big launch danced about, and the wave crests gleamed in the moonlight as we got our lines out. Then came the strike—the half-hour struggle and finally the happy sigh of the little lady as the big fish came aboard, the first tarpon taken by a woman that year on either coast of Florida.

There come trooping before my mind's eye many men and many places that it would be a joy to write about. I should like to speak of Lincoln Pond and the Magalloway River, in Maine, with their big, square-tailed beauties; of the Clyde River in Nova Scotia, in which, at its entrance to the sea, one may take brook trout from the salt water; of the Flathead River and Spotted Bear Creek in Montana where the cut-throat trout fairly fight for the fly; of the Kippewa waters and the Caloosahatchie, and the Grand River in Michigan and Catalena the beautiful. I should like to build a huge campfire on some lake shore or stream-side and gather about its genial blaze the good sportsmen with whom I have fished these and other waters. What stories there would be of camp and trail, of roaring rapids and still pools—of muscallonge and ouananiche in the evergreen-rimmed waters of the North and bonefish and tuna in the tropic seas. It would indeed be a goodly company of "guides, philosophers and friends" from whom I have received much more, in the form of out-door education and fine comradeship, than I have been able to give in return. But if any of them should chance to read these lines and be thus reminded of the halcyon days gone by; if they can catch once more the tantalizing fragrance of sun-seethed ferns and wild grape blossoms; if they are enabled to hear again the cry of the loon and the sound of "lapping waves on quiet shores," then I should like them to consider this stirring of pleasant recollections as my small tribute to them for many of the happiest days of my life.

Scene from Motion Picture "Desert Gold"

Zane Grey—E. F. Warner, Pub.

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The adventures of a young girl who follows her lover to a lawless Western mining camp.

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A rushing story of the Southwest—life in the color and beauty of the Painted Desert country.

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A romance of men who dared greatly and women who could both ride and love—an American Lorna Doone.

RAINBOW TRAIL
Story of a fine young clergyman who becomes a wanderer in the great, lonely Western uplands.

DESERT GOLD
The story is full of stirring and dramatic incidents of battles with bandits and long, weary journeys across the desert.

Zane Grey is probably the most popular writer that has ever appeared in the pages of Field and Stream. You who have read his hunting and fishing stories know what a wonderful writer he is. Probably one of the best things he has ever done is "Desert Gold." This book has just been produced as a motion picture with the personal co-operation of the author.

On April 13th Mr. Warner, publisher of Field and Stream, received a letter including the following paragraph with regard to this picture: "I want to write you about our hunting trip into the desert this Fall, but, first of all, I want to tell you about 'Desert Gold,' having just returned from the Colorado Desert, where this picture was being filmed.

"At last it is finished. It is the greatest Western picture that has ever been made. Wonderful! Beautiful! Simply heart-satisfying to me.

"This is the first of my books that has been shown on the screen where the real characters are acted by a superb cast, splendidly chosen, and where the scenes were made on a location in the Colorado Desert, selected by me."

Remember, all of the above books are full library size, well bound, each one printed in large type, containing full page illustrations and having a paper wrapper in colors—just the kind of books that you want to read and own and read again.

Over a million Zane Grey books have been sold the last few months, and it is almost impossible for the publishers to keep up with the demand. However, we were fortunate enough to secure a quantity of the last printings.

In order to give the readers of Field and Stream, who have always been great admirers of Zane Grey, an opportunity to secure "Desert Gold" before seeing this story on the screen we are making the following offer:

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Send us two new subscribers to Field and Stream at $2.00 a year and we will send you your choice of any one of these books, postage prepaid, or

One year's subscription to Field and Stream, with the choice of any one of above books—both for $2.50. If already a subscriber you can have the subscription extended.

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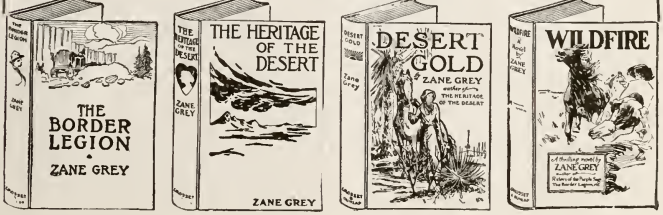

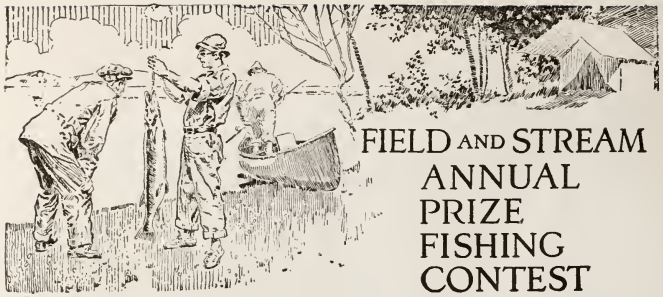

FIELD AND STREAM ANNUAL PRIZE FISHING CONTEST

ALL CLASSES ARE ALLOWED FIFTEEN DAYS' GRACE. IN FOLLOWING ISSUES THE WINNERS IN OTHER CLASSES WILL BE ANNOUNCED AS FAST AS WE CAN CATCH THEM BEFORE WE GO TO PRESS.

WINNERS 1919 PRIZE FISHING CONTEST

Small-Mouth Black Bass (No. Div.)

First Prize—Weight, 6¾ lbs.; length, 21 in.; girth, 12½ in. Caught by Lawrence A. Carrow, Plymouth, Mass. Rod, Sampson; reel, Tri-part; line, Kingfisher; bait, South Bend.

Second Prize—Weight, 6½ lbs.; length, 21½ in.; girth, 16½ in. Caught by Charles E. Hazen, Phelps, Wisc. Rod, Bristol; reel, South Bend Anti-back Lash; line, Kingfisher; bait, minnow.

Third Prize—Weight, 6½ lbs.; length, 20 in.; girth, 16¾ in. Caught by Louis A. Young, St. Louis, Mo. Rod, Heddon; reel, Shakespeare; line, Kingfisher; bait, live frog.

Fourth Prize—Weight, 6 lbs. 7 oz.; length, 22½ in.; girth, 16½ in. Caught by Arthur Silver, Sidney, Ohio. Rod, Bristol; reel, Blue Grass; line, don't know make; bait, live green frog.

Fifth Prize—Weight, 6 lbs. 6 oz.; length, 22¼ in; girth, 16¼ in. Caught by Frost S. Smith, Ashland, Wisc. Rod, V. L. & A. split bamboo; reel, Meek; line, Kingfisher No. 5; lure, No. 22 Cincinnati bass hook with live chub minnow.

Sixth Prize—Weight, 6 lbs. 4 oz.; length, 23 in.; girth, 16¼ in. Caught by Dr. Davis Baker, Glens Falls, N. Y. Rod, U. T. K.; reel, Pflueger Supreme; line, Gold Seal; lure, White Manhattan Surface Casting No. 2.

Seventh Prize—Weight, 6 lbs. 4 oz; length, 21¼ in.; girth, 16½ in. Caught by Theo. N. Utz, Brownsville, N. Y. Rod, 6½ oz. split bamboo; reel, Pflueger Progress; line, Saline; bait, yellow grass frog.

Large-Mouth Black Bass (So. Dis.)

First Prize—Weight, 8½ lbs.; length, 22 in.; girth, 16½ in. Caught by Mitchell Greene, Modesta, Cal. Rod, don't know make; reel, Water Witch; line, Kingfisher; lure or bait, live minnow.

Second Prize—Weight, 8¼ lbs.; length, 24 in.; girth, 16½ in. Caught by W. D. Taliaferro, Ardmore, Okla. Rod, Bristol; reel, St. Louis; line, No. 14 test silk; lure or bait, Ultra Cost Minnow No. V. C. M.

Third Prize—Weight, 8 lbs. 3 oz.; length, 22 in; girth, 17⅞ in. Caught by A. M. Flammant, Seattle, Wash. Rod, Heddon; reel, Meek; line, Kingfisher; lure or bait, Heddon Tad Polly.

Fourth Prize—Weight, 7¾ lbs; length, 22⅝ in.; girth, 16¾ in. Caught by A. M. Flammant, Seattle, Wash. Rod, Heddon; reel, Meek; line, Kingfisher; lure or bait, Heddon Tad Polly.

Fifth Prize—Weight, 7¾ lbs.; length, 22 in.; girth, 17 in. Caught by Willis Proctor, Arlington, N. Y. Rod, Bristol; reel, Lightweight; line, Saline; lure or bait, Decker Plug.

Sixth Prize—Weight, 7¾ lbs.; length, 21 in.; girth, 17½ in. Caught by J. T. Bliss, 982 Albany Avenue, Schenectady, N. Y. Rod, Bristol; reel, Shakespeare; line, Kingfisher; lure or bait, Golden Shiner.

Seventh Prize—Weight, 7 lbs. 10 oz.; length, 23 in.; girth, 17¼ in. Caught by Harper T. Sweney, Salem, Ill. Rod, Heddon; reel, Pennell Double-Multiplying; line, Jamison No. 3; lure or bait, Heddon Scale-finish Tad Polly.

Brook Trout

First Prize—Weight, 6½ lbs.; length, 24 in.; girth, 14¾ in. Caught by Wesley H. Jordan, Lynn, Mass. Rod, Anderson; reel, Anderson; line, Halford; lure or bait, Lord Baltimore Fly.

Second Prize—Weight, 5 lbs. 12 oz.; length, 22 in.; girth, 12 in. Caught by P. E. Womelsdorff, Phillipsburg, Pa. Rod, split bamboo; reel, Featherlight; line, Saline enameled silk; lure or bait, Parmacheene Belle Fly.

Third Prize—Weight, 4¾ lbs.; length, 22½ in.; girth, 15 in. Caught by C. Graham Browne, Westmount, Montreal, Canada. Rod, Hardy's De Luxe; reel, Rainbow; line, Opolo; lure or bait, Durham Ranger Salmon Fly.

Fourth Prize—Weight, 4½ lbs.; length, 20 in.; girth, 10¾ in. Caught by F. W. Starkey, Cranberry Lake, N. Y. Rod, Abercrombie & Fitch Triton 5½ oz.; reel, Tri-part; line, Abercrombie & Fitch "Imperatrix E"; lure or bait, Rube wood.

Fifth Prize—Weight, 4 lbs. 8 oz.; length, 19¼ in.; girth, 10½ in. Caught by P. C. Womelsdorff. Phillipsburg, Pa. Rod, split bamboo; reel, Featherlight; line, Saline silk enameled; lure or bait, Parmacheene Belle Fly.

Sixth Prize—Weight, 4¼ lbs.; length, 22 in.; girth, 14 in. Caught by Harry J. Stidd, Port Jervis, N. Y. Rod, Bristol; reel, Shakespeare; line, Abbey & Imbrie; lure or bait, Crawfish.

Seventh Prize—Weight, 4 3-16 lbs.; length, 23 in.; girth, 12½ in. Caught by Thomas W. Miner, E. Orange, N. J. Rod, Leonard; reel, Hardy Bugle; line, Kingfisher; lure or bait, White Tip Montreal.

Eighth Prize—Weight, 4 lbs. 1 oz.; length, 20½ in.; girth, 13 in. Caught by Dr. James W. Wister, Germantown, Phila., Pa. Rod, Abercrombie & Fitch "Bic" 4½ oz; reel, Hardy Bros. "Uniqua"; line, Hardy Brothers; fly, Forrest & Son's "Professor."

Brown Trout

First Prize—Weight, 7¾ lbs.; length, 25 in.; girth, 15½ in. Caught by Robert F. Hale, Syracuse, N. Y. Rod, Bamboo 6 oz. Chubb; reel, Yawman & Erbe; line, Kingfisher; lure or bait, Gray Hackle.

Second Prize—Weight, 6 lbs. 13 oz; length, 24½ in.; girth, 18 in. Caught by Kenneth B. Curry, Roscoe, N. Y. Rod, Wm. Mills' Bamboo; reel, Featherweight; line, Ideal; lure or bait, Beaverkill Fly.

Third Prize—Weight, 6¾ lbs; length, 24¾ in.; girth, 13½ in. Caught by T. O. C. Plunkett, Three Forks, Mont. Rod, Steel fly; reel, Allright; line, Kingfisher; fly, Silver Doctor No. 4.

Fourth Prize—Weight, 6 lbs. 9 oz.; length, 27 in.; girth, 13½ in. Caught by Charles L. Wilker, Jersey Shore, Pa. Rod, Bristol; reel, featherweight; line, Kingfisher; bait, Grasshopper.

Fifth Prize—Weight, 6 lbs. 3 oz.; length, 26½in.; girth, 13½ in. Caught by I. R. Osborn, River Falls, Wisc. Rod, Abbey & Imbrie 5½ oz.; reel, Rochester automatic; line, Kingfisher; fly, Green Drake Fly No. 10.

Cut-Throat Trout

First Prize—Weight, 8 lbs. 3 oz.; length, 25½ in.; girth, 16¾ in. Caught by O. LaLonde, Butte City, Mont. Rod, Montague Rod; reel, Martin No. 2 Automatic; line, Kingfisher No. 44; lure or bait, No. 6 Spec. Black Ant Fly.

Second Prize—Weight, 6 lbs. 12 oz.;

MOVIES of Big Game, Feathered Game, Fresh and Salt Water Fishing FOR YOUR ANNUAL DINNER OR CLUB BANQUET

If you are getting up an entertainment for your next annual dinner for your sportsmen's club or Conservation association and want not only a novel entertainment but something that will interest every one of your members, we can supply you with an hour's entertainment consisting of about 4,000 feet of the finest moving pictures covering the outdoor field you have ever seen—a quail hunt showing the coveys rising, birds falling and the dog work; a deer hunt, turkey hunt and a duck hunt in the Carolinas, a salt water fishing trip on the Jersey Coast, a Moose hunt, or Salmon fishing in New Brunswick—pictures with all the atmosphere and action you can want, taken by the FIELD & STREAM motion picture staff.

Letter received from Frank E. Willsher, of the Wildwood Crest Fishing Club:

September 2nd, 1919.

In sending you the enclosed check, I would like to add a few lines to the effect that we had a most enjoyable entertainment on the 22nd ult.

We easily made up a FIELD AND STREAM evening, the pictures filling in all the time at our disposal.

Candidly, I cannot but say that every minute we all felt we were "there as well." The Salmon picture is splendid; in fact, they all are. The Moose film is well taken, and one only to make one long for the season to open.

To a club such as ours the pictures were of interest and education. It means to us an enlargement of membership of those who take to the hills and the streams, and to some I know was an awakening and told a story more vivid than they expected, and made them begin to know that there are other grounds than the surf where enjoyment may be found.

We had over 300 in our audience. Auditorium was well filled.

In conclusion, please allow me to say that the pictures are well taken and the films in excellent condition.

Yours very truly, FRANK E. WILLSHER.

Mr. John L. Banks also writes, with many others:

April 10, 1919.

Dear Mr. Warner:

These pictures were shown before the Douglas County Fish and Game Protective League last night and everyone was most enthusiastic in their praise of them. I have never seen moving pictures that show so well the work of the dog in the field or wild life. I never hope to see pictures that will equal these taken under your supervision. You certainly do deserve a great deal of credit for such results. Yours sincerely, JOHN L. BANKS, President.

We will be glad to have you correspond with us if you are interested in arranging a novel entertainment of this kind. We can guarantee it will make your banquet, outing or casting tournament a success.

Motion Picture Department

FIELD AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 25 W. 45th St., New York City

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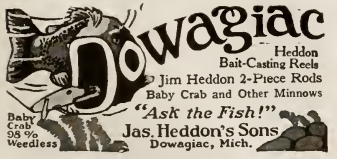

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length, 23 in.; girth, 19 in. Caught by T. A. Godby, Anaconda, Mont. Rod, Wm. Mills & Son's "Standard"; reel, Y. & E.; line, Mills' Standard Imperial; lure or bait, Colorado Spinner.

Third Prize—Weight, 5½ lbs.; length, 20 in.; girth, 11 in. Caught by Austin J. McGinty, Anaconda, Mont. Rod, U. T. K.; reel, No. 2 Martin; line, Saline; lure or bait, No. 8 Royal Coachman.

Fourth Prize—Weight, 4 lbs. 9 oz.; length, 21½ in.; girth, 11½ in. Caught by John Law Dallam, Philadelphia, Pa. Rod, Leonard; reel, Leonard; line, Kingfisher; lure or bait, No. 10 Grizzly King.

Great Northern Pike

First Prize—Weight, 25 lbs.; length, 47½ in.; girth, 19 in. Caught by Edgar A. Sierck, New York City. Rod, Wood; reel, Vom Hofe; line, Kingfisher; lure, No. 9 Musky spoon.

Second Prize—Weight, 24 lbs.; length, 47½ in.; girth, 18 in. Caught by Margaret L. Mesmer, Buffalo, N. Y. Rod, Bristol; reel, Bass trolling; line, 22 lb. test silk; lure or bait, Hilderbrandt 3½ spoon.

Third Prize—Weight, 23¾ lbs; length, 41 in.; girth, 17½ in. Caught by Grant Phillips, Appleton, Wisc. Rod, Homemade split bamboo; reel, Meisselbach; line, Kingfisher; bait. Single Cincinnati hook No. 16 with a live shiner.

Fourth Prize—Weight, 22 lbs.; length, 41¾ in.; girth, 17 in. Caught by Grant Phillips, Appleton, Wisc. Rod, Homemade split bamboo; reel, Meisselbach; line, Kingfisher No. 41; bait. Single Cincinnati hook No. 16 with a live shiner.

Fifth Prize—Weight, 18½ lbs.; length, 40 in.; girth, 20¼ in. Caught by Henry Uihlein, 2nd, Essex County, N. Y. Rod, Bristol; reel, Pflueger; line, Kingfisher; lure, silver spoon.

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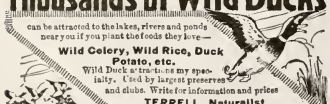

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Sixth Prize—Weight 17 lbs.; length, 38½ in.; girth, 15½ in. Caught by W. R. Skellenger, Battle Creek, Mich. Rod, Steel; reel, Shakespeare; line, silk; lure or bait, minnow.

Seventh Prize—Weight, 16¾ lbs.; length, 39½ in.; girth, 17½ in. Caught by Charles C. Sampson, Duluth, Minn. Rod, Samson Steel Rod; reel, Tri-part; line, 20 lb. test, no brand; lure, trolling spoon No. 6.

Eighth Prize—Weight, 14 lbs; length, 36¼ in.; girth, 15½ in. Caught by Gordon W. Moore, Sioux City, Ia. Rod, Bristol No. 27; reel, Pflueger's Supreme; line, Osprey; lure or bait, Rush Tango.

Lake Trout

First Prize—Weight, 35¼ lbs.; length, 42 in.; girth, 26¾ in. Caught by E. D. Calvert, Rainy River, Ont. Rod, Bristol; reel, Pflueger; line, Kingfisher; lure or bait, Auryanson Flop.

Second Prize—Weight, 35 lbs.; length, 38¼ in.; girth, 33¼ in. Caught by W. B. McClintock, Marquette, Mich. Rod, Bristol; reel, Pennell salt water; line, Bullfrog musky line 30 lb. test; lure, Knowles automatic striker spoon No. 6.

Third Prize—Weight, 33½ lbs.; length, 43 in.; girth, 25 in. Caught by H. Cottam, Rainy River, Ont. Rod, Steel; reel, Hendryx; line, Kingfisher; lure or bait, No. 7 Stewart Flop.

Fourth Prize—Weight, 25 lbs.; length, 38 in.; girth, 21 in. Caught by C. Gray, Winnipeg, Man., Canada. Rod, Heddon; reel, South Bend; line, Kingfisher; lure or bait, Homemade Wobbler.

Fifth Prize—Weight, 23½ lbs.; length, 38½ in.; girth, 20¾ in. Caught by W. B. Holmes, Fremont, Ohio. Rod, Homemade; reel, steel trolling; line, nickel wire; lure or bait, Ottertail.

Sixth Prize—Weight, 21½ lbs.; length, 36 in.; girth, 18½ in. Caught by W. C. Bartholomew, Barry, Ill. Rod, Bristol; reel, Abercrombie & Fitch; line, woven wire; lure or bait, Otter bait.

Seventh Prize—Weight, 21 lbs.; length, 38½ in.; girth, 20½ in. Caught by James W. Alker, New York City. Rod, Bristol; reel, Julius Vom Hofe; line, Kingfisher, 25 yds. russet enamel attached to 500 yds. muscallonge; lure or bait, Lake trout spinner.

Eighth Prize—Weight, 18½ lbs.; length, 31¼ in.; girth 19 in. Caught by Lieut. C. Easman Jacobus, Montclair, N. J. Rod, Landman; reel, Vom Hofe; line, Cuttyhunk; lure or bait, Archer Spinner and No. 3 Buell with shiner.

Muscallonge

First Prize—Weight, 51 lbs. 3 oz.; length, 54 in.; girth, 26½ in. Caught by J. A. Knobla, Donaldson, Wisc. Rod, Bristol; reel, Meek No. 3; line, Neponoke; lure or bait, floating.

Second Prize—Weight, 37 lbs.; length, 52 in.; girth, 21½ in. Caught by E. H. Trieschmann, Shorewood, Wisc. Rod, common steel; reel, Shakespeare; line, Casting King No. 5; bait, No. 6 Skinner spoon.

Third Prize—Weight, 40 lbs.; length, 49¾ in.; girth, 23½ in. Caught by Harry J. Titus, St. Paul, Minn. Rod, Heddon split bamboo; reel, Heddon No. 45; line, B. 3 Invincible; lure or bait, No. 5 Skinner spoon.

Fourth Prize—Weight, 30 lbs.; length, 50 in.; girth, 23 in. Caught by G. B. Brown, Easton, Pa. Rod, Heddon; reel, Shakespeare; line, Kingfisher; lure, Skinner spoon No. 8.

Fifth Prize—Weight, 33 lbs.; length, 48¾ in.; girth, 22 in. Caught by Benj. B. O'Dell, De Pere, Wisc. Rod, Samson steel; reel, Takapart No. 480; line, Shakespeare 24 lb. test; lure or bait, No. 8 Skinner spoon, Bucktail single hook.

Sixth Prize—Weight, 36 lbs.; length, 50 in.; girth, 20½ in. Caught by S. S. Brodt, Rice Lake, Wisc. Rod, Heddon's Musky Special; reel, Kalamazoo Level Winding; line, 14 lb. test black Oreno; lure or bait, No. 4 Skinner spoon, triple hook from No. 6 Skinner spoon.

Seventh Prize—Weight, 30 lbs.; length, 46 in.; girth, 24 in. Caught by Claire Ambrose, Superior, Wisc. Rod, Bristol; reel, Takapart; line, Kingfisher; lure or bait, Single spoon hook.

Eighth Prize—Weight 30 lbs.; length, 48 in.; girth, 20 in. Caught by Leverotte S. Lyon, Chicago, Ill. Rod, V. L. & A. "Special" Muscallonge rod; reel, Vom Hofe; line, 15 lbs. test V. L. & A.; lure or bait, Skinner No. 5 spoon.

Ounaniche

First Prize—Weight 16¾ lbs.; length, 36 in.; girth, 21 in. Caught by R. C. Haynes, Auburn, Me. Rod, Vim steel; reel, Hendryk; line, Kingfisher; lure or bait, Smelt.

Second Prize—Weight, 11 lbs.; length, 32 in.; girth, 18 in. Caught by H. F. Howard, Claremont, N. H. Rod, Bristol; reel, Water Witch; line, Kelso; bait, Smelt.

Third Prize—Weight, 9½ lbs.; length, 28 in.; girth, 16 in. Caught by Arthur Menken, Lakeville, Conn. Rod, Abercrombie & Fitch; reel, Vom Hofe; line, Kingfisher 17 lb. test; lure or bait, Lake Auburn spoon and night crawler.

Fourth Prize—Weight, 9 lbs.; length, 31 in.; girth, 18 in. Caught by H. P. Killelea, Leominster, Mass. Rod, Bristol; reel, Vom Hofe; line, Kingfisher; lure or bait, Shine.

Rainbow Trout (Western Div.)

First Prize—Weight, 21 lbs.; length, 40½ in.; girth, 21 in. Caught by J. E. Fowler, Aberdeen, Wash. Rod, Heddon; reel, Takapart; line, Gold Seal; bait, Salmon eggs.

Second Prize—Weight, 12½ lbs.; length, 33 in.; girth, 17 in. Caught by Geo. I. Wright, Klamath Falls, Ore. Rod, Utica; reel, Expert; line, Kingfisher; lure or bait, No. 10 Governor Fly.

Third Prize—Weight, 12 lbs.; length, 29 in.; girth, 19 in. Caught by Rosalie H. Baldwin, Oroville, Cal. Rod, Bristol; reel, Abbey & Imbrie; line, Kingfisher; lure, No. 3 spinner.

Fourth Prize—Weight, 10 lbs. 14 oz.; length, 30¾ in.; girth, 16½ in. Caught by Annette V. Wright, Klamath Falls, Ore. Rod, Utica; reel, English Imported; line, Kingfisher; lure, Spoon No. 2.

Fifth Prize—Weight, 10½ lbs.; length, 29½ in.; girth, 17¾ in. Caught by Martin D. Murphy, Soda Springs, Ida. Rod, Montague; reel, Meisselbach automatic; line, Colburn "G" best; bait, Colburn Fly.

Sixth Prize—Weight, 9 lbs. 6 oz.; length, 28 in.; girth, 18 in. Caught by Fred B. Kaempfer, Butte, Mont. Rod, A. E. Ross; reel, Catalina; line, Kingfisher; bait, Salmon Fly.

Rainbow Trout (Eastern Div.)

First Prize—Weight, 20 lbs.; length, 33½ in.; girth, 21½ in. Caught by Jack Derville, Butte, Mont. Rod, Ted Ross 6 oz.; reel, Meisselbach; line, Kingfisher; lure or bait, Ted Ross Spinner.

Second Prize—Weight, 16 lbs.; length, 38½ in.; girth, 19 in. Caught by P. R. Geogan, Butte, Mont. Rod, 5 oz. U. T. K.; reel, Regal; line, Kingfisher; bait, Salmon Fly.

Third Prize—Weight, 11 lbs. 3 oz.; length, 28¼ in.; girth, 17⅞ in. Caught by Ed. Swanson, Butte, Mont. Rod, Vom Hofe; reel, Meisselbach Neptune; line, Kingfisher De Luxe; bait, Salmon Fly.

Fourth Prize—Weight, 9 lbs. 4 oz.; length, 27 in.; girth, 17 in. Caught by O. LaLonde, Butte, Mont. Rod, Montague; reel, No. 4 Martin Automatic; line, Kingfisher No. 44; lure or bait, Colorado Spinner No. 2.

Fifth Prize—Weight, 7 lbs.; length, 24¾ in.; girth, 17¾ in. Caught by Hugh G. Nicholson, Charleston, W. Va. Rod, Revenoc Steel Fly; reel, Revenoc double multiplying 60 yd.; line, Revenoc Japanese Silk 18 lb. test; lure or bait, worms, Carlisle Hook No. 2.

Sixth Prize—Weight, 6 lbs. 10 oz.; length, 25 in.; girth, 14½ in. Caught by J. R. Frost, Belle Vernon, Pa. Rod, Bristol; reel, Pflueger; line, Kingfisher; lure or bait, Grasshopper.

Wall-Eyed Pike

First Prize—Weight, 12½ lbs.; length, 30 in.; girth, 15¾ in. Caught by Rev. J. Boyd Stevenson, St. Croix Falls, Wisc. Rod, Sunnybrook; reel, Kingfisher Tripart; line, lure or bait, South Bend Bass Oreno Wobbler.

Second Prize—Weight 11 lbs. 14 oz.; length, 30¾ in.; girth, 16¼ in. Caught by Grant Phillips, Appleton, Wisc. Rod, Homemade split bamboo; reel, Meisselbach; line, Kingfisher No. 41; lure, Single Cincinnati Bass Hook with live chub.

Third Prize—Weight, 11½ lbs.; length, 31 in.; girth, 17½ in. Caught by Chas. Ephrain, Youngstown, O. Rod, Heddon; reel, Heddon No. 45; line, No. 23 Alhambra test; bait, Live minnow.

Fourth Prize—Weight, 10 lbs. 9 oz.; length, 30½ in.; girth, 20½ in. Caught by J. B. Kerrott, Chicago, Ill. Rod, Bristol; reel, Meisselbach Takapart; line, V. L. & A. Mottled Beauty No. 20; lure or bait, No. 3 Hilderbrandt Slim Eli spoon, Jamison red fly with O'Shaughnessy trailer baited with small mud minnow.

Fifth Prize—Weight, 10 lbs. 2 oz.; length, 29½ in.; girth, 21 in. Caught by Herman F. Salomon, Auburn, N. Y. Rod, Homemade; reel, Homemade; line, Copper wire; lure or bait, Homemade.

Sixth Prize—Weight, 9½ lbs.; length, 32 in.; girth, 16¼ in. Caught by F. A. Grover, La Crosse, Mich. Rod, Horrock and Ibbotson, bamboo; reel, Shakespeare quadruple; line, Cuttyhunk; lure, Heddon's Dowagiac, green.

Seventh Prize—Weight, 9¼ lbs.; length, 29¼ in.; girth, 16¾ in. Caught by James Brooks, Verdun, Montreal, Canada. Rod, Bristol; reel, Abbey & Imbrie "Lincoln"; line, Black River Mermaid Brand; lure or bait, South Bend Bass Oreno.

Eighth Prize—Weight 8¼ lbs.; length, 29 in.; girth, 14 in. Caught by John Daily, Bruce, Wisc. Rod, Takapart; reel, Takapart; line, Kingfisher; bait, An underwater bait, Pflueger Monarch Minnow.

We take our hats off to Mr. Sierck, he is a true sportsman, may he always win the first prize in everything he goes in for.—Ed.

42 Broadway,
New York City.

Bert Lee, Esq.,
Prize Fishing Contest Departent,
Care of Field and Stream.

Your favor of 3rd received and thank you for same. I wish to witdraw from the third and fifth prizes as I could not accept three prizes. Am perfectly delighted and pleased to receive the first prize, which was my ambition, and tried very hard to get same. Will send you several good photographs of the fish, also a short story.

Thanking you, I remain,
Very truly yours,
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Who would be interested in making a 1,000-mile trip by dog team, boat, etc., through a most unvisited section of Alaska—including the entire length of the Kuskokwim River and the "big bear" country of the Alaska Peninsula.

Object—To take motion pictures of game, native life, etc., and to buy furs from the natives.

Time—About 6 to 9 months; starting either about Feb. 1st or Sept. 1st, 1920.

With whom—A man with a very wide experience in big game hunting and traveling in the Northwest; director of a scientific expedition to Alaska for natural history specimens for one of the leading Universities in the United States.

A self-paying trip and the opportunity of a life time for the right man.

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Through investigations and having complete third-party reports regarding the advertisers in this department, we can recommend the resorts, camps and guides found on this and the following pages. We will be glad to mail complete information covering any resort on our Sporting and Vacation Places pages upon receipt of request and stamped envelope.

The only resorts, camps and guides which we investigate and on which we attempt to get complete references and reports are the ones on these pages. We have, however, reports on resorts other than the ones in this issue—for instance, on the ones who were represented in these pages during the past twelve months.

Advertisers can secure space in this department at $7.00 per column inch.

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BAHAMA ISLANDS

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FISHING for Tarpon, Amberjack, Bonefish, Sailfish, Barracuda, Tuna, Grouper, Mackerel, Black and Blue Turbot and countless others. All are caught in the still, transparent waters of Bimini Bay, the blue waters of the Gulf Stream, surrounding reef waters and from the club piers. Surf Casting, Harpooning, Still Fishing.

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The Bimini Bay Rod and Gun Club is located on the island of North Bimini, one of the Bahama group, 45 miles due east of Miami, Florida—just across the Gulf Stream—and is reached by all manner of large and small sailing and power boats and yachts, daily service from Miami. Bimini Bay is a perfect land-locked harbor. The waters are warmed and tempered by the ever-flowing Gulf Stream, which flows within 500 yards of the Bimini shore.

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The club building embodies the most modern idea of club architecture. One hundred large, sunny, breezy rooms with private bath; large lobbies and elegant dining concourse; superb ballroom; enchanting southern music. Furnishings throughout are new and rooms and appointments are excellent.

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Big Game Hunting. Quail, Turkey, Duck Deer.

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Guides furnished. Hotel under new management.

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In Virginia or the Carolinas, possibly in Georgia

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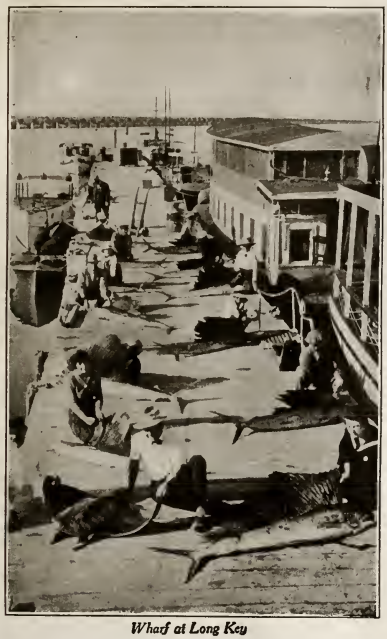

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Tarpon and Sailfish every month in the year
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BIG FISH OF FLORIDA WATERS
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It has over 500 pages with 300 illustrations. BIG SECTION ON FLORIDA FISHING. Chapters on Florida Gulf, Florida Bird Life, its wonderful waterways and other interesting topics.

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I will not only guarantee and satisfy you in every respect, but will give you expression in my work that will more than please you. Can give you leading sportsmen throughout the U. S. as references, also E. F. Warner, publisher of Field and Stream.

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On the Santee River, fourteen miles from Georgetown, South Carolina. I have some of the best hunting for deer, turkey, ducks, quail, snipe, rabbits, squirrels and other small game in this part of the South. Most exciting deer hunting with hounds. A remarkably attractive location for the visiting sportsmen and with excellent Southern cooking. I can promise you a long-to-be-remembered trip.

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Aside from its immense resources in timber, mineral, waterpower, fish, game and scenery *Northern Ontario* contains millions of acres of fertile, arable land fit for mixed farming which may be had in some districts at 50 cents per acre and in others FREE.
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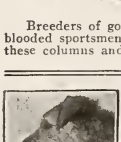
KENNEL DEPT.

Edited by Freeman Lloyd

Author of "Dogs of the World", "The Whippet, or Race Dog", etc., etc.

Breeders of good sporting dogs will find these pages particularly effective in disposing of their stock. FIELD AND STREAM readers are made up of red-blooded sportsmen, the sort who can afford two or three hunting trips a year and must necessarily possess good shooting dogs. List your kennels in these columns and take advantage of this active market. Our rate for display advertisements is $7.00 per inch per month.



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FEARLESS HUNTER OF BIG AND SMALL GAME, retrieves on land or water, summer or winter, has magnificent head and coat and is a great big stout-hearted sire of large litters of magnificent pups. A canine nobleman, a "one man," he-man's dog, full of brains, pep, and guts. STUD FEE: $25.

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The Westminster Kennel Club's

Forty-Fourth Annual

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Entries Close January 21, 1920

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Pups are Raised in the Open. A Hardy, Vigorous, Kind. The Hunting Instinct is Bred in the Bone

Guarantee Breeding, Safe Delivery and Satisfaction

DR. DEACON WILLOWS, CAL

Breed in New York From
The Imported and English Winning Wire Haired Fox Terrier
DRAYTON CAMEO
(Breeder Sir William Savory, Bart.)

In this dog's immediate pedigree are the champions Gladiator, Art Critic, Dark Admiral, Sylvan Result (twice), and Dusky Admiral. A robust and grand terrier; white with black markings. Fee: $25.00.

Apply EUGENE B. BAEHR
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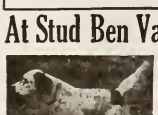

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One of the best bred LLEWELLINS in America having every quality wanted in a sire, and every inch a "real bird dog." Bred to him if you want the best to be had in Setters. Write for pedigree, or other information. Address and ship to
C. W. TEAGUE, West Durham, N.C.
HIGH CLASS PUPPIES AND SHOOTING DOGS FOR SALE

MANGE Eczema, ear canker, goitre, sore eyes, cured or no charge. Write for particulars.
ECZEMA REMEDY CO., Dept. F. S. Hot Springs, Ark.

THE SPORTSMAN'S SPANIEL

SINCE the Spaniel Club of America doesn't take the slightest interest in spaniels, as working dogs, and stands by whilst the A. K. C. classes all or most of these gun dogs as "sporting spaniels," still we are face to face with the fact that they are, in truth, spaniels, but with very little or none of the sporting attributes or qualities about them. Cocker spaniels have been so bred in and in, that they have become mere toys and too small and puny to accomplish the work of a real cocking spaniel which, at his rightful task, should be used as a woodcock dog; and it may be remarked that the woodcock as a migratory bird is to be found in just the very sort of places in the north of both sides of the Atlantic, so far as one has been able to observe. It appears to some that America is a bigger and heavier country for a small spaniel to hunt, and in comparison we will take Devon and some parts of Southwestern Wales which are very alike and possess or carry similar feathered and furred game. Now it was in those sporting counties that the Cocker spaniel was supposed to have had its origin, and still among some of the older sportsmen he is known in the vernacular as the "Cocking spaniel." As before remarked, Devon and South Wales are not so hard on a dog as is the North American continent, yet, notwithstanding this, a larger and more active spaniel is actually used in the easier country, whilst here, we hardly ever even hear of a working spaniel. And if there be one or two, they are looked upon as somewhat too big or coarse for the small and pretty parlor editions to be found in their scores at the leading bench shows. Time and again the Spaniel Club has been urged to hold field trials; but no notice has been taken, possibly because there is a ready market for the gentle little creatures. At the same time, the sporting woodcock spaniel has been lost to Americans.

THE RETURN TO ADAM SPANIEL

THE Adam of the Spaniel family is undoubtedly the springer spaniels—the English and the Welsh, the latter being somewhat smaller than the former that often pulls down 40 pounds. About 40 is a big weight for a dog that has to actually shove himself into the thickest of thickets made up of the most devilish thorns and briars that ever the demons of the woodlands cultivated! Even the small run of a rabbit or English pheasant, in which the springer can only just get his head, has to give way, if there's anything beyond, as he crashes in to *spring* his feathered game or move his fur. For the spaniel's nose is beautiful and it appears that he has more pluck, more dash, more gameness to tackle nasty places than the other and larger bird dogs which however are only expected to stand on the outside, and from there direct the gun if there be anything on the inside. But who has not longed for a brace of spaniels when on the outside of a bluff on the prairie; he has to depend on sticks and stones to flush any game that has sought its shelter, and which could stay there for all your pointer or setter cared! For such work the springer spaniel is the dog,

A Wonderful English Springer Spaniel—Velox Powder

and it surely will not be long before these spaniels will be taken up by those who like a close-hunting dog, a non-standing or pointing dog, good in the open, woodland and marsh; a retriever and a faithful sporting family of doggie help meets—the pride of our great-grandfathers and their kind before them.

A TYPICAL ENGLISH SPRINGER

WHEN we look into the countenance of the English springer spaniel in the picture, we will at once recognize the almost human sense—if not more—that Velox Powder possesses or possessed. For he was a famous dog and won time and again for the late C. C. Eversfield whose spaniels at the best field trials in the world accomplished nothing short of wonderful work. In Powder we will observe a spaniel—a land spaniel of great power, bone, self-evident stamina, and a

skull, face and nose "made" for hunting. Notice how different his build to the long-bodied and short-legged absurdity that *fanciers* called for about 25 years ago, and even, to some extent, now! Our dog is as strong as a lion and a thinker to boot. He can find game wherever it might be, and retrieve it from the coldest freshet or a heavy sea. And that is just the sort of spaniel that is required for the all-round and rough shooting to be obtained almost anywhere in this country. These spaniels are not weaklings; they have not been allowed to run to seed and, consequently, are ready breeders and throw big litters. There is little else to do with a spaniel puppy than to dock him when he's a few days old, taking off a third of the tail. Throw him an old knot of a rag and he'll be retrieving when he's ten weeks old, and, to the best of his ability, will toddle behind the other dogs whithersoever they go. A puppy whelped early in the year will be hunting like an old dog before Christmas. It is to be sincerely hoped that if springer spaniels are to become known here that they will be kept for work rather than bench purposes. A thoroughly broken spaniel dog or bitch is always a most salable animal, and at auction sales in London the guaranteed and tender-mouthed land and water retrieving springers make about $150 each.

THE RETRIEVING PUPPY

THERE are four things that are imperative that a young dog should be taught whether he be a straight retriever, a pointer, a setter, a griffon, or a spaniel. In the first place he must be taught to grasp and retain the object given him—that is, he must take and keep it in his mouth. An old glove, one that you have carried for some time, is useful for this purpose; it will bear your scent and be soft and easy for his young mouth. The second thing he should know is that he should bring the glove to you when you call him or follows at your heel. It will be found that a youngster will often drop the glove or whatever he has, as soon as you stop; but it is well to keep a quick eye on him, and stop him at once from dropping the object. The fourth lesson is to teach him to deliver the glove only at your order. There can be no doubt that young dogs of all breeds take a very great delight in retrieving, and nothing can be more beautiful and satisfying to the gunner than to watch his dog retrieve

As Proud As She Is Pretty—One of Geo. Ryman's Pupils

These are the rats dug out and killed by a Vibert Airedale Terrier in less than two hours

Airedale Terriers

"The One Man Dog"

An Airedale Terrier is the Dog Supreme for Companionship, for Watch Dog purposes, and Surpasses Every Other Dog on Earth as a Companion for Children. The all round dog of the times for city or country, a Useful Canine Citizen. We offer country bred, farm raised puppies from registered thoroughbred stock; a full grown male, and a full grown female already served by a registered stud.

"The Dog That Thinks"

Finest ALL ROUND hunter on earth, BAR NONE. Unsurpassed for coon, skunk, opossum, better for rabbits than rabbit hound, best retriever, land, water. Will point, fine on quail, pheasant, partridge. Used extensively on deer, cougar, mountain lion, bear, endorsed by ROOSEVELT and Rainey. An "honest" dog. We have best hunting stock on earth, puppies, grown dogs.

PROMPT SHIPMENT SAFE DELIVERY SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

This is the Home of the World Famous *International Champion Kootenai Chinook* the Only American Bred International Champion Airedale in the World and a splendid Hunter of Big Game. At Stud. Fee $25.

We have a litter sired by the above stud ready for shipment RIGHT NOW.

Illustrated Booklet and Price List on Request

VIBERT KENNELS

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LARGEST EXCLUSIVE AIREDALE TERRIER KENNEL IN THE WHOLE WORLD

AIREDALES

PUPPIES and GROWN DOGS from championed pedigreed stock. A few quality dogs. FEMALE PUPPIES, $20.00 and up; MALE PUPPIES, $30.00 and up.

CHAMPION NEVILLE'S DOUBLE at stud.

Send for particulars.

R. S. GIESE,
P. O. Box 112-F
SEWICKLEY, PA.

HOUNDS—Coon, Fox, Wolf and Rabbit. All trained dogs sent on 10 days' trial. Have some extra well trained coon dogs and also some mighty good rabbit hounds.

OTIS SLATER & SONS Oconee, Ill.

WANTED
English Springer Spaniel

A dog required; white with liver markings and ticked. A thoroughly broken dog preferred. Would entertain offers for more of this Breed; but they must be first class representatives of the variety. State age, markings, pedigree, price and if broken. Photographs will be returned. *Address*

H. L., Box 597 Franklin, Pa.

Lionheart Airedales—

fill the long-felt want for an all-purpose Airedale whose appearances you need never be ashamed of in any company. They are making good on both fur and feathered game in practically every State in the Union and Canada; have no superiors as stock dogs, watch dogs and companions for man, woman or child. Puppies rich in the blood of champions, "bred to hunt and fit to show" usually for sale.

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SQUAMKUM ROAD, LAKEWOOD, N. J.

Airedales a Specialty

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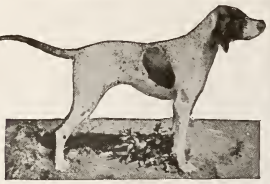
JAMES CRAWFORD, Mgr., Phone 37-F-3, FARMINGDALE, N. J.

AIREDALES AT STUD—FEE $25 EACH

Ch. Geelong Cadet—Geelong Gladiator—Tanglewood Terror

CHAMPION GEELONG CADET: 44 pounds, beautiful head, color, eyes, legs, feet; splendid coat and every inch the champion. GEELONG GLADIATOR: 44 pounds, standard size; a grand dog and won at every show this year; 1st American-bred, limit and reserve winners, classes. W. K. C., Madison Sq., New York City: 1st American-bred, limit and best Airedale at Detroit, beating Ch Polam Maxim, Silver Birch Banker, Earlewood Warlock, Ch. Tintern Tip Top, etc., etc. TANGLEWOOD TERROR a very well known Airedale and sire of CH. GEELONG CADET and grand sire of GEELONG GLADIATOR. Terror is a first class stock getter. [Prize-bred puppies and young stock for sale.]

CHAMPION GEELONG GLADIATOR



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The Home of
U. R. FISHEL'S NOTED POINTERS
The World's Best Bird Dogs

offer high-class shooting dogs, brood bitches and choice puppies. *In studs* I offer the *world's best bird dog Sires.* Every dog is better than represented and satisfaction guaranteed. Am in a position to board or train your dog in the best manner possible. Please write for terms and information. New catalogues will be ready for mailing about November 15th.

TEN-A-SEE FARM KENNELS
W. E. Lucas, Educator S. Barton Lasater, Prop.
Box 165B. Paris, Tennessee

Ryman's Dog Dip Discovery

Sold in Dry Form. Each pound makes 10 gallons. Positively a **Sure Cure for Lice, Fleas, All Forms of Skin Trouble on All Breeds of Dogs.** Dogs dipped 3 to 5 minutes twice a week for about 6 dippings, are cured and grow a beautiful coat of hair. Dip can be kept for a year in open barrel.

Prices: 1-pound can, $1.50; 2 pounds, $2.75; 3 pounds, $3.50; 5 pounds, $4. **Sold guaranteed.** Every purchaser asked to give a testimonial to *Field and Stream* after a fair trial.

RYMAN'S GUN DOG KENNELS
SHOHOLA FALLS :: :: PIKE CO., PENNA.
Telegrams Lackawaxen, Pa.

At Stud: the Famous English Setter
Sporting Extra A. K. C. 186539

Champion Deodora Prince II
New City Flora

Winner of innumerable prizes at Best Shows.

Stud Fee $25.00

H. E. Weiler, Hawley, Pa. P. O. Rowlands, Pa. Exp. & Telegrams

AIREDALE TERRIERS WANTED

Puppies and grown stock, either sex. Must be healthy, thoroughbred, reasonable. Give full particulars. If you wish to buy an Airedale, Write for our sales list.

AIREDALE EXCHANGE
Box L La Rue, Ohio

FINISHED and EXPERIENCED
Shooting Dogs and Bitches,
also bitches in whelp. Every dog registered and guaranteed. Prices $125 and up.
D. ROSS CAPPS
Amite, La.

Coonhounds and Combination Hunters

for coon, opossum, skunk, squirrel, etc. Big game hounds, rabbit hounds, Pointers, Setters, Airedales and Fox Terriers. Catalog ten cents.

SAM STEPHENSON
Covington, Tenn.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS

The best duck dog I breed workers from registered stock. Puppies, youngsters and trained dogs.
PERCY K. SWAN Box 30 Chico, Calif.

LET US TAN YOUR HIDE, do your head mounting and rug work. Catalogue on request. The Crosby Frisian Fur Co., Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Magnificent Alaskan Brown Bear Rug; fine pelage, perfect condition. Width 90 inches, length 70 inches. Price $200. Worth $500. R. F. Pope, 601 North 3rd St., Albuquerque, New Mex.

what he had found and the shooter laid low. That, indeed, establishes a partnership between man and dog—and one, moreover, hard to dissolve. Especially is such the case in the instance of the one-dog man. They get to understand one another in such a wonderful way that the man has the dog's eye and the dog has the man's eye. And so they act in strict unison, patting one another on the back as it were, if a good point and a good kill come off; and going on afresh and seeking to pretend nothing had happened when the powder wasn't straight or because of some other untoward affair! The game was to live for another day. In reference to retrieving setter and pointer puppies, Geo. Ryman of Shohola Falls, Pa., who is advertising a large draft of guaranteed gun dogs in another column, always begins early with his puppies that are to retrieve. The English setter in the picture is one of his promising young beauties.

Bailey Mitchell's Prairie Wolf Team, South Dakota

THE COYOTE'S TERROR

WHATEVER the Russian is in war, the running and coursing dog of the Muscovite bears a high character in this country—especially in the Middle West, the Dakotas and on the other side of the border right in the Canadian provinces of wheat, cattle and sheep. Not only is the borzoi a killer, but he certainly puts more devil than ever into the long dogs made up of English greyhounds and Scottish deerhounds. In another issue I hope to publish some interesting pictures of these cross-bred dogs—with the borzoi thrown in—and give particulars of their wonderful working—killing hundreds of prairie wolves in the course of a season or two. Apart from the value of the skins, the riddance of an often pest to the sheepbreeder and even the owner of young colts, the sport such long dogs afford is thoroughly enjoyable, and a gallop up to them is always a "buster." For they can go the pace, and well they know if the game reaches the bluff, their chance of killing him is practically nil. In the interesting picture of Mr. Bailey Mitchell's dogs we will see the stamp of borzoi in use in South Dakota. It would appear he also depends on English greyhounds of which he has at least one. The dog half-hidden by the standing-up Russian wolfhound has a tail that is rather rough for the pure greyhound, although I have heard it said that the old Cantango blood had often brush on the under side of their tails. There can be no faster dog than the greyhound. But when it comes to using his teeth the greyhound has no chance with the powerful Russian, quick of eye, fast enough for the wolf family of all kinds, and a demon with his fangs when his blood is up. For the moment I do not know the breeding of the wolfhounds in the picture, but it is very evident they come from first class stock.

THE USEFUL BEAGLE

SINCE the opening of the rabbiting season we have received many hundreds of enquiries in reference to beagles or "rabbit dogs." There has been an enormous demand for dogs that have been well and properly hunted, and the call for young stock from working parents has been pronounced. Beagles are inexpensive, and not only are they charming little hunters, with their wonderful noses and soul-inspiring music, but sensible and inoffensive dogs to have about the country house or cottage. Their beauty is undeniable and ancestry second to none. The first were introduced by the early settlers of Virginia, and among these little hounds there were some wholly black and tan in color, so it has been written. Now and then we run across such a specimen, but most sportsmen prefer the gaily hound-marked beagle; since he is more easily seen when the country is "blind" and holding considerable foliage at the commencement of the season. It is probable that more beagles are used for rabbiting in America than anywhere else; for the cotton tail is more like the non-burrowing hare than the European rabbit proper. That is the reason the standard demands 15 inches fair measurement at the withers must be the limit of the height for the beagle. On the other side he can be 16 inches and pass muster. There, however, he is hunted in pack on the hare—a sturdy runner that will hold out for one hour or more or entirely elude her pursuers. The beagles are generally hunted on foot, and the packs kept by the great public schools, such as Eton, go far to instruct the young Nimrods in the ethics of the chase. In Western Australia the brush-tailed kangaroo is hunted by one or two well-ordered packs of beagles, and they show much sport, the marsupial keeping them going in the thick brush for 40 to 60 minutes. It is very interesting to watch them picking up the scent from the sides of the trees which the

The Best Sellers. Some Long Island Setter Puppies

kangaroo touches or brushes as he makes his elegant and undulating springs whilst traveling at his fastest speed. It was with great difficulty that Cairns Candy, a member of a famous fox-hunting family, was able to enter his beagles to this new kind of game; but, once they were blooded, all was easy, and the last time I hunted with them there was a well-mounted field of sixty, including the Governor of the Province and his daughter. The packs of beagles in America are not only beautiful to behold but excellent workers. It is doubtful if such an aggregation as the packs owned by the Wheatley, Mr. Phipps, the Charmion, the Wolver, W. E. Borden, the Somerset, Geo. Flammer, Louis Batjer, Miss M. L. Crimmins, the Waldenfield, the Fanhall, Capt. O. C. Iselin, Jr., and others can be equaled anywhere. The Phipps and Iselin beagles have excellent manners and the traditions of the hound on the flags, in cover and field are strictly adhered to by properly qualified hound

RYMAN'S GUN DOG KENNELS
STRICTLY HIGH CLASS SHOOTING DOGS

Gentlemen: I am offering the following dogs (setters and pointers). They are guaranteed sound and represented as below:

English Setters

(1) Beautiful 3-year-old blue Belton, tan-ticked English setter, medium-sized, perfect bench type, great setter head; excellent nose; stylish, high-headed hunter; broken on grouse and woodcock. $300.

(2) Black and white setter, male, 3 years old; very slow and close hunter; good nose; staunch; not gun-shy; points dead; an "old gentleman's" shooting dog; great companion. $65.

(3) Orange and white setter, male, 3 years old; medium-sized, well-made in every way; excellent nose; fine hunter; works to gun; points staunch; does not retrieve but finds dead. $200.

(4) Blue Belton setter, male, 3 years old; fast, snappy and high-headed worker; good nose, staunch, does not retrieve, finds dead; best of bench show type; a great companion; house and car broken. $225.

(5) Black, white and tan setter, blue Belton body. Sire, the great Llewellin setter, Montrose; dam; an imported bitch. Puppy has a good nose, hunts to gun, points and retrieves some; too fast here as a grouse dog. $75.

(6) Four setter bitches past 4 months old; orange, and blue Beltons. One very handsome black, white and tan; part Laverack and part Llewellin-bred; the logical bird-finding dogs of the real good old setter type; great bone, dark eyes, well-set ears; long, deep, square muzzles; brains and bird sense in their heads. Prices $60 each.

(7) Black, white and tan puppy, 8 months old; hunts to gun, and a very promising youngster; with birds killed over him he will make a good dog. $50.

Pointers

(8) Three fine liver and white pointer bitches, 4 months old past; real pointers, best of type, $40 and $50.

(9) Four very handsome pointers, liver and white; tireless, tough workers; good noses; hunt to gun; two retrieve, other two point dead; broken on grouse, woodcock and quail. Prices $200 to $225.

(10) Three pointer bitches, 2 months old, $25; one male, $35.

Irish Setters

(11) Four fine Irish setters; the real kind in the field quality; the old type; past 3 months old. $50 apiece.

As my training season is over, all dogs offered are ready for Field Use. Dogs for disposal are not of the weasel-headed or insect kind, but dogs with bird-dog type to them and of the best hunting quality. Anyone looking for information, please do not answer this advertisement, as I have no other dogs for sale at the present than the ones offered above.

Wire or Write. **G. H. RYMAN, Shohola Falls, Pike Co., Pa.**

AT STUD
THE AIREDALE TERRIER
CRAGSMAN DICTATOR
(Property of Doreda Kennels)

The sensation of the great joint terrier show held in London, 1919, where he won The Victory Cup for best in show under five of England's greatest terrier judges.

STUD FEE $25.00

For all particulars, address
PERCY ROBERTS, Highland Park, Ill.
Ship bitches to Highland Park, Ill.

N. B. Percy Roberts is one of America's foremost and international doghandlers, and his advice on all show or breeding matters is freely offered to prospective patrons.

Champion Normanton Tipit

Briarfield Kennels, Hicksville, L.I., N.Y.
Proprietor: Leonard Brumby

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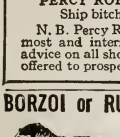

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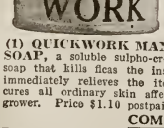

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The youngest champion of the breed.

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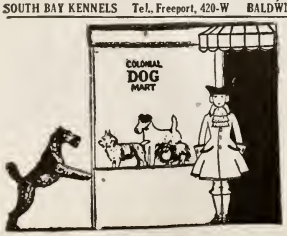

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servants and huntsmen-masters. Notwithstanding the thousands upon thousands of beagles in the United States and Canada, the supply in no way equals the ever-increasing demand, and, it appears, that breeding puppies to sell whilst quite young at from 30 to 50 dollars apiece is better than having a nondescript cur or two living a life of uselessness about the place. The value of a pack of beagles like the Wheatley and the Iselin is very considerable, and for the simple reason they have been bred with the greatest care and hunted regularly in the North and South. W. G. Rockefeller, Jr. once owned a lovely and even pack in the Rock Ridge, and as far back as seventeen years ago. Harry T. Peters possessed a full pack of which all Long Islanders were justly proud. Small owners of a few beagles have been glutted with orders during the last three months—orders that they could in no wise fill.

Newly Imported Bulldog, Magnet Tom Penfold. Owner: T. J. Parvin

THE MAGNET BULLDOGS

FOR some years Thomas J. Parvin of South Newark, N. J. has maintained a highly representative kennel of British bulldogs. Not only has he been a constant importer of class dogs, but from time to time he benches a home-bred quite able to hold his own in reputable company. It is likely that Mr. Parvin's recent importation, Magnet Tom Penfold, will be sought for far and wide, not only because of his good looks but his lineage that contains the blood of champions on both sides of the Atlantic. There are other capital stud dogs and young stock in these kennels, the former being now placed at the service of the public.

PICKING A PUPPY

EVERY one has heard of all sorts of fads put into practice by the man about to pick a puppy for himself; it is evident that he will hardly be generous enough to leave the best behind. We have heard of men going for the whelp that is partial to a certain teet, and other, apparently, useless methods. There may be a lot in holding up greyhound puppies by the tips of their tails, and picking the one with the most length. It is likely that such a youngster will grow into the sapling with the most reach, and consequently the one with the best shoulders also, that will eventually mean the superior speed—the everything in the coursing dog; for cleverness and keenness will

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The TARNEDGE KENNELS now offer at Stud the following Celebrated Chows:

RED

MUN-SIN $50
YUEY JUNIOR..... 40
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IDOL'S BLACK CHILD. 30
BLACK SAM BO..... 30

All are Prize Winners and proven Sires. Bitches will be met at the train and while with us, will receive the best of care and attention. For Stud Cards and Engagements write to

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Greatest International Calibre and Pedigrees including

MAGNET TOM PENFOLD (Imported)
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The sensational American-bred. The longest skulled, biggest boned and best bodied bulldog at stud. Fee $25.

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The wonderful lightweight of the famous Cerberus strain. The best forty-pounder and invaluable to all breeders. Fee $20.

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A replica of Champion Deodora Monarch, the greatest international winner that ever lived. A straight Penfold-bred dog, his dam being by Deodora Monarch. A young and vigorous dog. Temporary Fee, $15. Visiting matrons received under my personal supervision, and kept in individual kennels. Illustrated stud cards mailed on application.

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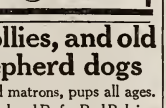

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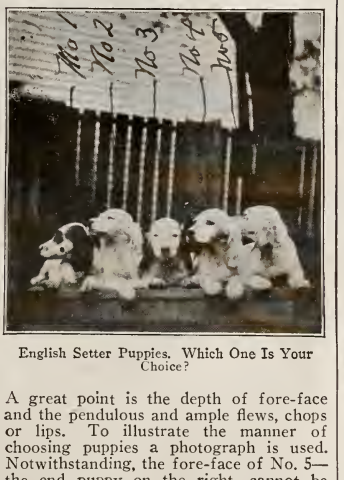
naturally follow. In choosing a bird dog it will be well to study well the shapes of the heads, for the scenting powers are to be found in that part of his makeup; his rearing into a sound, young dog is merely a matter of good and regular food, and unlimited exercise. To chain him up to a kennel is a sin to say the least of it. The future development of the setter's head, for instance, can be anticipated from the formation of the puppy's top piece. Choose the big-skull, long-headed, deep faced one—the one with the lowly set or placed ears and the more or less well-developed occiput bone at the back or base of the skull. The large-boned (fore-legs) puppy should be noted, and the very long-tailed whelp left for somebody else.



English Setter Puppies. Which One Is Your Choice?

A great point is the depth of fore-face and the pendulous and ample flews, chops or lips. To illustrate the manner of choosing puppies a photograph is used. Notwithstanding, the fore-face of No. 5—the end puppy on the right—cannot be observed, we will pick him as the best of the whole boiling because of his capacious and well-formed skull and the depth before the eye that surely cannot end in a "snipey" specimen; No. 4 is apparently the second best, this first brace being well ahead of the others in those necessary points required for the keen nosed, trained and hunting head generally, not to say anything about the acknowledged and much prized characteristics of the breed. Verily, in the case of the setter, the puppy is the father of the dog!

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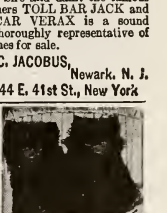

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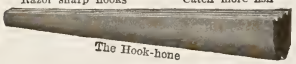

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EUROPEAN KENNEL NOTES
By John S. Cowell

SOMEONE somewhere says that we are creatures of circumstances, the unforeseen happening and upsetting all our plans. The "impression on my mind" is that it was Disraeli in his "Lothair," but I am not prepared to back my memory to the extent of my bottom dollar. However, no quotation could be more appropriate to illustrate the untoward circumstances which happened in rapid succession in the British Isles, after the outbreak of war, which threatened Dogdom not only during the war, but its foundations for many a year afterwards.

FIRST there was the ban on breeding and shows, followed by the restrictions on the use of cereals in the manufacture of dog biscuits. This brought exhibiting and breeding to a standstill, and made the feeding problem very difficult. As soon as the Kennel Club obtained concessions from the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, which permitted breeding and exhibiting to be partially resumed, there was an outbreak of rabies which gradually spread from Cornwall and Devon northwards. An appeal by the Kennel Club to the ruling authorities to enforce universal muzzling, was not successful, with the result that no sooner was one district released from the scheduled area, than an outbreak occurred in another locality. There is nothing quite as stupid and inane in this country as a Government Department, for there the matter remains at present, with no certainty that we shall for an indefinite period be rid of the ceaseless and annoying restrictions.

THESE difficulties were followed by a lightning Railway Strike, which totally disorganized traffic, and necessitated shows being abandoned. So my fair and festive readers please don't flatter yourselves that you have the monopoly of strikes over the herring pond, for I can assure you in the British Isles, we have had our fair share. As if our cup of woe was not already full to overflowing, the elements next conspired to add to our difficulties, a heavy fall of snow only permitting the Kennel Club Retriever Trials being run on the first day, the arctic conditions in Westmoreland, where the trials were to be held, over the estate of the Earl of Lonsdale at Lowther Castle, rendering it impossible to proceed with the meeting, and the Labrador Retriever Club's Meeting, which was to have followed on November 13th and 14th, having to be cancelled. Further north in Dumfriesshire, a stiff thaw set in, but it was not sufficiently rapid for Trials to be held, and the Committee of the Scottish Field Trials Association decided to abandon the Spaniel Meeting fixed to be held at Raehills on November 19th and 20th. We are still hoping for better times, but "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

OUT of all this darkness there is just one glimmer of hope, and that is centered in the Spaniel Club Field Trials which are to be held at Attingham Park, near Shrewsbury on December 3d and 4th, over the estate of Capt. Van Bergen, ground where Trials have been held in pre-war days, with no scarcity of game. The entry for this Meeting received up to the time of writing is quite satisfactory, and everything points to a fairly good card, and a gathering of sportsmen from all over the British Isles.

The Kennel Club's Retriever Field Trials, Held on Lord Lonsdale's Lowther Castle Estate, Penrith, England

BUT to return to the Kennel Club Retriever Meeting. The judges were Lord Lonsdale, Mr. C. Brewster Macpherson, and the Rev. R. Lorimer Rome, and in the All-Aged Stakes (no slip) 23 nominations were applied for, but on the first day of the Trials absentees reduced the competitors to 15. Game was plentiful, and the dogs were given every opportunity of proving their working qualifications. Lord Lonsdale taking Lt. Col. M. L. Bell's Rounton Sea Fret and Mr. Kenneth McDouall's Logan Darkie; Mr. Brewster Macpherson Mr. T. W. Twyford's Tag of Whitmore and Mrs. Quintin Dick's Snipe, and the Rev. R. Lorimer Rome Mr. A. P. Taft's Melody Bones and Mr. Ernest E. Turner's Mercy of Shipton. Hares were plentiful and there was no scarcity of pheasants. Melody Bones

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did some picking up, and Logan Darkie retrieved a dead bird over a stone wall. Fresh ground was next tried, and the dogs were kept busy picking up, and retrieving game, but Rounton Sea Fret failed to find a dead pheasant, and later made up for this slip by tracing a pheasant which fell in the wood, retrieving it smartly to hand. Tag of Whitmore and Snipe were not worked in this beat and when the remaining half of the wood was driven, Mr. H. Reginald Cooke's Brayton Siddy, Mr. C. Alington's Start, The Duke of Grafton's Euston Darkie, and Mr. R. A. Ogilvie's Gaircleugh were given a turn. Brayton Siddy retrieved quickly with good delivery, and sent for a pheasant retrieved in first class style. Start allowed rabbits and hares to pass unnoticed, but in feather excelled in pace in going out and retrieving in clean style. Euston Darkie had a long hunt for a hen pheasant, retrieving quickly, and doing good work. After lunch the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon's Dungavel Jetsam had some plain picking up to do, and did some good work at the end of the drive. Ben of Northaw did good work equal to the best in the Stake, and the Earl of Chester-

The Retrievers Tatler and Tag of Whitmore.
Owner: T. W. Twyford

field's Thyme retrieved in first class style straight up to hand. Mrs. B. Jervoise's Herriard Adventurer retrieved a wounded pheasant from a distance in style, and rapidly.

NOT hampered with muzzling restrictions and rabies scares Dogdom on the Continent seems to be rapidly recovering from the effects of the war. In France the Spaniel Club Francais recently held a most successful Field Trial Meeting for spaniels at the Motte Beuvron (Loir et Cher), the headquarters being at that ancient inn named the Hotel Natin, beloved by sportsmen for generations. The judges were MM. Verde-Delisle, De Lesseps and Durand Viel. There were sixteen dogs in the Stake for the Sologne prize, all Cockers, and twelve in the Stake for the International Prize. That excellent trainer Harry Downes won first in the Stake for the Sologne prize with Wilful Shot, and also the International Stake with the black Cocker Loki-Gallic. LONDON.

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THE AMERICAN FOXHOUND

THE good old standby of the lone hunter is the American foxhound and a keen-nosed and bell-mouthed hound is he. As General Roger Williams of Lexington, Ky., says, it is believed that the American hound is largely descended from the English hound and the French hound equally as important a part in their origin. Lafayette sent over a large pack of French hounds, this being the first pack there is any record of as having been imported into the United States. As far back as the Revolutionary War, the chief sport and pastime of the South was foxhunting, and while no organized hunts were established, every Southern gentleman of means had his hounds and was as proud and jealous of their reputation as those of his horses and his own family. Among the earlier settlers in Maryland was Robert Brooke, a son of the Earl of Warwick, who brought over a pack of English hounds with him. The blue mottled foxhounds now owned in Maryland are certainly very handsome and have all the appearance of the keen-nosed hound and backed up with that lithesomeness and bottom that must surely mean pace and with endurance thrown in. According to General Williams, an undoubted authority, the most famous strain of hounds not only in Kentucky, but in the United States, is the Walker hound.

JOHN W. WALKER was born in 1802 in Madison County, Kentucky, and the father of Messrs. Edward, Steve (W.S.), and Arch Walker, who in 1905, although close to seventy years old, were considered the best foxhunters in America, bar none, obtained his first hounds from his uncle, William Williams, who used them extensively for deer. Thus it will be seen that this strain has been in the family for considerably over one hundred years. It is said that Messrs. Walker and Maupin tried the experiment of an infusion of the Irish-Maryland blood, but were not pleased with the results. S. W. Walker stated that the best hounds they ever owned contained one-eighth English, one-eighth Lead, and six-eighths native Walker strain. Lead was the property of General G. W. Maupin. This hound's pedigree was unknown but he came from the section of country where Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia meet. He was a great all-round foxhound and was most successfully crossed on all the Maupin-Walker bitches, and, to this day, according to the gallant sportsman-author already quoted, the best hounds of the Walker strain trace directly back to Maupin's Lead. They bought a number of other hounds from the same section, said to be close relatives of Lead, but they all proved worthless, and were never used at the stud.

THE NEW YORK GREAT SHOW

THE Westminster Kennel Club will hold its Forty-fourth Annual Show at the Grand Central Palace, New York, February 11-14. The premium lists are at the disposal of all interested and may be obtained from the Superintendent, George W. Gall, 18 East 41st Street, New York. All profits of this show will be devoted to the American Red Cross. Many additional classes have been added and prize money in the most important breeds increased. There can be no gainsaying the fact that this show is quite the most important of all events, while the attendance is most representative as well as enormous. Entries close with Mr. Gall January 21.

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